

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF MORAL LESSONS

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THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF MORAL LESSONS

Also by Same Author

The Children's Book of Moral Lessons. FIRST SERIES :
"Self-control" and "Truthfulness."

THE
CHILDREN'S BOOK
OF
MORAL LESSONS

BY
F. J. GOULD

(Second Series: "Kindness" and "Work and Duty")

WATTS & CO.,
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PREFACE

THE first volume of these *Lessons*, dealing with Self-Control and Truthfulness, was issued in 1899, and I have been much encouraged by the reception it has enjoyed among both children and teachers.

All the lessons in this second volume have been given, in one form or another, to classes of young people aged ten to fourteen. All have appeared in print before, and are now collected from the *Ethical World*, the *Leicester Reasoner*, and the *Leicester Pioneer*; and I have again to thank Mr. W. P. Ball for much careful criticism and correction in the work of revision. At present, I am undecided whether future volumes (if any) in illustration of the "Plan" should be written in the form of reading-books, as in volumes i. and ii., or should consist of notes and material for the use of teachers only.

The subject that presented the greatest difficulty to me was that of Kindness to Animals. I did not feel competent to pursue the ordinary method of detailed description of animal life, nor was I sure that the ethical end was best attained in that way. The work on *Mutual Aid* by Prince Kropotkin supplied me with the moral clue of Association (see Lessons xxx. and xxxi.); and Lessons xxxii. and xxxiii. suggest a point of view not usually adopted—viz., that our treatment of the lower animals expresses, or re-acts upon, our own character.

The chapters on the Blind, Deaf-and-dumb, Fire-brigades,

and a Day in the Quarries are not so much intended for actual lessons as hints to teachers how to make use of their personal experiences for purposes of moral instruction.

F. J. GOULD.

41, Lower Hastings Street, Leicester.

May, 1903.

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A PLAN OF MORAL INSTRUCTION.

The first series of lessons having dealt with "Self-Control" and "Truthfulness," and the present volume with "Kindness" and "Work and Duty," the following is the completion of the scheme :—

Justice.—Simple lessons on the general idea of justice preparatory to the wider view which will be taken at a later stage.

Habits.—Continually the children have been led to see that mere impulsive righteousness does not suffice. Self-control has no worth except as a habit ; truthfulness must be a fixed attitude of mind ; kindness must be an established sympathy ; industry is the habit of work. And, at this point, lessons may be given on the significance of habits in general, and the part they take in the building-up of the character, both of the individual and the community at large. The effect of repetition of movement is observed even in the inorganic world, as in the wearing of a channel by a river, and it is amply displayed in the lives of animals. Growth and power of habit illustrated in learning to walk, to converse, to read and write, etc. ; in the exercise of the gymnast ; in the facility of the workman ; in the traces left upon our faces and limbs and thoughts by trades, occupations, passions, and tastes. Good habits tend to the preservation of the person and the race ; bad habits induce weakness, failure, and death. It goes without saying that no teacher duly versed in the elements of psychology will suppose that the delivery of verbal lessons will form enduring habits in the pupils, beyond the discipline implied in the systematic study of conduct and its results. But this discipline is itself an excellent habit which will help to give order and stability to the child's view of life and duty.

Hitherto our standpoint has rather been that of the individual than of the social interest ; and yet, in passing, we have again and again found that the life and health of the one had no reality apart from the life and health of the many. We now permanently enlarge our view, and always place the individual on a stage of which the landscape in the background represents the presence and influence of humanity as a whole. The private self merges into the larger self.

Mutual Dependence and the Social Organism.—The history of the family as showing the mutual dependence and increase of affection among parents and children, brothers and sisters, and the gradual refinement of the home-life. Dependence of children upon teachers. Ways in which children can and do assist teachers. The mutual influence and duties of friends. Power of example. Dependence of brain-workers upon muscle-workers, and of muscle-workers upon brain-workers. Indebtedness of society to the labours of various trades and professions. Dependence of one occupation upon another. Dependence of town upon country, and country upon town. Dependence of one country upon another for food, clothing, tools, etc. And here we perceive the possibility of adding a new attraction to the teaching of geography. The children will learn, not only the position and physical aspect of this or that place, but the relations which bind people to people, render them ministers to each other's necessities, and lay upon them the duty of understanding each other's characters. Then, turning to history, we trace the dependence of the present upon the past. To the past, as to a revered mother, we owe our existence, our nurture, and our immense heritage. Material benefits bestowed upon us by the past; the history of architecture, furniture, tools and machinery, shipping, roads, canals, railways, etc. Social institutions derived from the past; domestic customs; manners and fashions and ceremonies. Political institutions; forms of government and law. Ideas transmitted from the past by traditions, and spoken and written language. Moral conceptions with which the present has been endowed by the past. Lessons should be arranged to show how great moral ideas found expression in the religions of Egypt, China, India, Persia, Arabia, Greece, and Rome, as well as in the literature of the Bible. The information thus imparted to the children should awaken a feeling of gratitude towards the forefathers and foremothers who have so abundantly laboured to develop our civilisation. From this feeling, again, should spring reverence for historic spots, buildings, and monuments. All periods of our history are seen to be connected, all parts of the race related, all interests really confederate, in spite of the misunderstandings which have engendered jealousy, injustice, and war.

Justice.—Primitive justice compared with modern. The meaning and need of discrimination of claims and merits. Apparent justice not always real justice. Justice must be awarded irrespective of persons, interests, and affections. It includes many things which the laws of the country do not touch. True mercy a form of justice. Mutual duties of master and servant; honest work for fair wages; fair wages for honest

work ; friendly relations a necessity for individual comfort and social harmony. The wrong of slavery and sweating. Justice to animals. Elementary ideas of wealth ; true wealth distinguished from mere accumulation of goods. Property ; respect for our neighbour's property ; the right use of property ; lost property ; payment of debts. Gifts, their use and abuse. Justice applied to buying and selling. Liberty ; religious liberty ; intellectual liberty ; civil liberty ; freedom of speech and action.

The Work of the State and the Citizen.—Outline of the nature of the State ; ancient States and modern. Simple sketches of Plato's *Republic* and More's *Utopia*, etc. The work of the State and municipality ; legislatures ; taxation ; courts of justice ; local government ; roads, bridges, parks, light, water, sanitation, coinage, markets, factories, inspection, postal department ; schools and libraries ; army and navy. Civic duties ; care of family ; honourable livelihood ; study of public questions ; friendly admixture of classes ; the franchise ; care for public property and honour. Duties of the judge, magistrate, and police ; the police, as representatives of the public will ; their use in pacific regulation, as well as in coercion of offenders. Punishments, fines, and prisons ; humane notions of modern times, as compared with past conceptions and practices. The duty of well-disposed citizens to secure the merciful and considerate treatment of those who have sinned through ignorance, bad training, lack of intellectual power, etc. Hence the value of education. School children are little citizens, already serving the State. The school is the enemy of the prison.

Co-operation and Peace.—The idea of progress. All citizens agents of progress. Benefits of co-operation at home, in school, and in public affairs. The good done by societies of various kinds. Value of mutual forbearance, mutual encouragement, mutual loyalty. Elevation of character through working for a common aim. Victories of peace and industry. Heroism displayed in the pursuit of knowledge, in the rescue and service of man, in conquests over natural forces. Evils of war and national envy. Burden of military systems. While care should be taken to give due credit to the military and naval heroes of the past, who did their duty according to the standard of their time, the newer and better way of international peace and arbitration should be indicated.

Study of Nature.—Every possible effort should be made to interest children in natural scenes. They should love the sight of the starry sky, the winding stream, the daisy-pied meadows, the farmyard, the sheepfold, the lane, the path through copse

or forest, the bank "whereon the wild thyme blows." Town children should hear descriptions of village life and customs. Such lessons should awaken a desire to spend leisure time amid country scenes, and teach children how to take a quiet and intelligent pleasure in the beautiful world that lies outside the noise and hurry of the city.

Study of Art.—It is a part of moral education to appreciate fine pictures, sculptures, ancient buildings, cathedrals, tapestries. Whenever possible (especially in the case of the poorer children) visits should be paid to museums, picture-galleries, etc. In this way ideas of the power and range of human skill and imagination will be imparted. Music, also, will lend its aid to the moral instruction, and finely symbolise to the children the union of individual activities into a social and harmonious whole.

Play.—Play involves discipline, habit, truthfulness, kindness, honour, mutual dependence, justice, co-operation, and even industry and method. Thus even in their games the children should see there is a right and a wrong. Younger and weaker children must be considered. The rules of the games must be honestly observed. The wishes of others should be consulted in choosing or ending games. Defeat must be taken with good humour. Children may be told of the improvement which has taken place in popular sports since the old days of bull-baiting, etc. Distinction between innocent and harmful amusements. Our sports should not be too expensive, nor cause pain or loss to man or beast. The meanness of gambling should be explained, it being immoral because the pleasure of winning can only be obtained at a neighbour's cost.

Finally, lessons on the formation of character and the right estimate of motives will be imparted. The elder scholars should, step by step, be trained to observe that the essence of morality does not lie in particular precepts and practices, but in the goodwill which spontaneously legislates for itself. And, when the right moment offers, the teacher, focussing all the power of his instruction and his influence into the earnestness of personal appeal, will call upon the pupil to dedicate his will to the fulfilment of the moral law, to realise his innate worth and capacity, and to play a manful part in the service of that community which is none other than his larger self.

It may be as well to point out that, in dividing the instruction under the heads of Kindness, Duty, etc., no rigid lines of separation between the various aspects of morality are intended. All the virtues interpenetrate. The teacher who speaks of Justice must continually advert to the power of Kindness, and Truthfulness involves Self-control. The moral life is one, though our doctrines of it may be many.

KINDNESS

LESSON I.

MOTHER

The mother's love. The mother's smile. The motherless girls. The child's dependence on its mother for speech, health, etc.

I AM sure you will like this picture. It looks dark at first. That is because there is a shade over the lamp which stands on the table. A little light comes in at the cottage window, for the morning is just beginning to dawn. You can see the beams across the ceiling ; plain country chairs ; and there is something lying on a rough bed across two of these chairs ; and there are four people. One is the doctor, whose chin rests on his hand, as he looks upon the something stretched on the bed. On the bed lies a child about six years old, his curly head half hidden in a pillow, his hand hanging over as if it were too weak to clasp anything. Perhaps the doctor will presently whisper that this dear child is dying. Near the window stands the father ; his face is sad ; his lips are pressed tight ; he is watching the doctor. And you can see another person, though you cannot behold her face, for she is leaning her head on her arm, and her arms lie on a table, and her hands are clasped together. Though you cannot view her face, you know the **mother** is crying. This picture was painted by Mr. Luke Fildes.

Do you know who was the greatest of all painters ? It was an Italian named Raphael. He delighted to paint pictures of the Mother and Child. He had no need to hide her face. He shows us the mother whose smiling face looks down in love at the babe upon her lap. In one

picture the child is pulling her dress, and making her turn away from the book she has been reading. In another he plays at her knee as she sits in the green meadow. And in another you may see her seated on a throne, and an angel on each side pulls back a curtain, that we may gaze at her and her baby; and on each side of the throne two men stand; and below we notice two little boys with wings. Have you never seen any of these pictures, or copies of them? If not, go to your friends and say: "Show me Raphael's pictures; show me the beautiful mother and the beautiful child." And in a book, or on the wall of a room, or in a picture gallery, you may look at their noble faces. Always the mother's face is beautiful. Yes, when mothers smile at their children, their faces are beautiful always—a black mother's, a white mother's—the face of the mother in the cottage, the face of the mother on the throne.

Suppose, for a moment, that in Raphael's picture the figures were suddenly changed, and the baby were to lie on the floor, and the curtain were to shut and conceal the mother from our eyes as if she were gone for ever. Poor child! Neither the two angels, nor the four men, nor the two handsome winged boys, could give it the love it wanted.

Once a Christmas party was being held at a girls' school. Fairy lamps were lit, and the candles blazed on the Christmas-tree, and the girls flitted here and there, clad in white, and cream, and pink, and blue; and their silken shoes danced on the smooth floor. Then there entered two girls in black dresses. The singing and chatting were hushed. "Why," asked the girls in whispers, "why do Nellie and Bertha come in black?"

An old lady had brought them. She went up to the mistress of the school.

"I have brought my grandchildren to the party," she said, in a low voice, "and beg that you will forgive them for coming in black. My dear daughter—their mother—died a few days ago. I can sit at home and cry, but I cannot bear to see them with their heads drooping in the quiet house. I thought you would welcome them here."

Ah yes, they were welcome; and the girls in white, and cream, and pink, and blue tried to cheer the girls in black, and make them forget their sorrow. But, in their hearts, each of these laughing girls said:—

“How glad I am that my dear mother will be there to kiss me when I go home.”

We will try to forget that the mother may go behind the curtain. We will think to-day of the mother at the side of her child. Sometimes, indeed, the mother seems hidden, and the child looks for her. Have you not often heard a child cry in the night? It wakes in the dark, and stretches out its little hands, and calls. That little babe is praying. It is praying to its mother, and she hears it at once. She was asleep, but she hears the cry. Others are in the house, but she hears the cry first of all. Presently there is silence. The prayer is answered, and she is comforting the child on her bosom. Another time the child is running, and it falls, and its shriek of pain is a prayer, and the mother answers it by hastening to help, and bathing the bruise, or binding up the wound. It may be that the doctor will bind the wound; but all the while the child will fix its eyes upon the mother, as if it thought that, without her, the bandage would do no good. Or, perhaps, in the forest, where the tall pine trees throw their shadow, and the oaks stretch their giant arms; or, perhaps, in the crowded street of the city, the child is lost; and it lifts up its little voice in prayer for its mother. Perhaps the mother will be too far away to hear; and if, then, a countryman finds it in the forest, or a kind passer-by takes care of it in the street, they will do this in the mother's name. They will think to themselves: “Poor little soul! its mother is not at hand; I must take her place.”

And if, boys, you see a child ill-treated; if you see the bully's hand uplifted to strike, and you hear the little one raise a scream of terror, you know the scream is a prayer. You know the mother would answer it if she were there, and she would snatch the child from the tyrant. But the mother is not there. You must take her place; you must shield her child. For when things go right in this world, all we that are strong will be like mothers and fathers to those who weep, or who lie sick, or whose faces are pinched with hunger. And if their mothers could know, they would thank us for helping their children.

You see how the child clings to its mother's dress. It seems to hang upon her. That is the meaning of the word *depend*—to hang upon. The child *depends* upon its mother.

Its life is *dependent* upon her love. It knows that without being told. It will learn to hold out its arms to its father; but, without learning, it will hold out its arms to the mother. She can clasp it best. Have you not smiled to see a man nursing a baby? You may be sure Raphael would not have painted that! Ought, then, only the mother to nurse it? No; the father does right to assist the tired mother, and you may laugh at his awkwardness, but you do not, of course, laugh at his tenderness.

But mother's tenderness! What has it done for you? You girls and boys—you are ten, eleven, twelve, or thirteen years of age. Well, and you will say that soon you will no longer depend upon your mother? Quite true; and it is right you should not. You cannot, as people say, always be tied to her apron strings. But you will carry her marks about with you. The kisses she dropped upon your cheeks leave no trace. What marks do I speak of?

John, let me single you out. Obey these orders that I give you. Walk to the other side of the room. Yes, and now fling open the door, and race round the garden, and return as sharp as lightning! Good, you sit down breathless. What swiftness, what power! And you will make a strong man. And who taught you to use your feet? Who taught you to stand, to pass from chair to chair, from wall to wall, from room to room, and up and down the hill, and about the big world? Your steps tell of your mother's love. You owe your health to her.

Annie, tell me where you went this morning?

"I went along the lane, and I gathered buttercups beside the millstream. I watched the wind sway the trees in the orchard and blow the white apple blossom about. I saw poor old widow Brown go slowly, leaning on her stick, towards the house where her grandchild lies ill."

Thank you, Annie, for your story of what you saw, what you did, what you felt. I can tell from that story what is in your mind and heart. And from whom did your tongue learn this wonderful power to tell what is in your mind and heart? Who taught you the little words, and then the larger words, and the clear speech that enables you to express your thoughts to the people about you?

So I see marks of your mother's love in your steps, in your speech, in your good health——

In your good health. Have you ever seen a mother give her child a rose? Ah, and have you ever seen a mother give the roses of her cheeks to her child? No? Have you never seen a mother who has nursed a sick child until the child grew well and rosy, but she herself lost her colour and grew thin and pale? These are the roses that mothers give to their children.

The mothers are glad so long as the children are well. They are glad even though they themselves may suffer.

Once a mother, who was deaf and dumb, sat by the cradle of her child. She knew that she lacked some power that other people had, though she could not understand it. She knew it was a good thing to move the lips, and to turn round when something, she knew not what, happened in the ear. Presently she went and fetched a stone. She approached the sleeping babe. Ha! what would she do? She raised the stone on high, and flung it with all her might upon the ground. The baby awoke at the crash, and began to cry. The mother fell upon her knees, and wept tears of joy. She had heard nothing, but she rejoiced because she saw that her child possessed the wonderful sense of hearing.

LESSON II.

MOTHER—(*continued*)

Mother's warnings. Mothers love their children, though they may sometimes have to give them pain. Mutual pride of mother and child.

"TAKE care, my dears, take care. Keep to the middle of the river. The water is deep there, and safe from enemies. If you go near the bank, you will be in danger from men who will try to catch you in nets, or with sharp hooks."

This is what the old fish (she was a carp) is *said to have said* to her little sons and daughters as they swam in the river Seine. I suppose she spoke in French!

April came ; the sun shone upon the hills and melted the snow, and glittering streams rushed down the valleys and joined the big river, and the river swelled and swelled and overflowed its banks. The little carps let themselves be carried by the flood over the fields, over bushes, over hedgerows.

“ We are masters of the world,” cried the little carps.

“ It will not last long,” shrieked the poor mother, as she flapped about in the deep water, and watched her children going farther and farther away.

And it did not. The flood sank lower ; the river ran in its old channel ; here and there shallow pools of water were left in the meadows. In one of these pools the little carps swam, anxious and unhappy. They could not get out. They could not cross the dry land between the pool and the river which was their proper home. Men and boys came from the village, and swept the pool with fishing-nets. All the little carps were put into a basket, and ——. Well, I need not tell you their miserable end !

Do mothers like to please their children ? Certainly, they would sooner please their children than any other persons in the world. Did it please the little carps to swim across the flooded meadows ? Very much indeed. And their mother forbade them to go ? Yes. Then did not their mother wish to keep them away from a pleasure ? Yes. But we said that mothers like to please their children ! Well, and were the little carps really pleased ? Yes, at first. And afterwards ? Not at all. How terrified they were when they saw the men and boys walk to the pool with the nets. They knew that death was coming. Suppose, then, they had stayed with their mother in the middle of the stream ; would they have been pleased ? Not at first. And afterwards ? Yes ; very much indeed ; and they might have lived for years in the river Seine. Then did their mother wish to please her children ? Certainly ; she wanted them to live happy for years. And so, to make them happy, she was at first obliged to *dis*-please them, and give them pain. And did it please her to forbid them to swim over the meadows ? No ; she was sorry to cause them pain ; and she felt a yet deeper pain when her children were taken from her for ever.

A little boy once asked his mother for a mince-pie.

“ No, Julian,” she said, “ there are currants in it ; and you know currants make you ill.”

Julian saw his sister eating a pie, and felt vexed to think he might not do the same as she did. He sat sulky and displeased. And all the time his mother was as vexed as he was. She would have been glad to give him what he wanted ; but she dared not, because she loved him.

Once I had arranged to take some children to the Zoological Gardens, and I called at Arthur's house to inquire of his parents whether he might go with us the next day. I found Arthur sitting, rather quieter than usual, in an arm-chair.

"I hope," said I to the mother, "that you will allow Arthur to join the party to-morrow. There is a new giraffe in the Gardens. I read in the newspapers an interesting account of the tricks which the chimpanzee can perform. We expect to see the sea-lions fed. And we shall not only see the elephant, but have the honour of riding on his back"——

The mother looked rather strangely at me, and I paused.

"Yes, mother," cried Arthur. "Let me go, do let me go! The giraffe, mother; the chimpanzee, mother; the sea-lions, mother; the elephant, mother!"

She shook her head.

"Arthur is not well," she answered. "His liver has been very much out of order. The doctor has been to see him every day this week, and, though I am glad to say Arthur is better, I must not let him go out of the house just yet."

"Oh, mother, the new giraffe, the new giraffe! And the sea-lions"——

"No, Arthur," I said. "Your mother is right. We are all sorry, but you ought not to go."

As I came away, I heard Arthur grumbling bitterly. Perhaps he did not see what I had seen—the silver tears glistening on the mother's eyelashes.

So you see, mothers still love their children, though they may have to give them warnings and give them pain.

If you saw a heavy weight about to fall on your mother, would you not call out to save her from harm and pain? Of course you would. If she bids you not go to a place, or not to do a certain thing, will you disobey? If you do, you will give her pain; but by obeying her you save her from pain and sorrow.

So, then, you will obey your good mother; and then you will learn to obey your other mother. Other! Who is this other?

Let us think. I went the other day to an office, where clerks sat with many cash-books, and I paid in gold, and only got in exchange a small piece of paper—a receipt. At one moment I felt unwilling to pay. The next moment I thought: “I ought to be ready and willing to pay; this money helps to support our soldiers and sailors, our lighthouses, our policemen, our schools.” I had paid my taxes, and I had served the great mother. And who is this great mother? The country in which we live; or, if you please, you may call it the fatherland; but the meaning is the same. And he who obeys his mother or father will be ready to obey the laws of his motherland, his fatherland.

There was once a Roman boy whose mother had brought him up with care and love. When he grew to manhood and showed his valour in the wars, the Romans made him a crown as a reward. But afterwards he was offended with his fellow-citizens, and he was sent away—banished. Then Coriolanus (*Cor-io-la'-nus*) went in great anger to the enemies of Rome, and joined their army, and said he would march with them against his own city and his own people. And so, plundering and burning on the road, he advanced nearly to the gates of Rome. Then out came his aged mother, Veturia, and she made her way into his camp, and with her went his wife and two children. The old mother looked with grief at her wilful son.

“Ah, my son,” she said; “did I train you up for this? Will you now fight against your own kindred, your own flesh and blood? Will you fight against your mother, and your mother-city?”

Coriolanus folded his arms, and tried to look hard and careless. But her speech and her tears moved his heart, and he bent his head, and said he would not do the wrong, and he broke up the army and retired to a far country. On the spot where this happened the Romans built a temple, and Veturia lived in it as the priestess, and all the people respected the mother whose words had saved Rome.

I will not tell you to love your mother; I know you love her; and because you love her you will obey her; and in loving her and obeying her you will be proud of her. People sometimes say, Do not be proud; but they never say, Do not be proud of your mother.

A Roman lady named Cornelia sat talking with a friend

who had called at her villa. The friend had brought a casket with her, and this little box contained jewels and sparkling stones—sapphires, pearls, emeralds. Cornelia gazed at the jewels and admired them, but did not bring out any casket of her own.

Presently a noise of footsteps was heard, and Cornelia's two sons (the Gracchi, we call them—*Grak'-ki*) came bounding in from school, and kissed their mother.

"These," said Cornelia, "are my jewels."

This was the mother's pride in her sons. And now I will end by telling you of a little boy's pride in his mother. He was listening to the talk of a visitor, and the visitor happened to say, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," meaning an honest man is the finest of all people in the world. The little fellow cried out:—

"Oh, no! My mother's the noblest!"

So there should be *mutual* pride—that is, pride on each side. For, while it is pleasant to see mothers proud of their children, it is also pleasant to see children proud of their mothers.

LESSON III.

MOTHER—(*concluded*)

Showing respect and honour to mothers.

THE soldiers march by ; the band plays ; the ensign carries the flag ; and the people raise loud cheers. Little Henry takes off his hat as the flag goes past. He shows respect to his country.

An old man with a white beard and stooping shoulders walks slowly towards his house ; and he leans on a stick at each step. Little Henry runs and opens the gate, and holds it open till the old man has entered. He shows respect to old age.

Suppose little Henry goes home, and his mother asks

him: "Where have you been, my dear?" And suppose he answers:—

"Oh, mind your own business; I shall not tell you where I have been!"

Would you not be surprised to hear him speak in this way? But I was only supposing. I do not believe Henry would do such a thing. When he saluted his country's flag he was a patriot; when he opened the gate for the old man he was a gentleman; and patriots and gentlemen show respect to their mothers.

"Do you find Kate careful at her lessons?" I asked of a teacher.

"Yes, she is most attentive; and she is punctual and regular at school."

"And she is quiet and obedient?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ah," said I to myself, "she is getting some good from her education."

Some time afterwards I was at Kate's house as she came home from school. Her mother said:—

"Kate, please run and fetch me a loaf of bread from the baker's."

It was raining a little, and Kate called out:—

"What! all in this pouring torrent? You are very unkind! Why did you not fetch the bread yourself?"

"Oh," said I to myself, "to be obedient at school is not everything. Kate is not well-educated after all."

For well-educated girls and ladies show respect to their mothers.

Let me tell you of three great men who gave honour to their mothers.

Many years ago a young man named John Chrysostom (*Kris'-os-tom*) went to his mother, and said:—

"Mother, my friend has asked me to go and live with him in the Syrian desert. We shall dwell alone, and men will call us hermits; for it is better to live right away from the noise and wickedness of the world."

She took him by the hand, and led him to her chamber, and they sat down. She cried bitterly, and then addressed him:—

"My son, since your father died it has been my only happiness to see his likeness in your face. Since you were

but a baby I have had this pleasure. I am now a widow ; if you go away, you will make me a widow a second time. Wait till I die ; it may not be long ; and then go whither you will."

The young man stayed with his mother until she died. I do not think he did a good thing in going afterwards to dwell alone in the Syrian desert, but I am sure St. John Chrysostom (for he is called a saint) did well to remain at home and care for his mother so long as she lived.

Thomas Telford, the great engineer, did not, amid all his buildings of bridges and docks, forget his mother. She was a widow, and depended upon his care, just as, when he was a baby, Thomas had depended upon her love and watchfulness. He sent her money from time to time, and used to write letters to her in large plain print-hand, thus—MY DEAR MOTHER, so that her weak eyes might be able to read with ease.

A yet greater man was Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America. It was he who helped to secure freedom for the negro slaves. On one occasion, when the men of the Congress (Parliament) praised his noble work, he answered : " It is not I whom you should praise, but my mother, to whom I owe everything."

Sometimes, indeed, we may meet a mother who does not do as she ought. She may say or do things which even a child knows are not right ; and when we look into her home we may see it is unclean and unhappy. I scarcely like to speak of such a thing, but yet, you know, such scenes may be witnessed in the world. Suppose, for a moment, that you were the son or daughter of such a mother, what could you do? Would you find fault with her? No ; other people, older people, would do that. And when your mother saw that you were sorry, and yet, while you looked at her sadly, you said nothing, I think that would touch her heart, and do her good. And you could watch for a chance to help her, so that when, one day, she seemed more ready to make the home bright, you would run to her side, and be a partner in her work. For you know that, even if your mother were not so good as she ought to be, you are very likely the person she loves best in all the world.

There is another sad word I must say. Do you remember how, the other day, I spoke of a curtain, and how our

mothers might be hidden by it? Do you understand me? I mean that mother may die. And if so, might we not then feel grieved to think we had not always pleased her by our conduct? Should we not feel happier if we remembered that we had been kind to her?

Dr. Samuel Johnson, a great writer, always respected his mother, and he showed his respect by what he did when she died. He was poor, but he made up his mind to pay for her decent funeral, and to pay the debts she had left owing to neighbours. And he earned the money by writing a book, and selling it for print to a publisher. This little book was called *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. When you are older you must read this pretty tale, and think why Dr. Johnson wrote it.

About the same time there lived an English poet named William Cowper. One day his cousin sent him a little picture of his mother, who died when he was a small child. Then he sat down and wrote a poem to tell what he remembered of his mother. The gardener, Robin, took him to school, warmly wrapped and dragging a toy-cart :—

“ The gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capped.”

Every night his mother came to look at him in bed. Every morning she washed his face, and gave him some little sweetmeat :—

“ Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid,
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum.”

And he says he used to take a piece of paper and slip it under the edge of her flowered gown, and prick the pattern in with a pin, while she stroked his head and smiled :—

“ The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.”

Dr. Johnson and Cowper were both Christian men. Before I close my talk about mother, I will relate to you an old Greek story. It shows that the Greeks understood how beautiful was the love of children for their mothers.

At the town of Argos was the temple of the goddess Hera. The priestess of this temple had to attend a feast one day, and, as usual, she intended to drive to the temple in her chariot drawn by oxen. The oxen were out in the fields some distance away, and, as the time of the festival drew near, the priestess was afraid she would be late at the meeting of the people of Argos. Her two sons, Cleobis (*Cle'-o-bis*) and Biton (*Bit'-on*) saw her distress, and they said :—

“Mother, do not feel troubled. We will take the place of the oxen, and draw you to the temple ourselves.”

Over their necks they placed the wooden board or yoke which fastened the heads of the oxen together and kept them steady at the chariot-pole. The mother sat in the car, and the young men pulled, and pulled, and pulled—forty-five furlongs they pulled, all the way to the temple. Men came out and said :—

“What strong young men ! Happy is the mother who has such strong sons.”

Women came out and said :—

“What kind young men ! Happy is the mother who has such kind sons.”

Kind and strong, but oh ! so tired : they stopped at the temple gates. The priestess was in good time, and the people were assembling for the service. And the mother prayed to the gods to give her dear sons the best of gifts.

Cleobis and Biton sat at the table with the joyous people, and ate of the fruit and the wine. They and their mother stayed that night in the chambers of the house of Hera. Next morning the kind and brave sons were found dead.

Dead ! But they were never forgotten. People made statues of the two brothers, and often spoke of them, and to-day I speak their names to you and tell the story of their love ; and some day you will tell it to others, perhaps to your own little sons and daughters.

All over the earth, whether people are Christians or not Christians ; whether they are white or black ; whether they live amid heat or snow ; whether they follow chiefs or kings or presidents ; whether their flag is of this colour or that, they are all alike in one thing. They all respect one person. All men salute the mother.

LESSON IV.

THE WONDERFUL MAN

WHERE did I see the Wonderful Man? Perhaps I saw him in a dream at the dead of night. Perhaps I lay on the grass under the beech-tree, and looked up at the rustling leaves, and thought and thought, until I saw all kinds of strange things in my fancy. Never mind how I saw him ; I will tell you what I saw. But, first of all, let me say that the wonder of the man was in the way he changed from one shape to another, and yet, all the time, he was the self-same man.

I saw him as a hunter. All day long he had climbed about the moors, following the tall red deer. Sometimes he hid in the hollows, waiting for his prey. Sometimes he crouched behind a bush, and then crept to a rock, and then another rock, scarcely daring to breathe. And once a thick white mist came all about him, and he could espy nothing. Often the deer were startled, and they fled over the heather and the bracken, and then, weary but patient, he began the chase again.

I saw him as a shepherd. He led his flock beside the still waters in the valley, and he sat and watched the sheep as they wandered over the green pasture. Or he let them clamber up the steep slopes to crop the short, sweet grass. If he beheld dark clouds curling all about the tops of the hills and shadows spreading over all the scene, he knew a tempest was coming, and he guided his flock to a place of shelter. When the lion or the bear came by day, or the wolf by night, to steal sheep from his flock, he clenched his teeth, and gripped his spear, and went out to face the foe. He could work, he could fight, and he could wonder. Yes, when the stars twinkled out, the shepherd gazed at the curious patterns they made in the sky. And if one bright

speck moved night after night among the rest of the stars, he noticed its march, and said to himself: "This is a star that travels. I will call it a planet, or wanderer."

I saw him as a tiller of the soil. He held the handles of a plough, and the shining plough-knife, or share, cut neat furrows in the brown earth as two stout oxen tugged it across the field. The necks of the oxen were fastened together by a yoke. When the field was ploughed, the man took a basket of seed and dropped the golden grain into the ground, as if into a grave, and he waited month after month, half afraid that the corn had died. But it rose again from the grave as thin green blades, and the sun kissed the leaves as soon as they struggled out of the ground. At last the green stalks turned to yellow straw, with clusters of seeds at the head, and the man clutched a gleaming steel sickle, and I heard the swish of his reaping, and I saw a beautiful smile on his big brown face, as he gathered in his harvest. And I smiled too.

I saw him as a trader. One day he sang a wild wailing song as he walked beside his camel, and the bells jingled on the camel's harness. Another time he rode on a strong mule that could carry both him and his load of goods; and he picked his way carefully through a rocky pass, peering to this side and that for fear lest robbers should fall upon him and take all that he had. And yet another time he walked as a pedlar with a burden on his back, and he trudged from village to village and showed his wares to women at the cottage-doors; or he spoke to the men-servants at the gate of the castle, and asked leave to go in and make bargains with the noble lady who was mistress of the stately place.

I saw him as a builder. He cut out clay and made bricks; and he laid the bricks straight as a sunbeam and strong as stone, until they stood in four walls; and when he had fixed the beams of timber, and thatched the house with straw, and set the oaken door on hinges, he did not fear the biting wind, or the clattering hail, or the splash of the rain, or the cruelty of the soft snow.

I saw him as a blacksmith. A crimson glow lit up his face as the fire of the forge grew strong. He swung the hammer over, and it smote upon the red-hot iron on the anvil, and sparks leaped out of the iron, and he smote again, and again, until he seemed like a man of thunder, and it

made me glad to see the might of his brawny arm. One day he beat out a long thin leaf of steel, and, when it was burnished, I knew it was a sword for killing. The next day he created a plough-share to divide the earth ready for the corn-seed ; also he made bright shoes for the feet of horses.

I saw him as a potter. He pressed his foot on a treadle, and a wheel spun round like a small table, and on the small table he had dropped a lump of clay, and he put his fingers to the clay, and the wheel spun and spun ; and presently, when it stopped, there lay a bowl on the little round table. Some days afterwards the clay was dry and hard, and it was baked in a furnace, and then it could hold milk or wine or water. Besides this, the potter made jugs, and vases, and dishes. The last time I peeped at the potter he was painting on a dish in red and gold, and green, and blue, and black, and the picture came out in flowers, and leaves, and dancing-girls.

I saw him as a glass-blower. In a large chamber there were round furnaces, with doors. He opened a door, and the flames inside blazed like sunlight. As soon as the door was shut I found that the glass-blower had thrust his long rod into the furnace, and taken it out again with melted glass on the end. The rod was a pipe, and he blew down the hollow rod, and the glass swelled like a globe, and soon he had pressed it and cut it, and turned out a flask for holding wine or water, such as the potter's bowl had held. Moreover, he poured out melted glass and rolled it flat, and put silvering at the back, and brought the mirror outside, and lifted it up, and in it I observed the trees, and hills, and cattle, and the wide-spread sky ; yes, and my own face.

I saw him as an engineer. He, and others that toiled with him, had set a bridge across a stream ; and I was the first to walk upon the bridge, and I leaned over and wondered at the roar of the river as it sped through the arches. He laid stones for a broad road, and the road went straight from town to town until it came to a hill, and then he caused it to wind and go zig-zag, but always firm and safe for man and beast. Also he stretched railway-lines across the level ground, and bored a tunnel through a mountain, and he laughed as he mounted an engine, and with a snort, and amid a cloud of steam, it rolled into the heart of the rocks, and rolled out again into the daylight.

I saw him as a coal-hewer. He seemed almost like a mouse in a trap as he worked in the narrow passage underground. By the rays of a small lamp he did his work. Naked to the waist, he wielded a pickaxe, and brought down masses of glittering coal from the wall. Now and then he was so placed that he could not stand upright; and then he half lay on his back, and struck and struck at the crackling coal.

I saw him as a cleaner of sewers. He had gone down a man-hole, down an iron ladder, down under the earth, down into the tunnel where a black river ran, the black river from the drains of a city. Out of the black river arose a gas that no man could see, but it could float into a man's mouth and nostrils, and slay him with its deadly force. Rats flew in swarms along the sewer—fierce rats that might attack a man.

I saw him as a seaman, first in one ship, then in another. He sang as he washed the deck, and the breeze was light, and the heavens blue. Then, out in the middle of the ocean, he was trying to take in a sail, and the wind tore it to rags, and, like moving hills, the water tossed around the vessel, and the black sky appeared to come down upon the sea, until a flash of lightning burst and showed every rope and spar and rail. Afterwards he sat in a fishing-smack that lay near a sand-bank, and his nets were spread to catch the herring, and below he looked into the restless waters, and above him shone the stars.

I saw him as a soldier. A knapsack hung upon his back, and he marched to the sound of the drum, and others marched; thousands marched; fifty thousand marched; grasping swords and rifles they marched; dusty and footsore they marched behind a flag that was flapping about a wooden staff; and the frightened horses and the cannon went by with a great rumble; and the men shouted, and smoke arose, and they were all hidden, and I knew they were gone to the shedding of blood—ah, me! the shedding of blood—ah, me! the shedding of blood.

When I saw him again, I spoke to him:—

“Tell me, why do you hunt, and plough, and trade, and build, and hammer, and fight? Why do you labour with so much pain and for such long hours, and year after year, and all your life?”

"I do this," he said, "for the children."

"And tell me your name?" I asked.

"Do you not know me?" he answered. "Who would labour as I labour except the **father**? By day and by night, in heat and in cold, through summer and winter, in joy and grief, in safety and in danger, the father works for his dear children; and when they look at the world they live in, everywhere they see the works of the father."

"Good father," I cried, "and what reward do you wish for?"

"It is enough," said the father, "if my children give me their love."

LESSON V.

FATHER

Father's example and protection. Sometimes father finds it necessary to punish. Obedience to father.

A BOY was losing himself in a forest. Tall trees rose like giants about him, and stretched their arms overhead. Thick clusters of fern and bracken, and masses of bramble and holly, grew on all sides. The boy ran this way and that way. Oh, would the darkness come on before he made his escape from the forest? At length he raised a cry of joy. He had found a path; he saw the foot-marks of men and women. People had been that road before, and he would follow in their track. Before long he came out into the open meadows and saw his cottage-home, and his father at the garden gate.

Yes, he was glad to follow the road which other people had trodden before him. Their footsteps helped him.

One day, when the snow lay upon the ground, a father and his little son trudged across the fields. The man walked more easily than the boy, and when he reached the stile he stopped and waited. As he looked back across the field he noticed the lad coming slowly on in the deep snow. The son was placing his feet in his father's footprints. When the father went to the right, the son went to the right. When the father went to the left, the son went to the left. When the father went crookedly, the son went crookedly. When the father went straight, the son went straight.

"Ah," said the father to himself, "I must be careful what I do. My son imitates me. He copies my *example*. If I wish him to go right, I must go right myself."

Do all fathers do what is right? Alas, no. Do all fathers show a good example? Alas, no. Suppose a father often does bad things; would he like his son or his daughter to

do bad things, or good? I think he would like his son or his daughter to do good. He might often be bad himself, but he would not wish his children to be bad. And I can tell you a very wonderful thing. Boys and girls often keep their fathers from doing wrong, though the children may never know it. Perhaps the father is going to open a door that leads to an evil place; perhaps he is going to lift his hand to do a wrong deed; perhaps he is going to utter a word that will stain his lips with shame—and he halts. He thinks of you. He say to himself:—

“I will not do this, because it would set a bad example to my boy or girl.”

And then, again, boys and girls help their fathers to do right. The father will open the door that leads to good work; he will lift his hand to do the just action; he will utter the true word, because he knows his children are looking. Is it not a happy thing to have fathers who can show us the way through the forest, and guide us across the snowy field? When you go to the workshop, you will remember how your father worked. When you have money to handle, you will remember how your father spent it. When you meet ill-behaved people, you will remember how your father acted towards such persons. When a great pain falls upon you, you remember how your father bore it. When you see a neighbour in trouble, you will remember how your father used to help.

Once, in the eighteenth century, there lived a wild chieftain in the mountains of Sicily. His name was Mica (*Mee'-ka*). Much of his money he had gained through robbery. As he grew older, he lived a quieter life in his dwelling on the hills. But he had a great sorrow. His son was rough and unloving, and once he had sprung upon his father, with knife uplifted, meaning to do murder; but he was prevented. An old peasant of that district was rambling over the grounds near Mica's house, and he shot one or two hares. He was seized by some of Mica's men, and the chieftain, in a violent rage, ordered the old peasant to be put into close prison as a punishment for poaching. Next day a young man came to Mica's door, and begged to speak with the chieftain.

“Sir,” said the young man, “I am the son of the peasant whom you have captured. He is old; he cannot bear the

strain of being shut up in a cell. I can bear it better. Let me be punished in his stead."

The robber was astonished, and, turning to the old man, he said :—

"How is it your son is so good?"

"I tried to be good myself," answered the peasant.

He had shown his son the way, and the son followed it.

But this way through the forest, or over the snow, is not always easy. A wolf may appear in the thicket. The father will stand between the wolf and his son. The blinding snow-storm may strike fear into the lad's heart. Wrapping his coat above the boy, the father will shield him from the cold. The father gives his children his *protection*. When the wolf comes, the boy clings to his father's side. When the tempest comes, the boy nestles close to the father, and grasps his hand. When the boy cannot get on well with his school-fellows, he goes to his father and asks what he had better do. When the youth finds it hard to do his work honestly in the brick-yard, or the smithy, or the railway station, or the office, he goes to the father and says, "What shall I do?" He believes in his father more than in any other man. Do you know what we call this feeling of trust? We call it *faith*. He has faith in his father.

A party of gentlemen were climbing the rocks in the Scottish Highlands. They were in search of rare plants; they were botanists. One of them leaned over a cliff, and down below, in a crack of the rock, he caught sight of a flower which he had often wished to gather, and he raised a shout of gladness. But how was he to get it? He could not descend himself. Someone said they might tie a rope under the arms of a boy who was with them, and let him down the precipice. The boy shrank back, for the cliff was steep and high.

"We will hold you tight," cried the gentlemen.

The boy thought for a moment, and then he looked towards a hardy Scottish shepherd who had come with the party.

"I will go down," he said, "If my father will hold the rope."

And he did. Swinging in the air, hovering over a deep chasm, he went down and did not flinch. He had faith in his father's hand and his father's love.

You would love your father—would you not?—for making footprints for you to walk in. You would love him—would you not?—if he held the rope that saved you from falling on the deadly rocks. But suppose your father punished you. Suppose he had to lay upon you some kind of painful *punishment*. Would you love him for that?

Perhaps you do not know what to answer. Well, do you love pain? No. Do you love your father? Yes. And would you love the pain your father gave you? No. Would you love him *although* he gave you pain? Yes. Why would you? Because all the time he gives you pain he loves you. He gives you the pain *because* he loves you. I remember hearing of a father who felt obliged to give his two sons a whipping, and he shed tears of sorrow; but he chastised them all the same. The sons loved their father, for they could see his sorrow in his tears; and they knew that they were also giving pain to him.

And so, if you do not wish to give your father pain, you will *obey* him when he bids you do a task, or go on a message, or stay in the house, or sit by your sick brother's bedside, or come home by a certain hour, or not to speak to an ill-behaved schoolfellow.

No doubt you have read of the French boy, young Casabianca. He was about thirteen years old, and was the son of the commander of the warship *Orient*. The French were fighting Nelson's fleet at the battle of the Nile. The boy had been placed at a certain part of the ship by his father. When the ship caught fire, he stayed at his post. He would not leave till his father gave permission; but, alas! though he knew it not, his father had been shot, and lay in the cabin dead.

“The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

“He called aloud: ‘Say father, say,
If yet my task is done?’
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.”

At last the fire reached the powder-magazine, and the ship

blew up with a noise like echoing thunder, and the broken pieces of the vessel were scattered on the sea.

“There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea.”

Ought children to obey their parents? Yes. Was it Casabianca's duty to obey his father? Yes. Did he do right in staying at his post? Yes. Then did he do right in waiting to be blown up? This puzzles you.

Well, did the father wish him to be killed? No. Would the boy have done wrong if he had sprung from the ship into a boat with others who escaped? No. But would not that have been disobeying his father? No. His father was dead, and could not know the son's danger. If the father had been alive, you know what he would have done. He would have shouted: “My son, let us leave the vessel at once, or we shall be blown up. It is no longer our duty to stay.” The boy made a mistake; but he was noble to remain at his post.

Our father is, to us, like a captain, a master, a king. And if we learn to obey our father, we have learned how to obey captains, masters, and kings; and if we dwell in a country that has no king, that will make no difference. For the country we were born in—the dear land of our birth—England, or America, or France, or Germany, or Italy, or Australia—that is our Fatherland; and the laws of our country are the laws of the Fatherland. And when we do our honest day's work, and obey the laws which the people have made, we are good children of the Fatherland.

LESSON VI.

FATHER—(*concluded*)

Mutual pride between father and child. Respect and consideration for father. When sons and daughters do right, the hearts of mothers and fathers are glad.

ONCE I sat in a room in a friend's house. There were many pictures on the walls; but one, above all, drew my attention. It had no men or women in it—only a farmhouse, a few trees, a sheet of water, and a group of cows standing in the water. Beautiful cows they all were—some black and white, some brown, some nearly all white; and their coats were sleek and healthy; and their large eyes so calm and bright.

“What a pretty picture,” I said to my friend.

“Yes,” he answered. “But I am sorry to tell you there was one person who did not like it. It was the father of the painter. The painter was a young man, and his father was also a painter. And when the father saw the fine picture he felt out of temper, and he spoke unkind words about his son. The father was jealous.”

You and I start back from such a father. We say he was not a true father. He ought to have been proud of his son's work. Do you remember how I told you of Cornelia, the good Roman mother who called her sons her jewels? And of the little boy who thought his mother the noblest person in the world? There should be *pride* on both sides; each should be proud of the other; there should be *mutual pride*.

Once there was a famous Frenchman named Diderot (*Dee'-de-ro*). He wrote books, and thousands of people thought him great. Some years after his father's death he visited the town where he was born, and where his good father was still remembered. An old townsman took him by the arm, and said:—

“You are a good fellow; but if you think you will ever be as good as your father, you make a mistake.”

Diderot smiled. It pleased him to hear the townsman say his father was a better man than himself. And if the

father had been alive, and heard anyone praise young Diderot, I should not wonder if he had said :—

“Yes, my son is a greater man than I am, and I am very glad.”

If you had a drunken father, would you not be ashamed? But would you be ashamed if you had a humble father? Suppose you became learned, and could speak in long words like a book; and you had mixed with lords and ladies, and knew how to make stately bows, and sit at splendid dinner-tables, and write letters to princes; and then suppose your father came to see you. Suppose you saw his speech was not correct, and his manners were simple and awkward; would you pass him by as if you did not know him? If so, you would show a very mean and unmanly, unwomanly spirit.

In olden times crowds of people gathered in the streets of Rome. Many of them burned incense, and the sweet smoke of the incense curled up into the air.

“Here they come!” shouted the citizens; and down the highway there rode soldiers on horseback, and chariots rumbled by, and groups of prisoners bound with chains were led past; and, last of all, could be seen the General, who had won victories over the barbarian foes, and now he was enjoying his Triumph.

“Io, Io (yo)!” the people cried.

Presently the General ordered his chariot-driver to stop. He sprang from the car, and made his way towards an old and humbly clad man who stood among the crowd. The General saluted the old man with *respect* and tenderness. It was his father.

Do you suppose this was the first time the Roman soldier had shown respect to his father? No. When he was a boy he would look up to his father, and do little kindnesses for him.

A little girl, four years old, used to bring her father his slippers when he came in from work, so that he might sit easy after a tiring day. A lady asked the child to spend the day with her.

“No, thank you,” replied the little maid; “I could not leave home, because, if I did, there would be nobody to fetch papa his slippers when he came home.

You see she was *thoughtful*; she showed *thoughtfulness*.

The same thoughtfulness is shown by grown-up sons and daughters. Some two thousand years ago, when the Temple of the Jews was still standing in Jerusalem, the High-priest wished for a new diamond to be set in the breast-plate which he wore over his robe. So certain men paid a visit to a certain merchant named Damah, and asked to see his finest jewels. Now Damah was not a Jew; some people would have called him a "heathen"; but you must know that, whether a man is a heathen, or Jew, or Christian, he is only good if his conduct is good.

"I will fetch the largest of my diamonds," said Damah to the messengers.

Then he remembered that the key of the safe in which the diamond was kept was in the pocket of his father's robe; and the father was asleep. Damah said he could not waken the old man.

"Go," the messengers said, "and wake him; and we will give you more money for the jewel.

Damah refused. The Jews were vexed, and were about to depart, and go elsewhere, and Damah would have lost their custom. Just then the father awoke, and his son got the key and the jewel.

"Of course," said the messengers, "we will give you the larger price which we offered."

"Oh, no," answered the merchant; "I will sell you the diamond for the sum which you first named. I did not show honour to my father in order to make a profit out of it."

I will tell you of a son who was more than thoughtful. Old Appius (*Ap'-pi-us*) was a citizen of Rome. He had offended the rulers of the city, and they ordered him to leave Rome within a few hours. Alas! he knew not which way to turn. All in haste, he must leave the home he loved and go out in the world, he knew not where; and he had scarce strength to walk; and, unless he left by a particular time, he would be put to death! His friends had fled from him. Only his son stayed near him, and the son was but a youth. Appius feared he should not reach the gate in time.

"Father," said the youth, "I will carry you."

People wondered when they saw the lad struggling along the streets carrying the old Roman. Some laughed, some

hoped he would succeed ; but none dared to aid the lad. The time drew near. Keen eyes watched ; no mercy would be given if the father and son failed to reach the gate by the appointed hour. At length the boy gave a last run, passed the gate, and then sank down fainting outside the city wall. Old Appius was saved by his son's *heroism*.

And so we have talked of the mother and of the father ; and, in the last place, I will speak of both together.

Have you ever been in the midst of a vast crowd ; perhaps a hundred thousand people at a festival, or a review ? Did you not feel strange and lonely when, for a moment or two, you lost sight of your mother and father ? Hundreds and thousands of men and women pressed all about you ; but you were not sure that any of them were your friends. A feeling of despair came into your heart. You were ready to cry out :—

“Oh, I am alone in the great world !”

Then you saw your mother's face. Then you saw your father's hand held out. You ran to them. You caressed them. You were not alone. And so, as the days go by, and you have to learn at school, and then begin to work in the field, the shop, the office, or wherever else, you will be joyful when you think that in the great crowd you have a mother and a father who love you. It is you they love ; they love you more than they love the king, or the queen, or the President.

A Greek hero, Epaminondas (*Ep-am'-i-non-das*), once gained a battle, and all people praised his courage. Years afterwards some one asked him what had been the most pleasing thing in his life.

“It was this,” replied the hero ; “after my victory my mother and father were still alive to hear of the glory of their son.”

He lived three or four hundred years before Christ. I will relate to you the story of a brave son who lived in our own time.

In the summer of 1897 a lad, named Horace Martelli, was walking along the beach of Southsea, England, with his father, when they saw a boy struggling in the sea. Horace sprang into the water, and saved the boy's life. A few months afterwards a meeting was held, at which General

Lloyd pinned a bronze medal on Horace's breast, as a token of respect for his bravery. Horace's mother and father were standing by. They said nothing, but oh! they were proud of such a son. After he had pinned the medal on Horace's breast, the General said to Mr. and Mrs. Martelli:

"I congratulate you on having a son who has distinguished himself so early."

That meant: "I am glad you have a son who, though so young, has shown that he will make a good man."

Perhaps there were other fathers and mothers there. Perhaps they thought, "May our sons be as noble as Horace." For when sons and daughters do right, the hearts of the mothers and fathers are filled with a great pleasure.

LESSON VII.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS

Brothers and sisters as companions in a home. Things which a boy can do better than a girl. Things which a girl can do better than a boy. Things which can be done well by both boys and girls. Mutual aid.

ROBINSON CRUSOE did not live quite by himself. Have you not often looked at him in the picture, seated at his table, eating his dinner, and giving tit-bits to the parrot, the dog, and the cat? Poll was amusing; the dog was faithful; the cat made the place look more comfortable. But I believe that, if a fairy had walked in (but oh! these fairies; though they run about in books, they will not walk in when we want them), Crusoe would have said: "Please, Miss Fairy, will you change the parrot into a *brother* John, and the dog into a *sister* Adeline with dark hair, and puss into a sister Daisy with flaxen curls?"

I saw little Mary in her home the other day. She had a fine doll's house; a doll which wore a flower-garden hat sometimes, and sometimes a nightcap; skipping-ropes; games of Halma and Ludo; a work-box; a mother and father—yes, but the mother was five feet three inches high, and the father was five feet ten inches and a half. Mary would have liked a companion nearer to her own age and her own height. A big brother would have pleased her, even if he sometimes pulled her hair; or a little brother, even if he now and then broke her doll's furniture and refused to pay the bill for the repairs. Of course, Mary had cousins. Cousins are really very fine people: you can ask them to tea and show them your new china, or they can ask you to their birthday parties; and for twenty cousins there would be twenty birthday parties. But Mary would have liked a brother or a sister for her friend. She could make friends with another school-girl, or with the girl in the blue frock who lived next

door, but she would have been most pleased with a *friend* who had the same father as herself, and who kissed “good-night” to the same mother.

Teresa and Francisca were two sisters, who came to my school. Little Francisca was scarcely seven years old. When the children stood up to sing, her large dark eyes only just peeped at me over the benches. Ah me ! Francisca is dead, and Teresa sings without her sister at her side. When I look at her, I sometimes think of the boy who grieved for his lost brother. This boy saw the summer flowers bloom, and the butterflies flutter, but he missed the face of the brother whom he loved :—

“Oh ! call my brother back to me,
 I cannot play alone ;
 The summer comes with flower and bee ;
 Where is my brother gone ?
 The butterfly is glancing bright
 Across the sunbeam’s track ;
 I care not now to chase its flight ;
 Oh ! call my brother back.” —*Mrs. Hemans.*

There is another kind of *absence* which is not so bitter. It is when a brother or sister goes away to school, or on a visit to a distant town or village. Troublesome Harry used to slam the doors, and bring the mud in from the road, and leave chips and shavings on the carpet, and spill his glue on the tablecloth, and yell like a red Indian while his sister Jessie was reading her favourite magazine. But now Jessie looks out of the window, and watches the white puffs that mark the line of the railway across the fields, and says to herself : “I wish he was coming in that train.”

You have heard of negroes being sold in America at so many dollars a piece. What prices would you put upon brothers and sisters ? I do not mean in silver and gold. But which do you think is of more value in the home, or in the world ? Brothers, are you worth more than your sisters ? Sisters, are you worth as much as your brothers ? These are puzzling questions. We feel as if we had a hard sum to work out. Let us work it out on the blackboard, step by step :—

I.—Things which a boy can do better than a girl :—

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Throw stones. | 4. Make ugly faces. |
| 2. Run races. | 5. Carry loads. |
| 3. Strike balls. | 6. Fight. |

II.—Things which a girl can do better than a boy :—

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Nurse the baby. | 4. Skip. |
| 2. Make the bed. | 5. Keep her shoes clean. |
| 3. Lay the table for tea. | 6. Sit still. |

This sum makes my head ache. After all, I believe some boys can nurse babies as well as some girls. And then I do not quite see the use of making ugly faces, even if it *is* done better than the girls can do it. Never mind ; let us go on to the third step :—

III.—Things which can be done well by both girls and boys :—

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Speaking kindly to each other. | 4. Helping each other in trouble. |
| 2. Speaking kindly about each other. | 5. Helping each other to do right. |
| 3. Amusing each other. | 6. Helping father and mother. |

It seems to me that, for every useful thing a boy can do, we can find a useful thing a girl can do ; and, if there are things at which boys are not very useful, there are also things at which girls are not very useful. Well, perhaps you will agree to our putting down this answer to the sum :—

Answer.—A girl is as good as a boy.
 A boy is as good as a girl.
 A sister is as good as a brother.
 A brother is as good as a sister.

If you agree to this, you must, of course, also agree that, if the brother goes to a picnic one day while the sister stays at home to assist mother, it will be fair that, on the next occasion, the brother shall take his turn at home while the sister enjoys a holiday.

Brothers and sisters may be like the two blades of a pair of scissors. One blade helps the other blade to cut the paper or string. They give *mutual aid*. Sister may mend brother's torn jacket, and brother may mend sister's broken workbox ; sister may tell the sick brother a charming story about the "Half-chicken" or the "King of the Golden River," and brother can show sister his amusing tricks with cards, coins, or balls ; when she cries, he can put his arm round her neck, and, when he wins a prize, she can look as

happy as if her comrades had put flowers on her head and made her Queen of the May.

Young George Stephenson went with his sister Nell to Newcastle. In a shop-window she saw a bonnet which she very much liked ; but alas ! she found it cost fifteen pence more than she could spare.

“Never heed, Nell,” said George ; “I’ll see if I canna win siller [silver] enough to buy the bonnet. Stand ye there till I come back.”

Amid the crowd of people who were bustling to and from their marketing Nell waited and waited for hours. At last George came running back, crying :—

“I’ve gotten the siller for the bonnet, Nell.”

“Eh ; but hoo [how] hae ye gotten it ?”

“By haudin’ [holding] the gentlemen’s horses, Nell.”

And the sister bought the bright bonnet, and George was very likely as pleased to see her wearing it as he was, years afterwards, pleased to win the prize for the engine *Rocket* which ran between Liverpool and Manchester.

George Stephenson was a famous Englishman.

Now, I will tell you a Jewish story. At harvest-time two brothers were reaping the corn. The elder one was married, and had to provide for a family ; the younger one had no wife. As they piled up the sheaves in the burning sunshine, the elder said to himself :—

“My brother is alone in the world ; he has no companion to assist him ; he needs more than he now possesses. To-night I will share some of my corn with him, but he shall not know it.”

The younger one said to himself :—

“My brother is married ; he has many cares ; he has a whole household to feed and clothe and lodge. To-night I will share some of my corn with him, but he shall not know it.”

In the darkness the elder brother carried shocks of corn to his brother’s field. Not long afterwards the younger man bore loads of rich corn to his brother’s plot of land. Next morning each was astonished, for each found he had as much corn as before !

The next night each of the brothers went out on the same kind errand, and the next morning they were again surprised.

But the third night they met each other as they carried their burdens of brotherly gift. Each smiled to discover his brother's deceit. Each wept for joy at his brother's goodness. Could they—could you or I—make each other richer by exchanging our goods? Yes, indeed; for though we shall have no more corn or gold, we shall be richer in our love. The story says that, afterwards, the great Temple of the Jews was built on the harvest-fields. But though there was much marble in the Temple, and much cedar-wood, and many glittering gems, and handsome curtains, there was nothing in the building so noble as the love of the brothers.

LESSON VIII.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS—(*concluded*)

Kindness to younger brothers and sisters. Forgiving the unkind brother. Helping a sister in affliction. Helping even unto death.

IN the year 1732 two boys approached a "diligence," or country coach, which was about to start for Paris. The elder was named Michel-Jean, and was thirteen years of age. He bade his little brother mount to the top of the coach, and paid his fare out of his small stock of money. Not long before, the father, M. Sedaine, had died, and the lads were left alone with but eighteen francs (a franc is worth between ninepence and tenpence). The money was not enough to pay for both. The diligence rumbled slowly along, and Michel-Jean ran some distance behind. At first he enjoyed the keen air of the winter morning, and, when the coach stopped at a village inn, he would hurry up and see that his little brother was safe and comfortable. But, as the hours passed, the way seemed harder, and Michel-Jean's feet began to drag heavily. But his brave heart carried him along.

"Mother will be so glad to see us," he said to himself; "she has been waiting in the convent at Paris ever since father lost his money and his business as an architect, and

went into the country with us two boys to try to find work. My feet are getting tired, but my little brother is happy in the coach ; and he has my big coat to keep him warm."

The passengers began to talk to each other about this boy who kept running, running, following, following. Once, when the coach halted, they asked him questions, and heard his sad story. They all said the faithful lad must ride alongside the driver ; and they collected money to pay his fare to Paris. The mother and her other children rejoiced when they saw the boys come running to the convent door. Michel-Jean went to work at a mason's yard, and he cut stone, and earned money to support his mother. Afterwards Michel-Jean Sedaine became a celebrated poet, and wrote beautiful French verses. But none of his pretty verses were so noble as his kindness on the day when he ran behind the diligence to Paris. How pleasant it is to think that to-day, all over the world, there are millions of elder lads and girls who are showing kindness to their *younger brothers and sisters*.

Perhaps you will not mind if I tell you another Jewish story. I like to tell you about Jews ; for you know the Jews have been ill-treated among many nations of Europe, and I want you to see that from the Jews we learn many great lessons. Well, there were four brothers, named Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah. Reuben bought an axe from some merchants, and used it to cut down trees. Each of his brothers wished to borrow this useful tool, and he refused it to them all. They bought axes for themselves. One day Reuben's axe fell into a stream, and was lost. And now he wished to borrow from his brothers, and he went to each in turn.

"Certainly not," said Simeon ; "you would not lend me yours, and I will not lend you mine."

"Ah," cried Levi, "you would not lend me yours ; but I will be better than you. Here it is ; take it ; but you don't deserve it."

Reuben turned away sullenly. He would rather go without than take the axe lent in this sneering spirit.

Judah saw him coming, and he also saw the bitterness in his face.

"My brother," said Judah, "I know you have lost your axe. Mine will do for you as well as for me. Take mine."

The tears came into Reuben's eyes, and he clasped Judah's

hand. He was glad, not for the loan of the axe, but because of the kindness which *forgave a brother's unkindness*.

"I shall always love you," murmured Reuben.

"Of course you will," said Judah, "for we are of the same blood."

"Of the same blood." That meant of the same family and the same nature. Reuben might have forgotten that. But, when Judah was generous, and spoke such friendly words, Reuben's heart was touched, and he remembered that he was a brother, and must act like a brother.

Girls, you would not think it kind of a brother if he tried to chain you up, or shut you in a prison. No; but Charles Lamb had to do something like that to his sister Mary. I hardly like to tell you this sad story; but you should know some of the sadness of the world as well as the brightness. This sister Mary's brain was often disordered; and once, in a mad passion, she killed her own mother with a knife. What would you have thought if it had been your own sister who did such a deed? Charles Lamb loved her, and watched over her, and gave her all she needed. She knew how kind he was, and I am sure it made her a better sister, and kept her mind more clear and calm. Still, every now and then she would suffer from the old disorder, and Charles was obliged to take her to the asylum. He would cry, and she also would cry, as they went along the road. He would carry the "strait jacket" which was to bind her arms down and prevent her from striking other people. When Mary passed the gate of the asylum her poor mind was weak and dazed, and yet she felt her brother loved her. In this way he cherished her for forty years. When her reason came back to her she would return home, and the brother and sister would sit at table together and work. One day Charles said:—

"Mary, let us pick out the stories from the plays of Shakespeare, and write them in easy words for boys and girls to read."

They did so, and you may have seen the book:—

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By Charles and Mary Lamb.

But I do not think any of the tales of Shakespeare will tell you anything more praiseworthy than the history of Charles

Lamb's goodness to an *afflicted* sister. True brothers love in affliction as well as when their sisters are gay and can dance and sing.

In affliction, sorrow, *and death*.

An old man was living in the year 1796 in France, and he would sometimes say:—

“I am now an old man, and have lived through many troubles of my own, and I have seen my dear country in the troubles of the Revolution; but I should not have been here to speak to you if it had not been for my brave sister, Françoise Marie.”

What had Marie done? She was eleven years old. Her parents had died, and she was left with a brother of four. She earned money by knitting and spinning, and the neighbours also helped. The winter was very severe, and wolves prowled near the village. Marie was at work one day when a she-wolf sprang into the cottage with her young ones. The girl beat the she-wolf off with a stick, and then found that one of the whelps was seizing the little brother. Marie dragged the child away, thrust him into a cupboard, and fastened him in, and then —

Alas, when the neighbours ran in and chased the wolves away, they saw that Marie lay dead. The frightened boy was let out, and he grew up to be the old man of whom I spoke. Old as he was, he never forgot his sister's love.

I know there are no wolves prowling about your houses; and sisters do not often have to give up their lives to save their brothers from death. But, my dear girls and boys, if you carried little books about with you, and if, every day, you wrote down with pencils the brave and helpful things you saw brothers do for sisters, and sisters for brothers, you would be able to tell me more stories than ever I have told you.

But suppose you have no sisters and brothers? Has all this talk about brothers and sisters nothing to do with you?

No brothers and sisters! Is that really true? Do you not think you could find them if you looked out from your window at the people in the street? Or if you saw men and women in workshops, and mines, and fields? Or if you sailed from one clime to another and saw the many-coloured sons and daughters of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia?

LESSON IX.

THE GOOD GREEK SISTER

Two maidens, who were sisters, walked together near the king's house at Thebes (*Theebz*). The land they looked forth upon was rugged with hills, and the sky above was clear blue. These sisters were Greeks, and the land was Greece. The time I speak of was many hundred years ago—what we call “ancient times.”

The sisters looked sad. A battle had raged the day before. On one side were the men of Thebes, led by a brother of these two Greek ladies. His name was Eteocles (*Et-e'-o-kleez*). Against him fought the army of his brother, Polynices (*Pol-i-ny'-seez*). And all amid the charging and trampling, and the shouts of fear and triumph, and the falling of the slain, the two brothers pressed forward until they met each other; and they smote each other with their swords, and smote again; and, in hate and anger, they both died stricken by each other's hand. Then the troops of Polynices fled; and the stars came out, shining down so softly on the field of blood and quarrel; and the two sisters wept all night.

In the morning, as I have told you, the ladies walked in front of the palace. Their names were Ismene (*Is-mee'-nee*) and Antigone (*An-tig'-o-nee*).

“My dear sister,” whispered Antigone, “I have led you out of the house so that no one but you might hear what I say. Our uncle Creon is now king, and he has resolved that our brother Eteocles shall be buried in a splendid tomb; but poor Polynices is to be left on the open ground, and birds of prey will come to feed on his body; and his spirit will have no rest, and you and I will be unhappy because our brother is not laid in peace in a place of burial. Whoever buries him is to be put to death.”

"Ah," said Ismene, as her tears flowed, "but what can we do?"

"Let us bury him ourselves," pleaded Antigone.

"But," replied Ismene, "we must not disobey the commandment of the king. We must not break the law."

"The law is not just," said Antigone; "the king has no right to keep you or me from doing a kind service to those we love. If you will not help me, I will do the work alone."

"You have a very noble heart, sister," answered Ismene, "but I fear to do anything against the will of Creon."

So that day passed; and early the next morning, as King Creon was beginning his royal duties, a man rushed to the palace, looking scared and nervous.

"My lord," he cried, "I am one of the watchers who guarded the place where the corpse of Polynices lay. As soon as the day broke one of our band raised an alarm, and showed us a strange thing that had happened in the night. Over the body was scattered a thin coating of dust."

"Ha!" exclaimed Creon, "who has disobeyed my commandment?"

"I cannot tell," said the watchman; "there was no mark to show. We saw no dint of spade in the soil, or any loosening of the earth around. Nor was there any sign of any beast of the field having come near to pull at the dead body. We sentinels knew we were none of us guilty. At length we cast lots to choose which of us should come and tell you. And so, half-afraid, and often pausing on the way, I have brought the displeasing message."

Creon's face flushed with rage.

"There are bad men in Thebes who dislike me," he cried, "and no doubt they have given bribes of money to you watchmen to do this evil thing which I forbade. Our country will be ruined if the laws are disobeyed like this."

The watchman trembled, and kept pleading that he and his companions were innocent; but the king dismissed him, and ordered him to find the wrongdoer, if he wished to escape punishment.

Later in the day a noise of hurrying and shouting roused all the palace. A voice was heard, saying:—

"Hear is the doer of the deed."

Then the same watchman entered, and he held the maiden Antigone fast by the arm.

"This maiden?" asked Creon, much astonished.

"Yes, sire; I saw her burying the prince."

"How was she caught?"

"It happened thus," answered the watchman. "My mates and I cleared away the dust from the prince's corpse, and then we sat by on the hillside at a little distance talking of the strange event of the night before. Suddenly the Storm-god raised a whirlwind, which tore leaves from the trees, and flung such masses of them into the air that for a time the sky was darkened. After a while the leaves began to settle down, and the sunlight gleamed once more on the battle-field. Then we saw this maid kneeling by the prince and wailing bitterly, just as a mother bird chirps sadly when she comes home to an empty nest and finds the little nestlings gone. Then she took dust and sprinkled it on the body; and next she lifted a brass pitcher, from which, three times over, she dropped water on the dead—thinking that the spirit of the prince would be glad of the drink-offering. Then we ran and seized her, and charged her with having covered Polynices with earth the night before. She said that she had indeed done so; and here she stands, your prisoner."

"Did you do this deed?" asked the king, sternly.

"I did," replied Antigone, and her clear eyes looked straight at Creon's face. And all the people wondered at her bravery.

"How dared you offend against my will?"

"I had to obey something that was greater than your will," said Antigone. "I had to do what Justice bade me. For Justice is greater than your commandment, and its throne is greater than the thrones of kings. I thought it just and right to bury my dear brother, and I thought that I must do what was just, even if I died for it."

"So, then," spake the king, "you glory in your crime. You must suffer death."

The sister Ismene came in, weeping to see the danger in which Antigone stood. She offered to share the blame, but she scarcely seemed to mean it: and Antigone resolved to die alone.

Then Antigone was led away to death. In the mountain-side a small cave had been hollowed out, and there the maiden was shut in to starve. Antigone bade farewell to the land of Thebes and to the light of the sun.

An old soothsayer (or wise speaker) came to the palace of Creon. He was blind, and was guided by a boy. He warned the king that trouble would come upon him for his cruelty and rash temper. Fear fell on the king, and he ordered his servants to take axes, to break open the entrance to the cave; and the party sallied forth towards the hill. But Antigone had already slain herself, so that she might not bear the pangs of starvation; and the Prince Hæmon, to whom she should have been married, killed himself with a sword; for his grief was so heavy that he cared not to live. Also, when Hæmon was dead, his mother slew herself; and Creon bowed himself to the earth in sorrow and despair.

Now, the story which I have related to you is taken from a poem or play by the famous poet Sophocles (*Sof'-o-klees*). The play was acted in the open-air theatres, where the Greeks sat and looked and listened. The story of Antigone pleased them much; for they understood that, though the maiden died a sad death in the cave, yet she was glorious in her faithful sisterly love.

And if, girls, you find something noble in the tale of Antigone, I would like you to see that she was noble because she loved the Right; and girls who try to act rightly will be good sisters, and they will become good women. And Greece, England, France, Germany—every land is great which contains good women.

LESSON X.

ERNEST AND HENRIETTE

THE broad, blue sea lies in front of a little town in Brittany ; and straight northwards lie the Channel Islands. Religious men and women—monks and nuns—live in certain houses ; and these houses have high walls, and look down on quiet streets and pleasant gardens. In the midst rises an old cathedral. Its spire is very tall, and has many small windows. Near by is a ruined church, which was struck by lightning. The Breton people used to believe that once every year the bells of the church floated away over France, right to the city of Rome in Italy, and there they stood before the Pope, waiting to be blessed ; and, after they had been blessed, they floated back again to Brittany, ready to ring sweetly to the folk on a Sunday.

In this Breton town lived a sailor. Brave man ! he could face wild storms, and the chill breezes and the rugged cliffs of dangerous coasts ; but he did not understand buying and selling. When he became a trader he lost money ; his eyes looked anxious ; he was worried and puzzled. Yet he could smile at his dear daughter Henriette. By the time she was twelve years old she seemed so grave and thoughtful. She was glad, and her father also was glad, when her little brother Ernest was born in the year 1823. She loved the baby, and the baby loved her. Sometimes Henriette put on a bright frock to go to a party. Ernest would cry for her to stay, and she would take off her holiday dress and play with him at home. One day, in joke, she threatened she would die if Ernest did not behave himself, and she lay back in an arm-chair without moving. Ernest was in such terror that he rushed at her, and, scarce knowing what he did, he bit her on the arm. Henriette shrieked, and scolded him, and Ernest looked sad and asked : “ But why were you dead ? Are you going to die again ? ”

Their father's ship came into the port one day. The crew said the captain had not been seen for several days. Had he fallen overboard? What had become of him? No one knew. A month afterwards the mother heard that a body had been found at a sea-side village not far off. It was the dead father of Henriette and Ernest. He was buried in the sand, and twice a day the tide ripples and murmurs over the place where the Breton sailor lies.

And now the family was poorer than ever. They went to live in another town. Ernest's big brother went to work in Paris. Henriette often took Ernest to church. On winter evenings the snow crackled under their feet, and the brother nestled close under his sister's green woollen cloak. One day she noticed Ernest twisting himself in a strange way. He was trying to hide the holes in a worn-out garment. Henriette burst into tears. She had hoped to be a nun in a convent; there she would teach girls and nurse the sick. But she must take care of Ernest; she would labour for Ernest; for Ernest's sake she would become a governess and earn money to keep him as well as herself. The children she taught were often troublesome; her head ached, and she felt weary; but she persevered so that Ernest might be fed and clothed comfortably. A good man asked Henriette to be his wife; she thought and thought, and then said no, for she remembered her mother and Ernest. At length, when she was twenty-four years old, she went to teach in a girls' school in Paris. Oh, but the girls were tiresome; and the streets so noisy; and the crowds of citizens seemed to care for things she never cared for; and Henriette dreamed of the old cathedral, and the boats on the beach, and the bells that floated through the sky to Rome, and of dark-eyed, dark-haired brother Ernest. Now, Ernest coned his school-books very attentively, and he won a scholarship, so that he could have free schooling at Paris under learned professors.

Henriette could now come to see him, and she still used to wear the old green cloak under which he nestled on his way to church. Soon, however, brother and sister must part again. Henriette was offered a place as French teacher in a family in a distant land—in Poland. She lived in the palace of a Count, and had his three daughters for her pupils. The house was large, and surrounded by huge forests. For miles and miles over the sandy plains one could behold

nothing but pine trees, birch trees—millions of birch and pine trees. Spring, summer, and autumn passed quickly. During the long winter Henriette often saw sledges gliding along the snowy road in front of the palace, and in the sledges sat rough Cossacks and strangely dressed men from the East. In the palace, in the midst of the forests, and even when she travelled with the family to warm Italy and to the fair islands of Venice, Henriette remembered Ernest. Out of her salary she frequently sent him sums of money to purchase books and clothing, and to pay for his living. And Ernest, in the midst of the bustle and trade and glitter of Paris, remembered his sister; and they wrote long letters to each other, and each kissed the letters which the other wrote. She told him a thousand duties kept her busy, but “through them all I carry one idea—you, my Ernest, always you.” And he wrote to her: “Henriette, what would my future be without you?”

He had told his sister, and brother, and mother, and all his friends, that he would be a priest in the Catholic Church, and teach boys in a monastery, or preach in the old cathedrals. But, as he grew older, he was troubled, and he wondered and wondered. He would go to the Bible and other books, and open them, and read them, and shut them, and think, and sigh. He would kneel to pray, and rise up, and pace up and down the room. “I love the stories in the Bible,” he would say to himself, “but I cannot think they are all true; and I ought not to be a priest if I do not believe them; no, I must not be a priest; I must get my living some other way. Oh, but in what other way can I earn my livelihood?”

All that was in his heart he told to Henriette; and she answered that he was right in wishing to retire from the priesthood; for the first thing we must strive after is to be honest. He must learn all he could in the colleges, and prepare for some other kind of occupation; and he must tell the professors—yes, and tell the Archbishop—that he could not put on the robe of the priest and stand before the altar. They said he was wrong; Henriette said he was right. She even thought of his dress: he had better wear a dark coat, over a black vest and trousers. When at last Ernest gave up his priesthood, he found work as a school-teacher. He still had time to bend over his books, so that he might gain

honour at the University. His little room overlooked a pleasant park, and from its windows he could also see the grounds of a Deaf and Dumb Institute, and watch the poor silent children at their play.

After spending ten years in Poland, Henriette came back to Paris, and lived with her brother. Ernest was now a writer of books, and she copied out all the papers which he wrote, so that the printers might easily read every word. Brother and sister would often talk about history, and many a time she was able to tell him things he had not known correctly; and, when she pointed out mistakes in his composition, he bore in mind what she said, and tried to use more beautiful words and sentences. When Ernest was married, Henriette still dwelt with him and his wife. When they wept, she wept; and when they were glad, she also was glad.

In 1860 the Emperor of the French sent Ernest to the land of Phœnicia. His work was to look carefully at the remains of ancient times, at old tombs and temples, and to copy writings on old slabs of stone. Ernest took with him his wife and sister. His wife was obliged to return to France, but Henriette stayed with her brother. Wherever he went, she went. They climbed the rocky hills of Lebanon, and travelled along the valley of the River Jordan, and on the plains where glorious flowers made a thick carpet under the feet of their horses. Ernest thought much of the words and acts of Jesus, the great teacher who had lived and died in this very country. He resolved to make a book which would tell the story of the teacher, and he called it *The Life of Jesus*. Henriette copied each page of the writing, and said: "I shall love this book, because we have done it together."

Alas! brother and sister both fell ill. Their health had been harmed by their journeys, now on burning rocks, then in cold valleys, and by sleeping in houses where fresh air did not enter freely. They sickened with fever. Henriette died, but Ernest lived. Not till two days afterwards did his brain become clear enough to understand that the sister who loved him so deeply had passed away. So she was buried in a mountain village, under lofty palm-trees. Ernest went back to France, and composed other books about the Christian Gospel and the people who first preached it. He died in 1892, and you will often hear people speak of him as the

great author, Ernest Renan. Amid all his work and fame he never forgot his dear sister. And he put down his memories of her in a little book, in which he said : " Oh, lovely eyes, shining with tender light ! Oh, slender and dainty hand, so often clasped in mine ! "

Better than books and fame and money and all else are the eyes that shine with love and the hands that clasp in friendship.

LESSON XI.

OTHER PEOPLE

Thinking of other people. Good manners. That which seems rude is not always so in reality. We are all bound by the rules of good manners.

THE red, blue, and gold bonbons, which you like so much, often contain pretty little gifts—a ring, a brooch, a medal, etc. The gift is hidden from your eyes until you and your friend pull the ends—crack!—and then the treasure is revealed. Now, the word PLEASE is like a bonbon. If we pull it open, we may find a little hidden word. It is a piece of a sentence, *If it please you*. The hidden word is *you*. So that, when I say “Please,” I am thinking of *you*; that is, I am thinking of *other people* besides myself. And so, in all such pleasant speeches as “Thank *you*,” “I am much obliged to *you*,” “Would *you* mind posting this letter for me?” we do not think simply of ourselves; we are thinking also of other people. It gives me pleasure to pick a ripe plum from the tree; but I do not thank the tree. When a friend gives me the plum and I say “Thank *you*,” there are two pleasures—the pleasure of taking the crimson and yellow fruit, and the pleasure of looking a kind neighbour in the face. You may have heard of the great naturalist, Charles Darwin. He never spoke rudely to his servants, but he would say, “Would you be so good as to do this or that?” And thus, when a servant brought him his coat, or made the bath ready, Darwin not only obtained the thing that he needed, but also obtained the love of other people. His little daughter, Annie, died when she was ten years old. Even when she lay ill, she spoke courteously as her father spoke, and, on receiving a cup of water from him, she said, “I quite thank you.” Of course, you would not usually say to your mother or friend, “I *quite* thank you”; but, when Annie Darwin was ill, she knew the people round her were trying more than usually

hard to comfort her, and so she added a kinder word to her thanks.

Father and mother have, perhaps, told you that you did not show good manners when you shouted out WHAT? Why was it wrong to speak in that sharp, loud tone? Because it showed that you quite forgot the other people. You spoke to them as if you were tugging a nail out of a wall, or driving a pig out of the garden, or breaking a lump of coal with a big hammer. Do not forget the *you*: "What did *you* say, mother?" "I did not hear *you*, uncle?" "I beg *your* pardon, aunt?"

Is it wrong of boys to throw stones? Certainly not, if they throw into the open sea, or on the moors, or any place where no men and women or children pass, and no harm of any sort will be done. I once saw at the seaside some boys who forgot the other people. They were sitting on a bank of shingle, in front of which ran a wooden wall; and below the wall sat groups of persons on the sandy beach, watching the rippling of the tide. The boys amused themselves by throwing stones over the wall, to the great discomfort of the nurses and children and quiet grandpas and grandmas who were resting in the shade of the wall. I do not suppose the lads meant any harm; but, if they had thought of looking over before they began throwing, they would not have acted with such seeming rudeness. They were *thoughtless*. So also was little Jasper, whom I saw playing with two forks at the dinner-table. He knocked the forks together, and made a noise which made us all fidget.

"Jasper," said his mother, "please do not make such a noise."

"I like the music," replied Jasper.

"Yes, my dear, but *we* do not," said his mother.

It was almost as bad as throwing stones. When you drum on the table, or go "tap, tap, tap," with your foot, you are flinging sounds at the people around. They cannot help listening, though they do not wish to; and you have no right to throw stones or noises at people against their will.

You see I am talking about *good manners*: and I daresay you expect me to tell you about eating silently, without smacking your lips; about letting other people pass through a doorway first instead of jostling by them; about giving up the comfortable cushioned chair to the old gentleman while you

take the hard wooden one ; and about boys stepping aside and allowing girls and ladies to go first into the train or tram-car or omnibus. Or perhaps you know all these things, and I need not stay to speak about them. So let me ask you if it is right, when a visitor comes to see you, to call him a rascal ?

Of course not. But I remember I was once called a rascal, and it quite pleased me. I went to visit an honest bricklayer, who had forgotten my face, and, when I stood at his doorway, he looked and stared as if I were a man to beware of. In a few words I made him understand that I had only come to pay a friendly visit. And then he burst out :—

“I remember you now ! Come in, you rascal, come in !”

He meant to be bright and jolly, and he could think of no pleasanter word than “rascal” ; and you may be sure I did not mind being hailed by such a bad name. For we must not always judge a person by his words. We must try to understand the spirit in which he speaks. That which *seems rude* is not always really rude.

For instance, you know that, in eating, people—(well, people in Europe, America, and Australia ; we can leave out the Chinamen with their chopsticks, and a good many others)—are expected to take the knife in the right hand and the fork in the left, and to use the knife for cutting and the fork for lifting. Even kings, princes, and presidents are expected to eat in that manner. What would you think of a visitor at your table who used a knife only, and made it do all the lifting as well as all the cutting ? One day Prince Albert of England invited a worthy, but poor, man to dine with him. This man had been kind to the Prince in his younger days, and they were still good friends—as, indeed, all men ought to be, whether rich or poor. The visitor ate with his knife only, for, in his country home, he and his family were accustomed to that way of eating. As soon as Prince Albert noticed this, he also laid aside his fork, and handled the knife alone. Some of the royal children smiled, and their father checked them by a quick, stern glance. When the visitor had left, the children asked :—

“Why did you not use your fork, papa ?”

“Because my friend would have felt ill at ease. If I had used a fork, he might have done the same, and felt very awkward.”

My opinion is that Prince Albert was very polite and kind when he ate his food without a fork. What do you think?

Having told you a story of a prince, I will proceed to tell you about the Irish boatmen; for, of course, you know that, whether we are princes or boatmen, we are *all bound by the rules of good manners*. Bishop Temple (who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) was once travelling in Ireland, and he noticed that the Irish people were very polite and nice. But he found two sorts of politeness—a right sort and a wrong sort. The wrong sort was this: Sometimes, when he asked a question of a countryman, Pat would smile and say “Yes” if he thought the Bishop liked it, or “No” if he thought the answer “No” would please better. You see that was telling untruths in order to please other people; and you would not call that good manners, would you? But the right sort was seen in the boatmen. The Bishop and his sister went for a trip in a boat on the silvery waters of the lakes of Killarney. The boatmen chatted about the mountains, and the villages and churches that could be seen round the lakes; but their speech was rather thick and broken.

“I suppose,” said the Bishop’s sister, “you can speak Irish?”

“Oh, yes, miss, better than English.”

“But,” said the Bishop, “I never hear you speak Irish in the boat.”

“No, your honour,” one of the men replied; “that is because the lady here doesn’t know Irish.”

They thought that, if they spoke in the Irish language, the lady would be puzzled, and wonder if they were making remarks about herself and her brother. So they let her hear and understand all they said to each other. I think that was quite beautiful good manners. The boatmen were gentlemen.

There are some boys and girls who make you and me uncomfortable by getting behind us, or into corners, and whispering so that we cannot hear, and all the while looking towards us as if they were smiling at some mistake we had made. We should like them to be more open and straightforward. We should like them to be as frank as the Killarney boatmen.

LESSON XII.

OTHER PEOPLE—(*concluded*)

Courtesy to the weak and infirm. Respecting the burden. Considerations shown in little things, both by children and men.

THE great Napoleon took his army and waggons and cannons over the snowy Alps, and he did many other remarkable things. Also, he said many things that were thoughtful and clever. But he never said anything nobler than when, one day, he was walking with a lady, and they met a man carrying a heavy *burden*. The lady, like you and me, sometimes thought more about herself than about other people, and so she stood in the middle of the narrow path, expecting the poor staggering porter to move aside. Napoleon drew her aside, and said: "Respect the burden, madam"; and the carrier passed slowly on. I would like you to remember this little story. Napoleon, by his wars, caused the death of many men, and the thought of all the blood he shed is enough to make us bitter against him. For all that, we must allow that he taught the lady a good lesson.

Indeed, we are always meeting with people who bear burdens—perhaps not heavy loads on their backs, but the burden of some *weakness* or *infirmity*. For instance, there is the infirmity of deafness. I always feel touched when I look at the eyes of deaf people. The deaf hear little or nothing of what is said by the men and women around them; it is as if they were closed up in a prison; only, by means of their eyes they can, as it were, gaze forth from the windows. Well, let them see that we mean kindly towards them. We ought not to hurt their feelings by laughing at the mistakes they make through not understanding our speech.

There are many other burdens besides deafness. Shall we write a list of them on the blackboard—a list of all the sad marks left upon our faces and limbs by illness or accident? No, I do not think we will. We ought never to take any notice of these things except when we see we can give pleasure to the other people who carry the burden, as in the following example:—

Some boys were playing at the ball game known as rounders. Each in turn gave a big swing with the stick, and, if he hit the ball and sent it flying, a shout went up from the players, and there was a scampering and rushing like the swoop of eagles, like the racing of hungry lions !

"I want to play too," said an eager voice.

The eagles and the lions (I mean the boys) all hushed their noise, and seemed puzzled. It was a lame lad who had spoken. He stood with wide-open eyes, leaning on his two crutches. What was to be done ?

"Why, Jimmy," cried one of the children, "you know you can't run !"

He told the truth. Would you praise him for telling such a truth as that ?

Another boy (the sort of boy who is as good as a man—no, who is really a man) suddenly said "*Sh-sh*," and added : "I'll run for Jim when he hits the ball." And presently, when Jim, with his face all laughing, held the stick, his friend remarked quietly to the others : "If *you* were lame, you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

I must just say a word about the fine fellow who goes to the concert and finds a comfortable seat, and gives it up to a woman, and stands during the whole of the entertainment ; and the other fine fellow who crosses the muddy road or field to fetch something for a woman, or take a message for her, so as to save her from trudging through the slush. In many ways (but not in all ways) girls and women are not so strong or hardy as boys and men ; and that is why it is good to be a boy or a man, so that we may help the girls and women to carry the burden. Now, let us suppose, boys, that when you are comfortably seated at the entertainment two persons come in, and you feel you ought to offer one of them your chair. Which shall it be ? One is a girl with rosy cheeks, and a smart jacket, and a pretty hat ; and the other is an old woman, with a black bonnet, and a woollen shawl, and clumsy boots. Yes, it shall be the old, and not the young. But I have a word to say to girls as well. Suppose, girls, it was one of you who had the comfortable seat, and there came in an elderly man who walked with feeble step and bent back ; what would you do ? I hope you would let him sit in your place, and you, the girl, would give way to

the weaker man, and you would feel proud like a little mother. And again, girls, if a woman came in holding a baby (and I daresay some of you have been told how heavy you were when you were babies), what would you do? You, the girl, would aid the woman. So you see that, after all, we are to assist people who carry a burden, whether they are men or women.

Many years ago there reigned over Naples and the Island of Sicily a king named Alphonso. He was once travelling, without any royal state or show, through the province of Campania, when he met a mule-driver whose mule had stuck fast in a muddy place, and could not be pulled out. The distressed muleteer had called upon several passers-by to help, but none had answered; and now he begged assistance from the king, not knowing who he was. Alphonso sprang from his horse, and stood alongside the man, and king and peasant pulled and tugged until the mule was set free. Presently the muleteer learned from the people who had gathered round that it was the king who had lent a helping hand. The muleteer fell on his knees, and asked pardon for expecting the king to take part in such a disagreeable task.

"Not at all," replied Alphonso; "you have done nothing wrong. Men must help men."

Yes; men, women, boys, girls, muleteers, kings—it is no matter what we are: we should respect the burden.

You have heard of the god Atlas, who was supposed to carry the whole world on his back. A splendid thing to do, of course; but we do not expect you to do such big things for other people. The *little things* will show just as well what kind of hearts you have. Three small children wished to please their father with gifts on his birthday. They—the girl and the two boys—picked flowers, and made a wreath, and at break of day, with naked feet, they crept into their father's bedroom, and laid near him the bright birthday garland. Other gifts came that day. One, from the eldest son, was a barrel of wine made from the grapes of Hochheim; and the three children laughed and danced round their father and the barrel. Another gift came in a letter. It was something written on a large sheet of paper; it was a poem from his second son, expressing in pretty verses his good wishes for his father's happiness.

The children said : " Ah, father, we can't give you barrels of wine, or verses."

The father kissed them all, and said : " I love your wreath as much as anything else. Your little hearts beat for me as well as the hearts of your elder brothers."

There are some little things which other people care for as if they were big things. Perhaps your brother has a favourite mug. You may have as much right to use it as he has ; but if he takes a fancy to it, it will not hurt you to give way ; and so with people who have their favourite chairs, their favourite corners to sit in, their favourite knives, etc. If they do no harm, you should show respect to other people's likes and fancies.

In the year 1806 a new general was appointed over the army of Sepoys (natives) in the province of Madras in India. The new general was Sir John Cradock. At that time the Sepoy soldiers wore a loose costume ; their heads were covered with round hats of basket-work ; they oiled their moustaches and curled them up at the ends ; they wore earrings, and they marked their foreheads by rubbing them with ashes, in order to show what caste or social class they belonged to. You and I might consider this a strange dress and a strange habit ; but I do not see why we should make fun of, or despise, the dress and habits of foreigners. Sir John Cradock had been used to drilling English soldiers who wore tight jackets, and cut their beards close, and sprinkled white powder on their heads, and tied the ends of their hair into a " pig-tail." The foolish idea occurred to him that the Hindu soldiers ought to be dressed the same as the English. So one day the order went round that the Sepoys were to wear tight jackets, and smear no ashes on their foreheads, and hang no rings in their ears, and they were to don new hats of a European style, and they were to trim the ends of their black moustaches. The Sepoys were greatly enraged at being commanded to break up their old habits and ideas. Some refused, and were flung into prison. A large number rebelled, and set out on a wild march, and attacked the barracks of the English soldiers and killed as many as two hundred. A band of dragoons arrived, and, in their turn, hundreds of Sepoys were wounded or slain. But it was plain that Sir John Cradock had made a stupid mistake.

He had shown no respect for the feelings of the Hindus
He had shown no respect for the wishes and customs of
men who belong to a different nation and a different religion.
Quite rightly he was sent away from the army of Madras.

LESSON XIII.

THE FIVE SKELETONS

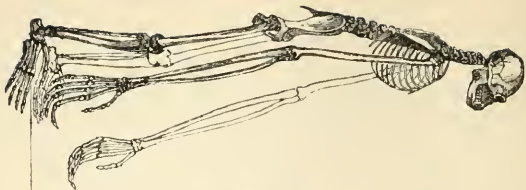
The likeness in the five skeletons. Kindness shown by animals as well as men. Good qualities shown by savages. Justice and mercy towards savage races.

I AM sure you like pictures ; pictures of castles, St. George and the dragon, shepherds and their flocks, mothers and babies, mountains and waterfalls. And so do I. But there is a picture of five skeletons which I am very fond of, and which you might think rather ugly.¹ Five strange figures, all bones.

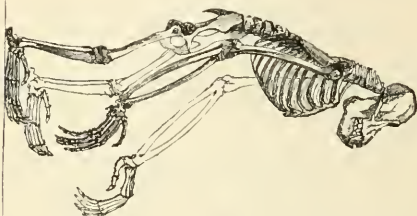
First the skeleton of the gibbon, a little monkey which lives in the forests of the East Indies, and can swing from one bough to another, a distance of twelve yards. It looks like the skeleton of a boy who has very long arms, and jaws like a dog. Second, the skeleton of the orang-outang, or Man of the Woods. It can almost stand upright. An orang-outang can drink from cups, unbolt doors, play with kittens, and kiss its friends. Third, the skeleton of the chimpanzee from West Africa. Its arms are not so long as those of the orang-outang, but it has a larger brain. A chimpanzee has been known to use a cup and saucer, a spoon and a fork ; to wipe its mouth after eating ; to let its tea cool before drinking it ; and to climb up a cherry tree and gather fruit for the laughing children. Fourth, the skeleton of the gorilla. Observe its strong arms and legs, broad shoulder-bones, stout spine, and big skull. It can pull a tree down, tear a man to pieces, and chase a lion. It is a savage giant, and there is cruelty in its face. It looks like a man who hates his neighbour. Last of all, here is the skeleton of a man, with thinner bones, shorter arms, larger and stronger thumb, a wee skeleton tail,

¹ Tylor's *Anthropology*, p. 39.

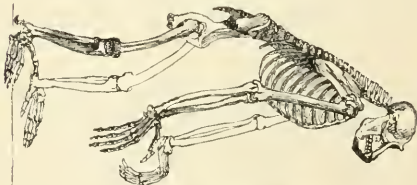
GIBBON



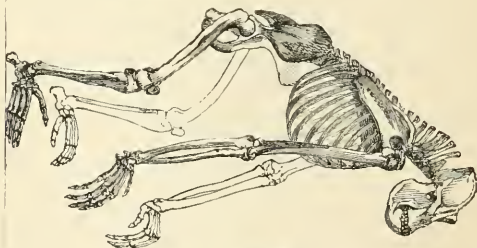
ORANG-OUTANG



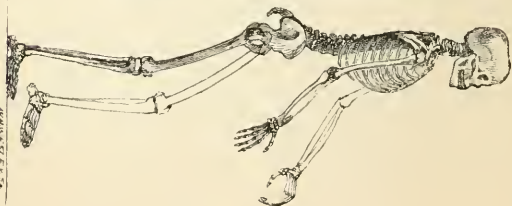
CHIMPANZEE



GORILLA



MAN



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small teeth, and a fine skull: and in that skull is a brain that can think of houses, ploughs, guns, ships, railways, books, and songs, and soft beds for the sick, and gentle words for little children, for blind and dumb folk, for birds and beasts. I am sorry the gorilla is so fierce and unfriendly; but so am I sorry that some Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, and others, are so fierce and unfriendly towards their fellow-men. But there is one thing I wish you to notice in these five skeletons. They are so much *alike*: they have a great *likeness*. And besides, you will find that there is also a good deal of likeness between the skeleton of a man and the skeletons of oxen, horses, sheep, birds, and other animals. They are not only like us in their bones. They are like us in their ways; they love their friends; they like to go to parties (which we call herds, flocks, packs, etc.); they care for their young; and, when they are little, they delight in play.

They love their friends. Yes, let me tell you about the American monkey that risked its life to save its keeper. It lived in the same house as a large baboon, and one keeper fed and watched them both. One day, as the keeper knelt on the floor, the baboon sprang upon him and attacked him, tearing sharp wounds in his neck. The little American monkey loved its keeper, and, seeing him in danger, rushed to the rescue. By screaming and biting it made the baboon let go its hold of the man. Generally, the little creature trembled at the size and strength of the baboon. But now, in its passion of love, it forgot its own fears; it thought only of its friend. The keeper was able to leap up, the baboon was thrust back into its den, and the keeper's wounds were dressed by a surgeon. Of course, there are some men—many men—who are like the baboon. They are stupid enough to suppose that the best way to get on in the world is to push, or beat, or kill other men; or to cheat them, and worry them, and make them work for very low wages. But we never like apes or men for such conduct, not even strong gorillas five feet high; not even rich men who live in splendid mansions with parks around. We are able to love animals and men when we find that we and they have the same qualities of the kind heart, friendship, neighbourliness.

You know there are people called savages—rough, wild, and strange. Yet they are not altogether strange. They

have qualities which we should admire. I will ask you to tell me what qualities they show.

The Red Indian, when fastened to a tree by his enemies, would never utter a sound even after his body was pierced by arrows. He mastered or controlled his feelings. He showed the quality of *self-control*. It is sad to think that the Red Indians have so often been slain or ill-treated by the white men.

The wild Arabs of the Soudan fought bravely against the English. They rushed upon the lines of English rifles and guns, and died in thousands. They displayed *courage*.

Have you ever been in a museum where articles made by savage hands are kept in glass cases?—dishes, bowls, boats, paddles, kites, feather ornaments, baskets, ivory carvings, etc. In these things we see what the *industry* of wild men can do.

A number of Kaffir children sat in a ring, and a woman, who had been appointed to give them food, went round giving each a portion. A second time she passed round, taking part from one, and giving part to another, so that all might share alike. A third time she walked round in the same manner. This savage woman desired to do *justice*.

The traveller, Mungo Park, could find no one to give him shelter in an African village. Night was drawing on; the wind was rising; a storm was approaching. Mr. Park let his horse loose to graze, and then sat under a tree, sad and lonely. A negro woman, who had been working in a field, passed that way, and asked him what was the matter. He told her. Then the negress picked up the horse's saddle and bridle, and said kindly, "Come with me to my hut." Mungo Park gladly followed her. In the hut she lit a lamp, spread a mat for him to lie on, and broiled a fish for his supper; and, after that, she bade him sleep. The girls of the family had been looking on, much astonished at the whiteness of the visitor's skin. The lady of the hut (for she was in truth a lady) called upon the girls to spin cotton, and this they continued doing for some hours. As they spun they sang songs. And one of them made a little song, the words and music being her own, about the tired wayfarer to whom they had given shelter. She sang, "The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother

to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." And all her companions joined in the chorus, with soft, sweet voices, "Let us pity the white man ; no mother has he to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." It was long before Mungo Park could sleep, the goodness of the negro women had so touched his heart. In the morning he bade them farewell, leaving his black hostess the only gift he could spare—two bright brass buttons from his coat ; for such things, you know, greatly please the fancy of savages. Thus, the negresses in the African hut understood *kindness*. Yes, and their song showed that they knew the loveliness of *music*.

That last word—*music*—reminds me of a story told by Mr. Moffat. He dwelt among the Koranna folk in South Africa. The pretty idea came into his mind to teach the Korannas the alphabet by the help of a song. So he taught them to sing A B—C D—E F G H, etc., to the Scottish tune of *Auld Lang Syne*. The simple Korannas loved the tune, and when once they learned it, they sang it for two hours straight off ! Often after that, Mr. Moffat heard the people, as they milked the cows or tended the calves in the meadows, gaily singing their A B C.

There are monkeys and apes which are fierce and spiteful, and yet we have found good qualities in these creatures of the forest. Let us be gentle and just to them as far as they will let us. Also, among savages we know that terrible and gross deeds are done. But we also know that among savages we may find self-control, industry, justice, kindness, and the love of music. When the white men of Europe and America have ill-treated the natives of the prairies of the West and the vast plains of Africa, they must have supposed that the uncivilised people had only bad qualities. But that is not so ; and it is our duty—your duty, girls and boys, when you grow up—to strive to do justice and show mercy to men and women and children whose skins have a different colour from ours, but who know how to help each other, to deal fairly, and to pity.

LESSON XIV.

KINDNESS

Strength may be used to assist others. Heroes who helped others. The words "kindness," "kin," and "kindred." Kindness in kings, heroes, men of learning, and children.

Look at the elephant. He marches by like a little mountain on four legs. He can carry a class of school-children on his back. When he meets a tiger he will not quail. In his rage he can pull down a tree. He can toss a man into the air. Wonderful is his *strength of body*.

There was once an Indian elephant who had a child given to him to mind. The mother had no fear ; she trusted the monstrous nurse to do his duty while she went on an errand. The child crawled about and got between its nurse's legs, and the elephant quietly fetched it out with his trunk, so that it might not be trampled on. And when the child became entangled among the branches of a tree on the leaves of which the elephant was feeding, he gently lifted it away. So here you see the strong animal *used its strength in order to help*.

You may have read the story of the hero Hercules (*Her'-ku-lees*), the strongest of the strong. Even when a child he displayed his might. Two poisonous serpents crept to his cradle : but he awoke, he cried, he grasped one snake in each hand, and held them tight until they were strangled. This he did to help *himself*. When he became a man he used his strength to help *other people*. A lion was the terror of the land of Nemea, and Hercules felled it to the ground with his club, and strangled it as he had strangled the snakes ; and, always afterwards, he wore the lion's skin on his shoulders for a cloak. A terrible creature with nine heads, called the Hydra, had devoured many folk in the country of Lerna (I hope you do not believe this story!).

Hercules cut off all its dreadful heads. A wild boar caused great fear among the people of Erymantia. The strong man drove it from the forest, chased it among the snow-drifts on a high mountain, and, having caught the boar, bound it with a rope and carried it away in triumph. Best of all was the help he rendered to the unhappy man who was chained to a rock. The chained man was Prometheus (*Pro-mee'-theus*), and he had been fastened to the rock by the Lord of Heaven because he had stolen fire from the sun to warm the men and women on the earth. For thirty years the friend of mankind had lain there, amid heat and cold, rain and lightning; each day an eagle gnawed his liver, and each night the liver grew again. Then came Hercules, and he killed the eagle, and undid the chain, and Prometheus went free. We call Hercules a hero. And what is a hero? A hero is a very brave *man*, one whom makes war on things that are evil. But let us stop for a few moments, and I will tell you another Greek myth (or fable). Once there was a city named Troy, and the Greeks laid siege to it for ten years, and many battles were fought before its walls. The Queen of the Amazons came to the aid of the men of Troy. Clad in armour, she strode out to meet the Greeks; she carried sword and shield; and when she saw the hero Achilles (*A-kil'-leez*) she did not tremble, but prepared to fight. He would willingly have stayed his hand from hurting her, but she would not let him go without fighting. At length, when she came near to killing Achilles, he was obliged to strike her, and the queen was sore wounded, and sank to the ground. Then the hero lifted her up in his arms, and, as he looked into her beautiful face, he shed tears to think his weapon had injured her; and she died while he held her. Then he called to the men of Troy, and praised the bravery of the dead queen, and bade them take away her body. But there was in the Greek army a cowardly fellow named Thersites (*Ther-sy'-teez*); and this fellow spake jeering words about the fallen queen, and pierced her body with his lance. Thereupon, Achilles turned in anger upon the coward, and killed him with one tremendous blow of his hand. Of course, Achilles was a man, and Thersites was a man. But was Thersites, who insulted the dead queen, worthy to be called a man? No. Achilles had a noble spirit, and shed noble tears, and so we call him a

man, a hero, a master. We admire a strong man ; but we admire, most of all, the strong man who is kind and tender. A man who is stronger than his neighbour will show that he has something *heroic* in him if he does his neighbour a kindness.

Let us look at the word KINDNESS. Take the first half of the word—KIND. People say, What KIND of fruit do you like best? And that means, What class or family of fruits do you like best? And people speak of the cat as an animal of the tiger-KIND, meaning an animal of the tiger class or family. You and I, and all men, women, and children, belong to man-KIND—the class or family of man. We are KIN to one another ; we belong to one KINDRED. When we talk of a person as being our KINS-man, we mean he belongs to our family. Now, we can think of ourselves as members of a small family, or a big family—a small KIND, or a big KIND. The small family is composed of mother, father, daughter, son, aunt, uncle, cousin, and so on. Most people feel KINDER to mother, father, cousin, etc., than to strangers outside their KIND. But the big family spreads all over the world—English, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, French, German, Italian, Russian, American, Boer, Indian, Chinese, Negro—many millions of men and women who live where palm-trees grow, where the grapes turn purple, where the sea hardens to ice ; in the blaze of the sun at the Equator, or in the twilight of the cold north and south. Man-KIND are brethren, and should therefore act KIND-ly to each other.

A little girl was carrying a big baby. Someone asked her if the baby was not very heavy. She smiled and said, “Oh, no, he is not heavy ; he is my brother.” He did not seem heavy *because* he was her brother. There was something *heroic* in the girl. I think—and I hope you think—that little girls, as well as kings and warriors, can have the *heroic* spirit in their hearts.

The *heroic* folk are generally kind folk ; and kind kings are generally the best kings. You remember the story of King Wenceslas (*Wen'-ces-las*). One winter night he looked forth from his palace-window, and saw a poor peasant picking up sticks :—

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,
 Though the frost was cruel,
 When a poor man came in sight,
 Gathering winter fuel.

The King called a page-boy, and inquired if he knew the stick-gatherer ; and he answered that the peasant lived three miles away, by the spring that issued from the forest :—

“ Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou knowst it, telling,
 Yonder peasant, who is he ?
 Where and what his dwelling ? ”

“ Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Underneath the mountain ;
 Right against the forest fence,
 By Saint Agnes’ fountain. ”

Then the King took meat, and wine, and logs of wood ; and he and the page carried them across the snowy plain towards the peasant’s house, while the wind blew keen and shrill. The boy feared to go on :—

“ Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger ;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer. ”

And the King cheerfully bade him walk on, because in walking, and in striving, and in *acts of kindness* our hearts are warmed :—

“ Mark my footsteps, good my page ;
 Tread thou in them boldly ;
 Thou shalt find the winter rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly. ”

Kindness was the King’s best crown.

And that makes me think of the garland of Adanson the botanist. (A botanist is one who studies plants). Adanson was a Frenchman, who died in 1806. He loved trees and flowers ; he also loved mankind. When he died a garland was laid on his coffin. The flowers in the garland were given by fifty-eight families, to whom Adanson had been a friend and helper. The people looked at the garland ; and the lilies, the violets, or the snowdrops (I do not know what the flowers were) told the tale of his goodness to his brethren in their time of need.

Kindness is the ornament of the hero, the king, the man of learning, and the child.

LESSON XV.

KINDNESS—(*continued*)

Kindness on a small scale and a large scale. Kindness to (1) children ;
(2) the aged.

WHEN you have asked father to open his watch for you, have you not been pleased to see the little shining wheels that moved the hands that told the time ? But, when you come to think of it, what an immense number of wheels of all kinds one can behold in the world !—wheels in watches, wheels in clocks, wheels in steam engines, wheels in carriages, carts, barrows, bicycles, motor-cars, and wheels for the woolly lamb at the toy shop to run on. Yet, whether small or large, the wheel works in the same way, and has the same nature or principle. And it is so with the *kindness* about which I spoke to you the other day. It can be shown in noble acts that please a million people ; these are the large wheels. Let me give you an instance. In the year 1870-1 the city of Paris had been girdled round for four months by the armies of the Germans. Through the snowy winter the siege had lasted, and men, women, and children had felt starvation. At length the siege was ended, and the city of Paris was like a person just let out of a cruel prison—free, but weak and ill. What, then, did the people of London do ? They subscribed £100,000 and sent it to the governors of Paris, to be spent in buying food for the dear French folk (they were dear to London because they were suffering) who needed comfort after the long, long siege. The people of Paris did not forget this, and about six months afterwards they sent two French gentlemen to tell the Lord Mayor of London how much they had been cheered by this kindness. And, in token of their friendship, they gave to London a model of their Town Hall (Hôtel de Ville) ; and, if ever you go the Guildhall Museum in the City of London, you may see this beautiful model in a glass case. It is made of bronze, and shows the pointed turrets and many windows and doors of the fine Town Hall. And when you look at it, you may think of the kindness shown by London to Paris. And, as for a small wheel, the first example that comes into my head is of the little boy

who lived next door to Mrs. Jones. I knew this old lady ; and once she had her leg so bad that she could not move across her room. Little Harry happened to call in to see her, and he filled her kettle for her, and placed it on the fire so that it might sing songs about ships and fairies and all sorts of things. But small wheels and large wheels work in exactly the same way ; and there was the same good heart in the filling of the kettle as there was in the sending of the great gift of London's money across the silver sea to Paris.

So now I shall talk to you about various ways in which the power of kindness may be applied.

(1) To *children*.

You often hear people speak of Jesus as a great teacher, though, indeed, he spoke modestly of himself, and did not care for men to even call him "Good Master." One of the best stories about him in the Bible tells how he received the visit of the children. Fathers and mothers came to him with their dimpled babes, and begged that he would lay his kindly hands upon them. The pupils of Jesus—young men who thought that great teachers were too great to be friendly with girls and boys—scolded the parents, and bade them take the children away. But when Jesus saw this rudeness, he was much displeased. He said he wished little children to be brought to him. They belonged to the *kind* or family that he loved. And then he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Some poor children were playing in a corner of a London park. Their bare feet pattered, and their shouts sounded pleasant to the passers-by. A woman (she also was poor) was crossing the children's playground. She stopped, picked up something, hid it in the pocket of her old apron, and walked on. A policeman had watched her. Had she picked up a purse and taken it as her own? He went up to her (though, really, I do not think he had any right to do so).

"What are you carrying off in your apron?"

She hesitated, and then showed him a handful of broken glass.

"What do you want with that?"

The woman replied : "I took it out of the way of the children's feet."

The same kindness moved the heart of Jesus the Hebrew and the heart of this poor Englishwoman.

And now I will tell of a Frenchwoman. Her name was Miss Marie-Louise Prioul, and she lived in a small Breton town, where the folk worked in the granite-quarries, or made leather, and cloth for sails. She and her sister lived in a little cottage with two rooms. As she sat knitting at her window she often saw children running, dirty and untidy, in the street. Their parents had to work hard, and seemed unable to attend to them. Marie-Louise pitied them, and wondered what might be done. She said to her sister, "Let us have the girls in our room, and teach them to be clean and to do useful tasks." So then they invited several little girls in, and then others; and, day after day, the little maids filled Miss Prioul's parlour. She persuaded them to wash themselves regularly; she showed them how much better it was to keep their locks of hair combed and clean instead of tangled and grimy; and when they could get no better clothes she found garments for them. Also she talked with the parents, and induced them to send the girls to school. But the schools broke up for a long summer holiday of ten weeks. Were the children to go back to the gutters? Marie-Louise opened her cottage again and set up a class of her own. She taught the class to sew, knit, and cook. When people told her she was very good, she answered, "Everyone should do what he can; and my sister and I have an income of 1,000 francs" (about £40 a year). Her friends built a hall, where, when I last heard of her, in the year 1900, she was caring like a mother for eighty girls, aged eight to fifteen. No doubt it would have been a happier thing if the parents could themselves have cherished their daughters; but Marie-Louise saw the children in want, and she did her best to make the girls bright, sweet, and useful.

(2) To the *aged*.

Our life is like a piece of ground: the children play at one end; the strong men and women work in the middle; and the old folk sit on the seats at the other end. You will quite agree that people should be kind to the children. Yes, and also to the old folk who sit and watch the workers working and the children learning their lessons or sporting.

A bishop—his name was Knight-Bruce—was riding up a

steep hill in Devonshire, when he saw an aged woman bearing a bundle of wood, which was to keep the fire burning in her cottage. He instantly dismounted, fastened his horse to the nearest tree, and helped her all the way to her dwelling. A few weeks afterwards he died, and they clothed his body in the fine robes of a bishop, and laid on his breast a beautiful cup which he had used in his church. But neither cup nor robes could make him look so noble as his simple deed of goodwill to the aged woman.

A little boy walked with his mother in an Italian street. Presently he stood still, looking fixedly at a ragged, white-bearded beggar-man who sat on the steps of a church. The mother thought he was frightened by the old man's rough appearance, but the boy broke from her hand, and ran up to the old man, and threw his arms round his neck and kissed him, and cried, "Give him something, mother, give him something." The old man burst into tears, caressed the child, and said to the mother, "Love him well, lady; he is one that will love the people." This boy, who pitied the sorrows of old age, became a very famous man, who lived to do his country much good. His name was Mazzini (*Mad-zee'-ne*).

To end with, let me tell of the nation which pays respect to old age more than any other nation on earth; I mean the Chinese. The older a person becomes, the more they think he should be honoured. When a Frenchman, M. Simon, received a visit from two Chinese villagers, he took care the best seat was given to the elder man. After talking of other things, one of the Chinamen said to M. Simon, "May I ask your happy age?"

The Frenchman replied, "I am thirty-six."

"I should have thought you double that," said the Chinaman very politely; and he meant his remark to give pleasure, for he considered that to be aged seventy-two was better than to be aged thirty-six.

Always, therefore, in China, the younger people give way to the old, and attend to their comfort, and listen with respect to their words. M. Simon understood the Chinese custom. If ever a crowd of Chinese happened to approach his house, regarding him with curious and mistrustful eyes, he would look round till he saw an old man, whom he would invite to follow him to the best seat. He would

place the old Chinaman in the seat of honour with many bows and with kind words. At once the people understood that he was a friend ; they left off their cries or complaints, and listened to him as to a gentleman. And as each father or grandfather dies, his name is kept on a varnished board, and the story of his life is written in a book ; and at least once a month a family will assemble in a quiet room, and listen to the names and deeds of one of their forefathers. Thus they never forget those who lived before them ; and even a poor Chinaman can tell you the history of his family for hundreds of years. Is it not pleasing to see the son respect the father, the young respect the old, the Present respect the Past ? Some people sneer at the Chinese, but, for my part, I think they must be a good nation.

LESSON XVI.

KINDNESS—(*continued*)

Kindness to (3) the unfortunate, as illustrated by stories from England and Japan. Bearing pain for the sake of others.

You remember I have been talking to you about the way in which we should treat our *kind* or family. We should treat them *kind*-ly. If your little brother fell down and hurt his knee, would you say, "Oh, Harry cannot run and play as he used to ; he no longer belongs to our family" ? Why, no ; you would say, "Harry has hurt himself ; I will help him *because* he belongs to my family." That is a reason why a family is a good thing—because its members can help each other in time of sorrow and misfortune. So next I will speak of kindness—

(3) To the *unfortunate*.

The unfortunate are the people who have suffered a loss ; and in the great family of mankind there are always millions of men, women, and children who are sad because they have lost a friend, or health, or some other good thing. Let me tell you what little Mary dreamed on the hill-top.

She had heard that on Midsummer Night (June 21st) the

wee fairies held meetings and dances on the Low or hill, and she climbed the Caldron Low to see what she could see. Well, she fell asleep, and when you are asleep you can see many things which you never behold with your open eyes ! Mary dreamed of the fairies and funny little brownies ; and when she woke up, the mist was hanging over the stones and rocks, and she scrambled down the path and hurried home to her mother. Here are the mother's questions, and Mary's answers :—

- “And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me ?”*
“I’ve been to the top of the Caldron Low,
The Midsummer Night to see.”
*“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldron Low ?”*
“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

Then Mary sat on her mother's knee and related all that she had seen and heard. Nine tiny harpers played, and a hundred fairies danced. After the dances (waltzes, polkas, and barn-dances) were ended, the fairies chatted, and they said things which delighted the girl's heart. They talked about water, and they seized hold of the thousands and thousands of water drops which fell from the mist and clouds, and they rolled them down the hill in a sparkling stream. The water leaped, and so did Mary's heart leap with joy. She knew that help was badly needed by three people. One was the man who lived at the water-mill ; the stream had fallen so low for want of rain that the mill-dam was half empty, and there was no power to turn the wheel. The second person was the widow who had a corn-field ; but a disease called “mildew” had settled on the wheat, and the stalks of the corn drooped, thin and feeble. The third person was the linen-weaver ; he, poor man, had a croft or field near his house, in which flax had been sown ; but the dry air had hurt the plants, and they were withered-looking, and seemed as if they would never put forth their sweet, blue blossoms. But the water and the breezes and the fairies would change all that !

- “Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes.”

Well, that is the way I like to hear millers and other people laugh ; not a little, sleepy *he-he-he* ! but a big, shaking, musical *ha-ha-ha* ! And then the widow—the blind widow :—

And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill ;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill.

“And there,” they said, “the merry winds go,
Away from every horn ;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.”

And next, the fairies took handfuls of brown linseed, and flung it into the weaver’s croft, so that (what wonderful flax !) it should grow up, flowers and all, in twenty-four hours :—

“Oh ! the poor, lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !”

When Mary descended the Low, she heard the clack and roll of the wheel ; she found the widow’s corn all stout and green ; she met the weaver at his gate, and heard him tell the glad story of the flax that was growing so strong and healthy. The little maid was happy now that the unfortunate folk were comforted and blessed. And so now to bed :—

“Now this is all I heard mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithe, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be.”

This charming poem, I must tell you, was written by a lady—and her name, also, was Mary—Mary Howitt. I hope you will hunt the poem out in your reading-book, and con the verses which I have not had room to repeat here.

It was only a dream ? Yes, it was only a dream. But there are some things which it does us good to dream. Suppose I were to dream that when men and women went to meetings, and churches, and Town Councils, and Parliaments, and Congresses, and Senates, they rolled the water down the Low, and blew the happy breezes from the horns, and tossed the linseed on the fields—Do you know what I mean ? Suppose that, like little Mary, they kept thinking of the millers, and weavers, and widows, and miners, and dockers, and fishermen, and tiny mites of children who

had not enough food to eat ; and suppose they forgot all about the marching of grand armies, and the navies that ride on the broad sea, and cared for nothing else until all the weeping folk could smile again ! Do you think that would be a good work for the people in the churches and the Parliaments ? Do you think you would care to help in it when you grow up, and when you—girls as well as boys—have the power to vote ? But there ! if your father heard me, he would say that I had left off talking about *kindness*, and was talking about *politics*.

I will tell you about a dragon.

On the coast of Japan is a bay, called the bay of Tokyo, and in its blue waters lies a small island. The island is very rocky ; the cliffs rise steep and ragged. Fisher-folk live in a village, and, if you were to walk up the village street, you would see strange objects for sale in the shops. There are crab shells, with the claws, stretching six feet from one claw-tip to the opposite one ; you can buy articles made from the skins of sharks ; also curious lanterns which have been made by filling the skins of fish with air like bladders, and varnishing them with oil. On the south side of the island is the mouth of a cave. It is like a huge dark gateway, into which the tide flows and out of which it ebbs again twice a day. As you approach, you see rough-looking fishermen sitting round a fire by the entrance. If you tell them you wish to visit the Dragon's Cave, they will light torches, and lead you in along the winding path. The place is damp and musty. At last the passage becomes so low that you have to crawl. Then you reach an iron fence, where candles are burning. You can go no further. The Japanese guides say that, beyond the fence, dwells the dragon Enoshima (*E-no'-shi-mah*). Of course, he does not ; for there are no such things as dragons, except in carvings and pictures and fairy-tales ; and I daresay one of you boys could draw me a dragon with sharp talons and ever so many teeth and a lovely curly tail !

Well, I am going to tell you the fancy-tale, or legend, of Enoshima. The Japanese say that a long time ago the villagers were in deep trouble, because the dragon used every now and then to sally forth from the cave and devour any children who happened to be on the beach. They cried in their distress to a good lady named Benten, who

lived in the sky. You see, the Japanese understand, as well as we do, that nobody can help the sorrowful so well as a gentle-hearted lady. In answer to their call, Benten appeared in the clouds. An earthquake took place; the island shook; the sea was heaved up and down; and the dragon rose above the waves.

There was no fight. Benten descended to the island, and looked straight into the dragon's face. She was not afraid. Wild and fierce as he was, Enoshima understood that Benten had more power than he; for she had the power to love and save children, and he only knew how to destroy. Then (so says the Japanese story) Benten became the dragon's queen; and he had the sense to do her bidding, and feed on other food, and leave the villagers in peace. In the dark cavern she was willing to dwell, so that she might protect the little girls and boys from the dragon. It was not so pleasant as the bright cloud-land whence she had sprung, but she was happy in knowing that she was saving the children and making the parents glad.

It was delightful of little Mary to wish well to the miller, the widow, and the weaver. But when Mary grows to womanhood, she will find that, in order to aid the unfortunate, she must do more than laugh with the fairies on the Low. She may have to bear hardship herself while helping others.

Yes, and if you read the lives of many great men and women who have done good to the world, you will find that is just what happened. For the sake of their neighbours, they bore pain—just as, dear children, your mother has often borne pain for you.

LESSON XVII.

KINDNESS—(*continued*)

Kindness to (4) the sick; illustrated by stories of a Scot, a Roman, a Frenchwoman, and Englishmen.

I LIKE to see a strong man lift his hands to climb steep rocks; I like to see him raise his hands to gather fruit from

the tree ; I like to see him swing on high the stout axe that will fell the oak or the pine ; I like to see him thrust the spade into the brown earth ; and I also like to see him stoop over the bed where a child, or a woman, or a man is ill, and I like to see his big hands helping. So, in the fourth place, we will speak of Kindness,—

(4) To the *sick*.

A small army of Scots were marching in Ireland. Grim and determined they marched ; they were marching away from the enemy—the English enemy—but only because their wise captain, Robert Bruce, knew it would be foolish to stay and fight while their numbers were so few. They must march in storm or sunlight, by night or day, for Roger Mortimer was in pursuit with his English warriors. One day King Bruce was told that a woman who had followed the army—a poor woman who washed the clothing of the soldiers—had fallen sick. She and her new-born babe were in danger of being left behind.

“ Halt ! ” said Bruce.

All the army halted. Each hour the English drew nearer, with banners and spears. The Scots waited—quiet, steady, manful. The mother was provided with comforts ; the little babe cared for ; a litter was made to carry them. Still the English marched, and still the Scots waited. Even if the delay brought some hardship to the men, the mother must be tended. And, at length, the mother was rested, and the army set forward on swift foot again. Bruce and his men were heroic. They had done a deed which was better than shedding the blood of foemen. They had endured peril for the sake of a weak woman and a weak babe.

A greater man than Bruce was the Roman, Julius Cæsar. You have heard of the countries Cæsar conquered. He and his soldiers carried the Roman eagles over mountains, across rivers, across the restless sea. He was the greatest man of his time. But what did he do when he and his companions (his friend, Oppius, among them) were overtaken by a tempest ? They looked about for shelter, and saw a poor cottage. To this they hurried in the pelting rain. There was but one room, with but one couch in a corner to spare for strangers. Cæsar must take this place, said his companions ; and they would huddle as best they could in the shed outside.

“No,” ordered Cæsar, “Oppius is the weakest ; he is in bad health ; he must have the easiest place.”

Oppius went inside ; and all that night great Cæsar and his lords slept in the chilly shed.

And so, if ever you yield a place to an old man or woman, or stay at home to amuse your sick friend, or help to carry to his cottage the lad who has hurt his leg, or stop on your road to say to the crying child “Never mind !” you will be doing a thing such as the valiant Bruce and Cæsar did.

The names of Robert Bruce and Julius Cæsar are well-known. I should like now to relate to you a simple story of two men, which was told me by a good old gentleman, but he did not give me their names.

These two men had each an allotment (or piece) of ground near a convent.

Monks lived in the convent, and, sometimes, you could hear their voices singing a solemn chant. The two men laboured hard in tilling the soil and weeding it, and growing plants for the table of their families or for sale. Between the gardens was placed a row of pegs, which were very easy to step over, but neither of the men ever interfered with the plants that belonged to the other. When they heard the convent bell ring they stopped a few moments to cross themselves (that is, to make the sign of the cross over face and breast), and said a short prayer. If you had asked them, they would have said it was their religion to do so. One man fell ill. He used to work on his plot of ground two hours each morning before he walked to his business. His neighbour pitied him ; but he did more than pity—he worked one hour in his own garden and one hour in his friend’s. I do not know if he would have called this religion, but I think he might have done so. To do good is our religion.

No doubt you love a garden, whether it is a flower garden, bright with blossoms that wave their colours when the cool breeze blows, or a kitchen garden, with its rich beds of potatoes, or marrows, or its tall ranks of peas and scarlet-runners. How delightful, too, to have tea in the summer-house, or rest and read a book there when the sun is sultry. Perhaps you agree that it would be pleasant to work for your sick friend by helping to cultivate his pretty garden. Ah, yes ! but while it is always beautiful to aid a neighbour, we

may have to aid him in ways that are not at all charming. Let me show you what I mean.

In 1824 a family of eleven persons lived near Dieppe, on the north coast of France—father, mother, and nine children. A bad fever (typhus) broke out; the mother and five children died, leaving the father and the rest of the children still tossing, hot and weary, on their beds. No one would come to the house to assist them for fear of catching the fever. The house was like a house on a lonely island. I said no one would come; but there was one good soul who walked into the stricken dwelling. It was a woman named Célestine Détrimont. She nursed the man and the little ones, giving them food and drink, cheering them when their spirits were faint; and, when all the place seemed dark, Célestine would talk and smile until it all seemed light. One of the children died. Célestine placed it in a coffin and carried it to the courtyard for the bearers to take away. And the brave woman stayed until the father and the three children were well and strong. English children, you find it difficult to repeat this Frenchwoman's name; but you understand her kind heart. When you think of France, remember that it has in its cities and villages many such fine characters as Célestine.

So also has England. One of the most beautiful parts of England is Derbyshire—a place of bold mountains and cliffs; of clear streams, where the trout and grayling swim; of fair green meadows; and of old churches and mansions. In the north of Derbyshire is a village called Eyam (the way to say it is *Eem*). In the year 1665 the Plague broke out among the cottagers. You have heard of the Plague of London, when so many thousands of people were sick, when the city was mournful and silent, and grass grew in the lonesome streets. A box of clothes had been sent from London to Eyam, and in this box were contained some of the disease-dust (germs) which spread the illness among the villagers. In every house the Plague raged, and all faces were sad. None played music, and the children dared not gather together to sport on the green. The priest of the village was Mr. William Mompesson, and he, with his wife, Catharine, stayed at Eyam during the whole time of the Plague. He assembled the people one day, and said he wished them all to promise not to leave Eyam, lest, if they

went elsewhere, they might carry the disease to other places and injure other people. To this they agreed. Also, they agreed to trade with neighbouring villages in this way: they met the tradesman at a certain spot, where the goods were laid down, without the people coming close to each other; and when money was given by Eyam folk to the traders they put the coins in a trough of water, so that the disease-germs might be washed clean away. In spite of all the care taken there were many deaths. Out of 350 people, 259 died of the Plague between September, 1665, and October, 1666. One poor woman lost her husband and six children in seven days. Mr. Mompesson visited the sick, consoled them, and supplied their wants. On Sundays the people went to meeting in a valley—in the open air, so as to avoid coming too close to one another in a building. Mr. Mompesson, standing on a rock, used to speak to them words of love and hope. His wife also helped, until in August, 1666, she died, at the age of 27. Mr. Mompesson belonged to the Church, and there was in the village a man named Thomas Stanley, who had once been a priest in the same church, but he had been driven out because he did not hold certain beliefs. This Mr. Stanley also aided the sick and dying, for, whether we belong to the Church or not, we are all akin, and must show *kinship* and *kindness* to our neighbours.

Well, these great plagues do not happen every day, and so you and I may never have the chance to do such remarkable deeds as Mr. Mompesson and his wife and Mr. Stanley did. But notice these two little actions:

1. The holding of the hand. A sick woman once had to endure an "operation"—a cutting by the surgeon's knife. She said to a friend, "I will stand it if you will hold my hand." So he held her hand while the operation was done, and she bore it bravely.

2. The smile. A man was ill, and several friends went to see him. One after the other they looked sad, and talked much about his bad chest. At last, one called who said little about illness, but talked of things in the street, and at the town hall, and at the theatre, and, as he talked, he smiled; and the sick man said, "Ah, you have done me more good than all the others; you have smiled!"

These are simple things—the holding of the hand, and

the smile ; and anyone can help a neighbour in ways so simple. It is the same kindness, whether we stay the steps of an army, as Bruce did, to help a weak woman, or smile at the friend whose head lies wearily on the pillow.

LESSON XVIII.

KINDNESS—(*continued*)

Kindness to (5) those in peril ; illustrated by stories of animals and human beings. Is it natural to seek to save those in peril ?

MEN, women, boys, girls, lions, bears, and all other animals suffer thirst ; and when they are thirsty, they want drink. That is their *nature* ; it is *natural* to seek drink when we are thirsty. When we are hungry, we have a *natural* desire for food. After the dark night, the birds feel a *natural* joy when the day breaks, and they trill, trill, trill in the trees and bushes ; and men and women and children are glad to see the new sunlight. It is *natural* for children to hop, and skip, and jump, and laugh, and shout, and sing, and run, and dance, and get tired, and go to sleep—sleep—sleep. And when a dear friend of ours lies dead in the house, and the blinds are drawn down, it is *natural* for us to sit sadly in the dim rooms, and to cry. It is also *natural* for men and boys to fight. Yes, but that is one of the things we want to change ; and I think we *shall* change it some day.

And now let us see if it is *natural* to show kindness—

(5) *To those in peril (or danger)*.

Two men were riding along the bank of a stream in California (in North America), and they saw at the water-side a beautiful doe (mother-deer) and her young fawn drinking. When the animals saw the men they were startled and turned to gallop away, but the little one slipped into the river, and was carried along by the rushing water. The mother tried to bend over and seize the fawn with her teeth ; but she failed. Then she ran on in front, and placed herself on some broken rocks in the middle of the river, and the fawn was swept nearer and nearer by the rough current, until

at last the doe was able to clasp the fawn's neck with her fore-legs and draw it from the stream. She laid the young one on the bank, and licked it and warmed it. The fawn soon felt well again ; and the mother and her offspring trotted away into the woods. The two men might easily have captured the deer, but they did not ; they respected the mother's love.

That happened at an American river. Let us turn to the famous English river, the Thames. Near the railway bridge at Barnes some children played, and one of them, a girl, slipped, and fell into the stream. The tide was going down, and it carried her swiftly away. Just then a gentleman was walking on the bank, with his dog at his side ; he sent the dog (a retriever) into the river. The dog swam to the girl, bit tight at her dress, and held her above the water until a boatman came up and took her out. She had lost her senses, but presently she recovered.

I think both the doe and the dog liked to do their deed of rescue. If we could have had a chat with them about it, they would have said, " Well, you know, it was only *natural* that we should want to help ; we felt it was the right thing to do."

In Leicester there lived a lad named William Alfred Hull, aged thirteen. One afternoon, in July, 1901, Hull had been bathing in the river Soar, and was dressing himself again, when a friend named George came up and said he also would bathe at a certain spot which he pointed to. Hull said, " George, don't go in ; it's deep water." But George plunged in, the water being seven feet deep. He could not keep up, and he shouted, and sank, and rose again to the surface. Then Hull leaped in, caught hold of his struggling friend by the hair, and tried his hardest to pull him out. But all in vain : George could not keep quiet ; he was dragging Hull under water, and Hull was obliged to let go, and he reached the bank nearly fainting. George was drowned ; but his friend had nobly tried to save him.

Next, the girl with the wooden hoop. Her name was Betsy Harris. In the spring of 1896, when she was fifteen years old, Betsy was running along the beach at Hove, by Brighton, when she saw a little boy in danger of drowning. He had slipped off a groyne that stretched some distance out into the sea, and he had sunk twice before Betsy noticed

him. She rushed into the sea, and made her way to the poor child and dragged him out. I believe she did not swim, but she just went in, got drenched through—and saved a life.

Betsy was fifteen, I said. Catherine Vassent, a French maiden, was seventeen when she delivered three men from death. In the town of Noyon, about seventy miles from Paris, a sewer had been left open for repairs. It was a dark ill-smelling pit in the roadway. Four men were working, and they all fell in. People crowded round, and looked down, and said, "Ah, poor fellows, they will be choked by the vile sewer gas!" None of them offered to assist. Catherine came by, and, when she heard what was the matter, she persuaded some of the people to lower her into the sewer. The men lay huddled at the bottom, drowsy and helpless. She fastened ropes about two of them; and she and they were drawn up. Again she descended, and a third man was rescued, but Catherine fainted after reaching the top. In a few minutes she felt stronger, and went down the third time, returning with the fourth man, who, alas, was dead.

Let us come back to England. One night, in the year 1885, a fire broke out at a London oilshop. Very soon the house was red with flames, and the sky above glowed with crimson; and hundreds of people had flocked to see, and the rush of the fire-engines was heard. Three children slept in an upper room, in charge of the servant, Alice Ayres. Alice was the first to awake and find all their lives in peril. She darted to the window, flung it open, threw a feather bed into the street below, and then one by one she dropped the children safely on to the soft bed; and all the while the smoke puffed about her, and showers of sparks dazzled her eyes. Alice had now become faint, she tried to jump, she fell on the hard paving instead of on the bed, and she was carried to Guy's Hospital hurt and dying. There are hundreds of beds in that large hospital, and many men and women have lain there; but none that ever died at Guy's was nobler than this servant. Boys, if you and I pass a picture of Alice Ayres, I think we should lift our hats.

Are you tired of the stories? I will tell you about Captain Moore and carpenter MacIntosh. They were on board the vessel *Annabella Clark*, which, in November, 1878, lay

in the river Adour, near Bayonne, in France. Near their vessel was a French barque laden with petroleum. The ship caught fire, the oil-tanks exploded, the oil all blazing ran upon the water, encircling the ship with flames. Some of the crew jumped into the river; more stayed on the burning barque. Moore and MacIntosh got a boat out, and rowed through the fire; their clothes were burned, so were their hands and arms, but they kept on. The French crew were saved; but MacIntosh was much injured, and had to be taken away to his home at Ardrossan, in Scotland. You know that Englishmen and Scotchmen have often fought in battle against Frenchmen; for instance, at Waterloo. I would sooner hear the tale of Moore and MacIntosh than the tale of the cannon and muskets at Waterloo. When the French Government heard of their bravery they sent them gold medals; also Queen Victoria of England sent them bronze medals; also the great shipping insurance company known as Lloyds sent other medals. But, girls and boys, if Captain Moore, and MacIntosh, the ship's carpenter, could see your eyes brighten as I tell this story, I believe they would be even more pleased at that than with the medals.

It is nearly time to stop, is it not? But just one more example. An old woman named Mrs. MacDaniel, seventy-eight years of age, was taking care of a fourteen-months-old child that belonged to a widow who was out at work. She left the room for a few minutes; the child set its clothes alight by playing with the fire. Mrs. MacDaniel returned, took a cape, and pressed out the flames, though she placed herself in danger. Then she hastened to buy some sweet oil to ease the child's wounds. Poor soul, she had but five-pence left in the world, and that she spent on the oil. The child died, and when Mrs. MacDaniel related what had happened, she burst into tears and said, "Oh, the poor darling! if only I could have saved its life." This occurred in Southwark, London, in February, 1901.

Some people take delight in hearing about Alexander the Great, who led his soldiers, bold as lions, all the way from Europe to India; or about Bonaparte, who marched with his brave Frenchmen into Italy, into Spain, into Germany, and other countries. But I take more pleasure in thinking of old Mrs. MacDaniel, of Moore and MacIntosh, of Alice

Ayres, of Catherine Vassent, of Betsy Harris, of William Hull ; yes, and of the retriever and the Californian doe.

And now I wonder if we can say it is *natural* for men and women to seek to save those in peril ? You can read and hear of thousands and thousands of examples of persons who were glad to go to the rescue of their fellows ; and yet we know, at the same time, that there are very many who would shrink from doing so. At any rate, you and I will agree that it will be a happy thing if all men learn to be kind to each other, so that it will seem quite easy and *natural* to run to each other's aid. And then, I think, we shall no longer give medals to brave people.

LESSON XIX.

KINDNESS—(*continued*)

Kindness to (6) the mourner. (7) The prisoner. Listening to the sad music of the world.

SOMETIMES you hear lively music played on the piano, or by the band ; and you feel you must dance. Sometimes the music is slow, sad, and solemn ; and you feel you must be quiet as if you were near a friend who lay very ill.

There was once a great Sultan and warrior named Amurath, and he laid siege to the city of Bagdad. When he had captured the city, he ordered, in a passion of cruelty, that all the Persians in Bagdad should be put to death. One of the prisoners begged that he might speak to the Sultan, and his request was granted. He asked that he might play on a musical instrument and sing to Amurath, and this also was permitted. So he began to sing about the mighty Sultan's march with the army, and the siege of Bagdad, the battles, and the victory. With all this Amurath was much charmed. Then the Persian musician went on to sing in a different strain. His voice sank to sorrowful wailing, as he told of the poor prisoners who were condemned to death, and would never more look on the sun, and the grass, and the faces of men and women. The

Sultan burst into tears, and ordered that all the prisoners should be set free.

Now, the world that you and I live in has many kinds of music, and we ought to listen to them all. When we hear the glad music, we should be glad ; and when we hear the music of distress, we should be distressed.

I think you know what I mean. For instance, the great Chinese teacher Confucius (*Con-fu'-she-us*) once passed by a village with his disciples. The harvest had just been gathered in, and the country-folk were making merry with song, dance, and jokes. Confucius looked on and smiled, but his disciples were displeased, and they said, "The people ought not to be so fond of pleasure ; they ought to be serious ; they ought to go to the temples and thank Heaven and pray."

"Well," answered Confucius, "they are expressing their thanks in their own simple way. Do not be too hasty in your judgment. It is quite right that the peasants should take their ease after their hard toil. They are like a bow which is unbent after being used by the hunter. You should not keep a bow always bent ; if you do, it will lose its elastic power and be of no value." Thus Confucius showed his kindly feeling towards the Chinese villagers in their hour of mirth.

And so, when you see the children ride by in the brakes on a sunny day to the forest and the meadow, you will look up and wave your hand and cheer, though you will not be going on the excursion yourself. When your companion has passed the examination with success, you will go to him, or her, and say, "I am very glad." When your friend who has been lame can put aside his crutch, and step out with his own strong foot, you will be as pleased as if you yourself had been healed of a sickness. When the bride and bridegroom are married, you will stand among the joyous friends, and throw the flowers and cry "Good-bye, good-bye, we wish you every happiness."

But then there is the other kind of music. The music often sounds sad in this world. To that music also we shall listen, even if it brings the tears to our eyes : and we shall show kindness to—

(6) *The mourner.*

You have heard of Prince Bismarck, the famous German

statesman, who died in 1898. He had marched with armies; he had seen much bloodshed; he had lived among kings and emperors; and sometimes people called him the Man of Iron, because he seemed severe and cruel. His home was in the country, and he had a large garden. Often he played with the gardener's children; and they would climb upon his knee. One of them—a little girl—died. The Prince was deeply grieved. He went to the gardener, took his hand, and burst into tears; and then he placed a bunch of roses in the dead child's hand. You can ask your father and mother what they think of Prince Bismarck. Some people admire him: though I am sorry that he spent so much of his thought in planning war and conquest. But, at least, we will all agree that he showed a kind and *humane* spirit when he wept with the little girl's father.

That is the story of the German prince; but I like still better the story of the French shopkeeper.

A poor workwoman stood looking in at a shop window in a part of Paris known as the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The shop was filled with brilliant flowers, among which were bunches of sweet lilac. Snow was falling thickly; the weather was gloomy; the woman's heart was troubled. With hesitation, she opened the shop door, and said to the mistress—

“How much does a bunch of lilac cost?”

“Ten francs” (7s. 6d.).

The workwoman shook her head, and said: “My dear little boy was born at the time the lilacs were in flower; and now he will go away without holding any of its blossoms in his arms.”

“Is your child dead?” asked the shopkeeper.

Then she picked up a very large bunch of lilac, placed it in the mother's apron, and refused to take any money.

(7) *To the prisoner.*

In the year 1895 a war took place between Italy and Abyssinia (in Eastern Africa). Many Italian soldiers were taken prisoners, and among them was one named Major Gamera. For ten months he remained among the enemies of his country. On his return to Italy he wrote a book in which he gave an account of what had happened to him and what he had seen. He said the Abyssinian men did the sewing and weaving, while the women worked hard all day cutting wood, carrying water, grinding corn, and preparing

food for the household. Yet, though they laboured so hard, and were treated like slaves, they were kind-hearted to all who suffered. There was one old and ugly woman whom the Major met, and who was very good to him and to other Italian prisoners. Her name was Kongeitu. She found herbs, and made medicine for the soldiers. When she saw them sorrowful she would cry, "Italy, Italy !" meaning that, some day, they would return to their dear land. The soldiers told her that, in Italy, they had mothers, wives, sisters, who wept for them ; and then old Kongeitu also wept. Once, Major Gamerra had to march without shoes ; his feet were cut, and they bled. A poor slave-woman, named Sellas, saw his pain ; she had a heart as tender as the heart of old Kongeitu ; she took from off her head a band of white linen to ease his feet. The Abyssinian women prize white linen very much, so that Sellas was giving the Italian something very precious. At last the happy day came when Major Gamerra and his comrades departed for Italy. Old Kongeitu was ill, and she was mournful at the thought of the Italians going ; yet she knew it pleased them to regain their freedom, and so, in the midst of her sorrow, she was glad.

The same tender heart beat in the breast of a Frenchman who was born in 1576 and died in 1660. Every time the 19th July comes round, Roman Catholics remember him : and I am sure he was worth remembering. This noble man was called Vincent de Paul, and he is usually spoken of as *Saint Vincent*. His father was a farmer, who was so anxious to send the lad to college that he sold the plough to pay the expenses. When a young man, Vincent went on a voyage in the Mediterranean Sea. Pirate ships pursued the vessel : Vincent was wounded by an arrow ; the ship was captured, and the crew were put in chains. They were taken to Tunis, in North Africa. Vincent was sold as a slave, first to one man, then to another. The last master became so friendly that he and Vincent resolved to go across to France together, and they succeeded in escaping. Vincent had suffered, and he never forgot that many of his fellow-men also suffered. Night and day he tried to comfort others. It was he who first formed the band of good nursing women whom we call "Sisters of Mercy." He became teacher to the children of an inspector of galleys. These galleys were big barges. Prisoners of war or criminals (wrong-doers) had to sit in the

galleys, chained to the oars ; and, hour after hour, in rain or sun, they had to pull the oars. Vincent used to visit the galleys, and he pitied the galley-slaves. One unfortunate fellow, especially, he pitied, and he longed to see the man free, and able to return to his family. He made up his mind to take the prisoner's place. He undid the chain, and bade farewell to the poor soul, who rejoiced to get his liberty. Vincent chained himself to an oar, and pulled, pulled, pulled, in rain and sun, until he was discovered and sent away. It appears to me that Vincent made a mistake in setting the convict free, but his intention was kind, and the very people who said he did wrong loved him for his generous heart.

Now do you understand better what I meant by "listening to the sad music of the world"? The shop-keeper listened ; the ugly old Abyssinian listened ; the slave-woman Sellas listened ; and Saint Vincent de Paul listened. As they listened, the music stirred their good hearts, and they did kindnesses which were more beautiful than all the music, the blossoms, and the jewels in the world.

LESSON XX.

KINDNESS—(*continued*)

Kindness to (8) the poor (who are like the shipwrecked sailor). The sick and helpless may take thought for others ; the poor may care for the poor ; and should not the rich care for the poor ?

WE have talked together lately about Kindness to (1) Children ; (2) The Aged ; (3) The Unfortunate ; (4) The Sick ; (5) Those in danger ; (6) Mourners ; and (7) Prisoners. To-day I shall begin speaking of Kindness to—
(8) *The Poor*.

A good many years ago the frigate *Amethyst* (a frigate is a quick-sailing ship-of-war) was crossing the restless Bay of Biscay. Sir Michael Seymour was in command. The wreck of a merchant vessel was just seen above water. A gale was blowing ; overhead were the black and ragged

clouds, and about the ship-of-war the white foam curled. But Sir Michael would not pass by a vessel in distress. He ordered men to row a boat to the sinking wreck. On the deck of the disabled ship one of them saw what looked like a big bundle of clothes. Was it a man? He caught hold of it with a boat-hook, and hoisted it on to the boat. Yes, it was a man, half-starved, shrunken; he was like a skeleton. They rowed back to the frigate. Then the poor fellow spoke in a strange, thin voice, and murmured, "There is another man!" At once Captain Seymour ordered the boat to hurry to the wreck again, and two other men were found, but both dead. The survivor (the man that still lived) was carefully nursed. In three weeks he was well and strong. As you looked at him, six feet tall, you would not believe it was the same poor sailor who had been dying on the wreck. But I want you to notice that, *when he was ill and helpless, he thought of his neighbour.*

And now, girls, I have as good and even better story for you. A good and famous Frenchman, who was known as Saint Vincent de Paul (born 1576, died 1660), once met a poor village-girl who did a great deal to help her neighbours. (I am sorry I do not know her name.) She had to mind cows during most of the day. While the cows were quietly grazing she would bend over a book and try hard to learn reading. Sometimes a word puzzled her, and she would wait until a good-natured man or woman passed along the meadow, and she would run and ask for assistance. There were children in the village who were quite unable to read, and the girl gathered them together in her spare hours and taught them. She knew very little, but her eyes sparkled with pleasure as she sought to teach that little to the lads and lasses of the village. When Vincent talked with her she told him how it made her heart glad to aid her neighbours; and besides this, she said, she loved to nurse those who were sick, so that she could make them smile and win the red colour back to their cheeks. A severe plague had troubled the city of Paris, and many people were stricken down by the deadly sickness.

"Come," said Vincent to the village girl, "and comfort those who suffer in Paris."

So she went. Vincent had asked many ladies to do this work, but they shrank away from it in fear. The village girl

cast aside all fear, for she loved her fellow-men and women. Into one house after another she passed with her kind face and kind hands, and the folk rejoiced to see her. At last, when she shared her bed with a sick woman, she herself caught the plague and died. Other women had seen her work ; they went out helping as she did : and so they earned the name of Sisters of Charity. The first Sister of Charity, you see, was the simple village girl. I think she was a very noble person, and I would sooner hear about her than about queens who sit on thrones, and wear shining silk, and carry golden crowns on their heads. The village girl, *poor as she was, cared for the poor.*

I daresay you will agree with me that, having told you about a man and a woman, it is time to talk to you of a child whose little heart beat with tender feeling towards other living creatures. Well, the child I am thinking of was Minna. The winter was very cold and the frost glittered on the trees, the hedges, the grass, the houses. Little Minna looked out from the cottage window and beheld the birds as they flew here and there seeking the least bits of food. She said to herself that she would feed them, and she swept up the crumbs that lay on the table, and went to the door twice a day, and scattered them on the ground. From the bushes in the garden and the trees in the wood near by the birds fluttered joyfully to eat of Minna's feast. She stood watching them one afternoon, and her hands trembled from cold ; but her heart was warm. Her father said to her—

“What are you doing, Minna?”

“Father, the ground is covered with ice and snow. The little creatures cannot find enough to eat. They are all so poor ; and I am feeding them, just like the rich people help the poor people.”

“But,” observed her father, “you cannot provide for all the birds of the forest.”

“No, father ; but you see there are all the other children in the world to help ; and they feed the birds, too, don't they? Just as all the rich people are glad to help all the poor people, aren't they?”

The father looked at the mother and whispered—

“Our little Minna is very innocent.”

By that he meant that Minna did not understand what kind of a world we really live in. For, as you older

children know, all the rich people do not help all the poor, and all the children do not feed the hungry fowls of the air.

No, but don't you think people *ought* to care for their neighbours? The helpless sailor thought of the other men on the wreck. The village girl, poor as she was, thought of other poor persons. Minna, little child that she was, thought of the starving birds and of starving men and women. And if the weak and the poor can think of the weak and the poor, ought not the strong and the rich to do so? Mind you, even if the strong and the rich *do* care for their neighbours they cannot show greater love than the sailor, the village girl, and the small cottage child.

Perhaps some strong and rich people fancy they can get on very well without the poor people. That calls to my mind a dream which a French poet dreamed. A farm-labourer came and said to him, "Make your own bread, I shall do no more for you; plough the ground, sow the seed, and look after yourself." A weaver came and said, "Make your own clothes; I shall not wait on you." A mason came and said, "Take the trowel; build your own house." The dreamer was in sore distress; he had no food, no garments, no shelter; and he heard the roar of lions in the way. When he awoke he was glad. The builders climbed ladders, and whistled as they worked; the weavers spun cloth; and the farmer's men toiled in the fields.

"I am not alone," said the poet, "my companions work for me."

And I am sure he worked all the better for them, and perhaps he made them happy verses to cheer them at their labour. The poet, the ploughman, the weaver, the builder, the man who works with his brain, the man who works with his arms—yes, all of us, need each other, just as your one foot needs the other foot, one eye needs the other, one hand needs the other. And do not the rich need the poor? Ought they not to remember them, and to be as ready to help them as the poor sailor, the village girl, and little Minna?

Once I read a book of fables by a Russian author named Krilof; and this was one of his stories. Of course it is not true, but I think you will understand what he means by it.

One beautiful day in June, the sun shone on a tall tree which spread abroad its giant branches. The leaves of the tree were joyous, and they said proudly to one another—

“How fine we are ! how cool a shade we make for the tired traveller ! how pleasant a roof we offer to the shepherds and the shepherdesses when they dance ; and how sweetly the nightingale sings amid our boughs !”

Then came soft voices out of the ground saying—

“Can you not utter a word of thanks to us ?”

“Who are you ?”

“We are the roots of the tree,” answered the voices ; “we grow in the dark, but we provide you with moisture, and nourish you, and keep you beautiful ; and if the roots perish, the tree will die.”

You see the fable means that, if the poor workmen and workwomen left off their work, the rich people would perish. But still, do not forget there are two kinds of rich people—rich people who are idle, and rich people who do useful work. Some persons think it would be better if there were no very rich people at all ; and I am sure it is wrong that there should be so many people who are very poor. You must ask your father and mother what they think. But one thing is certain ; while some people are much richer than others, they ought to reflect (that is, think very hard and earnestly) how they may help and save their unhappy neighbours. And so, children, as you grow up into men and women—some poorer, some richer—look about the world, and when you see some one faint, or weeping, or lonely, say, *There is another man* ; and help him yourself, if you can ; and if not, beg strong men to lift him from the tossing wreck.

LESSON XXI.

KINDNESS—(*continued*)

Kindness due from the rich to the poor. Various ways of helping besides giving food and clothes.

IN our last conversation we were talking about showing kindness *to the poor*. Now, in talking to a class of children, I should like to have both poor boys and girls, and rich boys and girls, to speak to. It is a good thing to see them

sitting together as if they were brothers and sisters, though the parents of some have much money and the others little. But, to-day, I wish to talk as if *to the children of the rich*. And when I say *rich*, I mean people who have very many comforts, whether they live in a palace, a mansion, or a villa. If any boy or girl whose parents are poor should happen to read this lesson, that will please me also ; for I respect such children quite as much as I respect the children of kings, presidents, generals, and professors.

Let us suppose, then, that I am addressing the sons or daughters of people who have plenty of money.

First of all, I will tell you about the cowherd. This is a story I read in a French book.

A French gentleman walked with several ladies and children by the seaside. The ladies and children were dressed in rich costumes, with bright colours ; and their faces showed how well and strong and cheerful they felt. The sun shone on the waves, the sand, the cliffs, and the grass on the top of the cliffs. When the party had climbed the steps up the cliff, they saw a herd of cows feeding on the pasture, and, at the sight of these animals, the children were afraid, and they shrank back. Just then a man rose up from the ground where he had lain. It was the cowherd. He wore a rough goat-skin ; his face was brown with sun and weather. Calling his dog up, he assured the ladies and children that there was nothing to fear. By his side stood a thin, sickly-looking boy, who appeared to be six or seven years old.

"Is that your son?" asked a lady.

"Yes, madame."

"How old is he?"

"Eleven years."

"Eleven years ! Why, my Jennie is only eleven !"

Jennie (or Jeanne, in French) was a fine, big girl, with bonny, rosy cheeks. The cowherd gazed at Jennie earnestly, and said :—

"Ah, madame, it is because the young lady eats meat."¹

When the lady asked further questions, she found that the cowherd had eight children ; he earned twenty sous (twenty

¹ You know, children, some people (vegetarians) think it wrong to eat meat ; but that makes no difference to the story : the man was too poor to buy proper wholesome food for his family.

French halfpennies) or one franc a day ; but he had to pay one franc a week as rent for the poor little cottage in which his family dwelt. The ladies gave him some money, and bade him good morning ; but, as they went away across the fair meadows by the sea, they wondered how the poor fellow managed to live on so small a wage. What were his thoughts ? What were his pleasures ?

Well, it was right that they should reflect like this ; it was right that they should keep wondering how poor people passed their lives ; it was right that they should feel sad, so that the grass did not look so green as before, nor the sky so blue.

A rich man once said to his friend, "Why do poor people complain so ? What have they to grumble about ?" His friend said, "Come out with me to-night, and I will tell you." They shivered as they went ; the snow whitened the streets. The friend was a poet—the poet Robert Southey ; and he gives us the story in his verse :—

We met an old, bare-headed man ;
His locks were few and white ;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

The old man said he had no fire at home : he had come out to beg. Then they met a girl :—

We met a young, bare-footed child,
And she begged loud and bold ;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

Her father was lying sick in bed, and she was seeking food from any who had kind hearts.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest ;
She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast.

She explained that her husband was serving as a soldier in a far land, and she was so poor, she must needs go to the workhouse. And then, says the poet :—

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he—
"You asked me why the poor complain,
And these have answered thee !"

I hope the rich man felt unhappy when he thought of all he

had seen and heard that night. You see, it is sometimes right to make people feel unhappy, because then they want to go and alter the Wrong thing, and make it Right.

And now I will tell you two fables, both out of German books. The first is about a rich man named Chryses (*Kry'-sees* means *golden*). A widow came to his splendid house, and she had four children with her, the fifth child lying ill at home. She could not pay the yearly rent of her cottage, and she begged for more time in which to pay. Chryses ordered the servants to drive her away from his door. When she had gone, he went into his great garden, and he entered the pretty summer-house by the river, and he lay on a couch to take his ease. Presently he heard the cry of the sick child in the cottage. No! it was the whistling of the wind among the feathered reeds by the water-side. He heard the rush of the river, and it seemed as if he were being carried down it, away from the world of men and women, to an ocean that stretched farther than he could think. And he heard the clap of thunder. Then he rose up and hastened to the house, and called to his servants, and said :—

“Fetch the widow and her children here.”

But she could not be found that day. Next morning he heard that the sick child had died; and the widow had wandered off into the forest with her four living children, and no man knew whither she had gone.

Chryses felt sad and troubled. It was his *conscience* that heard the cry of the child. It was his *conscience* that made him dread to float down the river away from the world of men and women without having helped the widow who was in need. He went to his bed, and his heart was sore grieved. And as he tossed uneasily in his fever, he heard the reeds whistle, and he heard the rush of the river, and he heard the roll of the thunder; and he died.¹

Rich children, do you know where these reeds whistle in the wind? You will hear the sound in the streets of cities, where the people live in close rooms, without enough sun and air and food; and even in the fair, open country, where the children of the cowherd and other such workmen live in wretched hovels and are not well clothed. The sound

¹ From Krummacher's *Parables*.

can be heard every day ; but all the rich people do not hear it. Rich people eat and drink, and ride and shoot, and visit friends, and travel about the beautiful world ; and I wonder how many of them ever listen to the whistle of the wind in the reeds, or the rush of the river, or the voice of the thunder. How many of them become sad when they think of the cottages that do not keep out the rain and cold, and the dark streets in the towns, where there are no trees, and where the thrush and the lark do not sing ?

Once I heard of a woman and her daughter who lived in a pleasant little cottage in the West of England. The landlord wished to use the house for some other purpose, and, without troubling as to what might become of her, he warned them that they must leave. Well, they did leave. But before they went they set fire to their old home ; and, when the landlord came, he found the cottage all a black ruin. When rich people are selfish, it makes the poor people angry, and even makes them hate the rich. There are many terrible things in the world—earthquakes, storms, fires, floods, accidents on railways, shipwrecks, sickness. But the most terrible thing of all is that men should hate one another.

Here is the other fable. In Germany, the noble river Rhine flows among hills and forests and vineyards. Near the town of Bingen is a rock in the middle of the stream ; and on the rock stands an old tower which is called the Tower of Mice. The Rhine splashes on the rocks round the silent tower. Why was it named the Mice Tower ? The story goes that, long ago, a certain Bishop Hatto lived in Bingen, and he was rich. He had a large palace, and he had broad fields ; and in his granaries he had stored up immense quantities of corn which he meant to sell. Bishop Hatto was a cold-hearted man. If any man offended him, he never forgave. Now, a famine fell on the land, and the country-folk were starving. One day a crowd of men and women, with their children, swarmed about the gates of the Bishop's palace, and begged for food. They were refused. Then they rushed, shouting and enraged, to a granary which belonged to the cruel Hatto ; and they pushed their way in, and began to take corn for themselves.

"We will have bread to-day," they shrieked one to the other.

Bishop Hatto told his servants to close the granary-doors, and, when this was done, he ordered the place to be set on fire ; and the people died in the flames and smoke. The Bishop laughed when he heard the cries of the people.

“ Hark at the mice squealing ! They won’t squeal any more ! ”

At midnight armies and armies of mice came into his bedroom, through cracks and down the chimney. He rose in haste, and called for help. The servants ran in, and killed many mice ; but still more came, and more, and more. Bishop Hatto fled from the palace, and still the mice pursued. Then he crossed the Rhine to the tower on the rocks, and there he thought he was safe. But the next night the mice came again. They had swum the river, and crept into the castle, and they all went towards the Bishop. In the morning only his bones were found on the bed.

Of course, this story is not true. But it shows us how the people hated the memory of a selfish man ; and they hated him so that they made this fable, or legend : and often told their children how the cruel-hearted Hatto met a dreadful death.

If Bishop Hatto had liked, he could have made the people love him.

Well, rich children, what will you do when you grow up ? Perhaps you say, “ We will give money and food and clothes to the poor.” Sometimes that is a very right thing to do. But there are other ways of helping that need much more thinking, and that will cost you much more trouble, such as helping young people to study, and helping them to learn trades, etc. ; teaching people science, history, etc. ; teaching people how to amuse themselves with good music, good games, etc. Think of this each year as you grow to manhood and womanhood, and say, “ How can I help ? ”

LESSON XXII.

KINDNESS—(*concluded*)

Kindness to (9) servants. Lastly (10), kind people must use their brains. Kind men must be intelligent.

THE grandest church in the world is St. Peter's at Rome, with its proud dome, surmounted by a cross. It was planned by three architects (*ark'i-tects*), and the chief of the three was Michael Angelo. In Rome also may be seen a noble statue of Moses, an old man with flowing beard, and holding the two tablets of the Law in his arms. This statue was carved by Michael Angelo. And also in Rome you may see beautiful paintings, called frescoes, done by Michael Angelo on the plaster of ceilings. But I must tell of this famous artist's kindness to his servant; for I am going to speak of kindness—

(9) *To Servants.*

Michael Angelo had a servant who waited on him faithfully for twenty-six years. The servant's name was Urbino (*Ur-bee-no*). When the old servant's time came to die, and he lay ill, his master nursed him by day and by night until Urbino passed away. His master was his friend. And that is how it ought to be always, if servants and masters did their duty to each other. I have seen a beautiful picture of Urbino dying, and his master bending over him with a look of affection.

Long before that, in the time of Julius Cæsar, there lived in Rome a man named Plancus. I have read in the history-book that Plancus had a great many faults, and perhaps he had, though we cannot always believe what we read in the history-books. But there is a very good story told of Plancus and his slaves—for you know the ancient Romans kept slaves. Plancus was condemned to death, and the officers of the law came to take him to prison. But he was hidden in his house, and his slaves, who loved him for his kindness to them, refused to say where their master was; yes, even though they were put to cruel torture, they still refused. Plancus heard from his hiding-place what went on, and he could not bear the sound of the cries of pain uttered

by his servants, and so he came forth and surrendered himself, ready to die. Then the hearts of the rulers of Rome were softened ; and they said they could not take the life of a master who was so beloved by his household slaves.

Now, let us come to modern (that is, the latest) times. Three women lived in a cottage in Wales ; one was the servant, named Mary Carryl ; the others were the mistresses, named Lady Emily Butler and Miss Ponsonby. Mary had come with the ladies from Ireland, and she did all she could for their comfort, and they, in their turn, treated her as a friend. All three became old ; and now that their hair was turning grey the mistresses thought of the day of death ; and they also thought that, even in death, they must not be parted from the honest Mary Carryl, and so they had a tombstone built in Llangollen churchyard, and it had three sides to it, each side ready to take the name of one of the three. And Mary died first, and her name was written, and not many years afterwards Lady Butler died, and Miss Ponsonby ; and their names, too, were written above the spot where the three women lay in peace. The servant and the mistresses had equal respect.

Of course, you girls and boys know that masters, mistresses, and servants are not always so good to each other as we have seen in these stories. Servants will waste their master's time, and waste his goods, and try how much profit they can make for themselves ; and such conduct provokes the master into being harsh. Then masters will act unkindly to the servants, so that the servants have no heart for honest service. So, you see, each side must think of its duty. Suppose you were in the place of a master or mistress, how would you show kindness to your servant ? I hope you would do so—

(a) By the way you spoke. You should say *please*, or *thank you*, or *I beg your pardon*, just the same to a servant as you would to a friend. I do not know whether you would call servants “ladies” and “gentlemen,” and people do not always know what they mean when they use these words. But I am sure of two things ; I am sure the servants will not consider *you* to be a lady or gentleman if you speak rudely to them ; and I am sure that, if you speak politely to them, you will help them to become ladies and gentlemen of the real kind.

(b) By paying them just rewards in wages, and food, and shelter. Pay them to time, and let them see that you pay them willingly; and, if ever you raise their wages, let them see you are pleased at being able to do so. Do not give them food which you would not like to eat yourself. Do not ask them to sleep in rooms which you would never ask your brother or sister to sleep in.

(c) By giving them proper rest. Masters and mistresses like to go out in the parks or fields; to the forest and the seaside; to the museums; to the houses of their friends. And so do servants. You would not like to be called a "sweater." A sweater is a man or woman who makes a servant or workman labour too long and for too little reward.

(d) By serving them. You can help them if they are ill, as Michael Angelo helped; you can comfort them if they have lost friends; you can help them to learn useful things; you can lend a hand when they are tired.

But suppose you have no servants, and perhaps never will have. At least, it is well for you to know what masters ought to do; and you can speak your thoughts about their conduct, and praise them if they are kind, and reproach them if they are unmerciful.

And now, lastly, I should like to remind you that:—

(10) *Kind people must use their brains (or wits).*

Little Agnes was a kind-hearted girl, but she did not always think carefully about what she was going to do. She saw her uncle give some sacks of coal to poor persons, and she said to herself, "Oh, I wish I could do as uncle does; I wish I had coal to give to the poor."

Well, of course, she had none. Then she thought that perhaps she could make some. She had read in books that coal was once the wood of trees, and these trees, with all their branches and leaves, had sunk below the clay and mud of marshy places, and had turned black and shiny; and that, you know, is true. Agnes got some leaves and twigs, and some lumps of clay, and she put the leaves and twigs between the lumps of clay, and patted them up, and hid them in a ditch. Her pinafore had become very dirty as she climbed in and out of the hole where the clay was lying, and she had been warned by her mother not to go to this hole. After a day or two she said to herself:

"I think the leaves and twigs must be turned to coal

now ; I will try some in the fire ; and, if it burns well, I will make more to give away to poor people."

Then she dug up one of her lumps, and thrust it into the kitchen fire ; and the clay damped the fire, and spoiled its red glow ; and when the cook entered presently she was vexed to find the fire nearly out. She hastily raked out the clay, and scolded Agnes ; and poor Agnes was in great disgrace. She had indeed thought how to make coal, but she had not thought of other things : she had not thought whether she was giving trouble to the cook and the family, who were waiting for dinner ! We ought to be kind, but we should be wise in our kindness. But really, I believe a great many grown-up people who mean to be kind are quite as foolish in their kindness as Agnes.

Now, I have said so many serious things to you in these lessons about KINDNESS that I think we will finish with a few smiles. So now get ready to hear the famous story of Brother Juniper.¹

Our friend Juniper was a simple man (very much *too* simple), who lived with a company of monks in the middle parts of Italy. They were once lodging at a house in the country, and had occasion to go out. So the master of the brethren said to Juniper :

"Brother Juniper, we are all going out, and see to it that, when we return, you have cooked a little food for the refreshment of the brothers."

"Right willingly," answered Juniper ; "leave that to me."

When they had gone away, the good fellow turned the matter over in his mind, and he thought it was a pity so much cooking should have to be done every day by the monks in turn. Suppose he cooked enough to last for a fortnight, it would save a great deal of trouble, and then one of the monks would not need each day to be kept away from the company of the others at their work or prayers.

Brother Juniper resolved to act on this grand idea ! He belonged to an Order, or class, of monks who begged their food from the people whose houses they passed, and the people loved the brethren, and readily gave them their desire. So Brother Juniper called on the neighbours in the village near by, and asked for the loan of several large

¹ Adapted from the *Little Flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi*.

pots, and the gift of firewood ; and he asked for various kinds of food, and the good-natured folk gave him all sorts—joints of meat, vegetables, herbs, portions of pie and cake, ducks and chickens, eggs, cheese, lard, and so on. He made a big fire, and set the pots on, and threw the provisions in merrily—lard, cheese, eggs, cake, pie, herbs, vegetables, meat, and the ducks and the chickens, just as they were, with all their feathers on ! The fire roared ; the pots steamed ; and Brother Juniper felt so hot that he could not approach to stir the stew ! So he tied a large board in front of his chest in order to shield himself from the heat, and then he joyfully hopped from one pot to another, stirring one and then the next ; and the fire roared, and the steam was plentiful !

One of the brethren came home early, and, after looking at the sights in the kitchen, he went and told the others on the road :

“I can assure you, Brother Juniper is making a marriage feast !”

At last, the bell rang for dinner, and the hungry men came in with speed and with keen appetite. Brother Juniper stood at the head of the table, his face all red and all smiles.

“Eat well, dear friends,” he cried, “and let no one think of this troublesome cooking for a while ; for I have cooked so much food that I shall have enough for more than a fortnight !”

They seized their spoons and took their first mouthfuls, and then stopped and made ugly faces !

“I hope you enjoy your dinner,” said Brother Juniper ; “these fowls are strengthening for the brain, and this stew will refresh the body, it is so good.”

Poor brethren ! Already they began to feel ill, and all laid down their spoons, and all were obliged to go hungry. The Master was angry, and bitterly reproved Brother Juniper for his folly, until at length the poor cook was so ashamed of himself that he fell upon his knees, and wept, and begged forgiveness from the Master and the brethren. None of them could help smiling. And I think you cannot help smiling either. So smile away, girls and boys ; but do not forget that kindness must be intelligent and wise, and kind people must use their wits.

LESSON XXIII.

THE GOLDEN BOAT

Great-mindedness, or magnanimity. Examples from the Greeks, Jews, Romans, Swiss, and French.

WHEN Herakles (*He'-ra-kleez*, also called Hercules), the famous strong hero, was on his travels, he came to the western end of the Mediterranean Sea. On each side of the passage into the sea he set up lofty rocks, which were afterwards called the Pillars of Herakles. He wanted to pass further west to an island where lived a giant with three bodies, three heads, six hands, and six feet. (I hope you don't believe this old Greek story!) The giant had a herd of fine cattle, which were of a rich red colour, and these cattle Herakles hoped to capture. But, just after he had built his two pillars, he felt faint and sick, for he was nearly overcome by the rays of heat which were shot down by the sun-god Helios (*Hee'-li-os*).

"Are you trying to burn me to death?" he shouted; and he raised his bow towards the heavens, and, in his anger, was about to shoot an arrow at the bright sun-god! When Helios saw how Herakles was full of spirit and courage, he was far from being offended. He admired the hero's pluck in defying the blazing lord of the sky.

"Do not let us quarrel," he called down to Herakles. "I like a man who is not afraid of me. Come; I know where you want to go. Allow me to help you. I will lend you my golden boat."

So Herakles smiled, put his arrow into his quiver, jumped into the golden boat, and sailed away to the island where the giant guarded the red cattle.

You see, Helios had a noble sort of mind. He did not love the rule of tit-for-tat. There was no feeling of spite in him. Just when he might have clenched his dart, and

hurled it at the head of Herakles, he paused in wonder and pleasure at the sight of a brave man. He was stronger than Herakles, but he would not crush him. He had a mind above petty quarrelling. He had a great mind. He was *great-minded*. Or, if you care to learn a very big word, we will say Helios was magnanimous (*mag-nan'-im-us*). What do you think? Would it have been fair if the Sun-god had answered back at Herakles, and replied to the arrow with the mighty dart? I suppose you will say, Yes? Then was it cowardly of the Sun-god not to engage in a fight? Not at all. He was able to fight; he did *not* fight; he did something better; he said to himself, "I like this splendid fellow; I'll lend him my golden boat." Well, you know, girls and boys, it would be a happy thing if the brave men—yes, and the brave nations—the brave Dutch, French, Germans, Italians, Russians, Japanese, Americans, British—were to say, "We will not fight with those other brave men and nations. Rather will we lend them our golden boats, to help them over the troubled sea." Ah, but all men and all nations are not great-minded; they are slowly *learning* to be so.

I have just told you an old Greek story. Let us hear a tale from the history of the Jews. You remember they had a celebrated king named David. Once he and his warriors were encamped on the mountains. For shelter they retired to a large cave. Down below, in the valley, they saw the Philistine foes, round about the little town of Bethlehem, where David had been born and bred. David was athirst, and he longed—oh, ever so much!—to drink sparkling water from the well by which he had played when a boy. The well was near the town gate, and the Philistines had their tents all about the spot. Three valiant men heard David sigh for the water. They resolved the king should drink the water that he loved, and they went down, and strode towards the town, and clove their way through the shouting crowd of the Philistines, and one drew water in a pitcher while the others stood by, and they fought their way back bit by bit, and every moment it looked as if they would have to die; but they returned safe, though wounded, dusty, and breathless. Then King David took the water, and his heart was proud of his three valiant friends; but he did not drink. He poured it out upon the

ground, and said, "No; I would sooner thirst than drink this water; for it would seem to me like drinking the blood of the generous men who risked their lives to please me."

Should you have thought it wrong if he had drunk? No, very likely not. But he would have thought it mean and paltry: he admired the valour of his friends, and was too great-minded to drink.

What have the Romans to tell us? Listen to the story of the general Camillus. He laid siege to a city which was girt with strong walls. During the siege a school teacher (well, children, *I* am a school teacher, and I am sorry this teacher was such a sneak!) said to his boys, "Let us go outside the walls and play in the meadows." Out they went, thinking the Roman camp was too far off to endanger them. The schoolmaster kept them on the run, till he brought them so near the besiegers' camp that the Romans ran out and seized all the lads. The schoolmaster then said to Camillus, with a grin:

"Sir, these lads belong to the most noble families in the town. Keep them in your hands, and the chief people will be sure to yield, for fear lest you should slay their sons."

Then Camillus looked as if he had just tasted something vile and bitter. He thought the schoolmaster was a mean scoundrel. He scorned to capture a city by such means, for he was a gentleman. The schoolmaster's back was stripped, and his hands were tied behind him, and rods and scourges were placed in the hands of the boys.

"Lay on, lads!" ordered the stern Camillus. And oh, how they whipped the traitor as they ran across the pastures to the city gates! After that, Camillus sent a message to the townsfolk, and he and they made peace. The boys went to a better school.

The Greeks, the Jews, the Romans, have had something to say to us. We will pass on centuries later, till we come to the Middle Ages. In the year 1356 the town of Basel (*Bah'-zel*), in Switzerland, suffered a great shock of earthquake. Houses fell with a loud noise, and three hundred people were buried beneath the ruins. Then a fire broke out, and all the place was full of alarm. The news of the disaster came to Duke Albert, who was a sworn enemy of the city of Basel.

"Now," said some of his friends; "now you can fall upon

the city ; it cannot resist ; you can make these stupid people sorry they ever offended you."

The Duke said: "I will not avenge myself upon a city smitten with the woes of earthquake and fire. I will help it, instead." And the great-minded Albert sent four hundred stout peasants to Basel, with orders to clear away the ruins and assist in giving shelter and comfort to the men, women, and children who had been so sorely tried. Don't you think he had as noble a spirit as Helios, the Sun-god?

We will come nearer to our own times—to the nineteenth century, when Napoleon was carrying on a war in Spain. About the battles I do not care to talk, for what pleasure is there in relating how brave men slew each other? After the battle, Frenchmen and Spaniards were lying dead or wounded on the field, and General Hugo¹ was riding about with a troop of soldiers. A wounded Spaniard called out, "Drink ! give me drink, for mercy's sake !" The general had a flask of rum. Leaning down from horseback, he offered the flask to the Spaniard. But the fallen man, seeing a chance of killing a Frenchman, suddenly raised a pistol and fired. The general's hat was knocked off, and the horse reared. The soldiers would have slain the Spaniard.

"No, no !" cried Hugo ; "give him some drink all the same."

I cannot think that the Spaniard looked any longer with hatred at the general.

But you children—you are not sun-gods, nor kings, nor dukes, nor generals, but only just boys and girls from yonder street or from the cottages by the village green ; and you have no golden boats to lend anybody who had hurt you—no, not if you were ever so great-minded. Well, then, I will tell you about a boy.

His name was Rousseau² (*Roo-so*). He went to play with another boy, named Fazy, whose father made cloth. In the workshop was a machine with rollers ; between these rollers the workpeople pressed the newly-made cloth. Young Rousseau put his fingers between two rollers. His friend Fazy was pulling a handle ; the machine moved ; Rousseau's fingers were caught ! He screamed !

¹ Father of the celebrated author, Victor Hugo.

² Jean Jacques Rousseau, born 1712, died 1778.

The nails were torn off his third and fourth fingers, and the tips were badly bruised. Fazy was in great trouble.

"Johnnie," he said, "don't call out. Father will hear you, and I shall be punished!"

Rousseau became quiet, though his hand was in great pain. The boys went to a place where they could obtain water, and they washed the injured fingers, and Fazy put pads of moss over them to staunch the bleeding; and then, once again, he begged his friend not to tell anyone; and Rousseau promised. Ought he to have done so? Well, perhaps, he simply said his hand had been caught between the rollers as he and Fazy played with the machine—I don't know; but I am sure he wished to save his comrade from pain, and that showed a generous mind.

For three weeks he had to stay indoors till his hand was healed, though the marks remained all his life. He heard his companions pass the window as they marched in the school drill, and the drum beat, and he wished with all his heart that Fazy had never made the machine move. For all that, he kept his promise; nor did he say anything about the accident for twenty years. When you grow up, you may read things about Rousseau which you may dislike. Well, remember the good when you hear the bad. Remember that, though he was often faulty, his mind often had great thoughts and great feelings.

And now I have told you enough for one morning. Let us go into the sunlight; and suppose we have a sail!

Sail!

Why not?—a sail in the golden boat.

LESSON XXIV.

CLEVER PEOPLE

Clever animals. Cleverness devoted to a bad purpose. Cleverness devoted to the spread of knowledge. Cleverness in saving life.

“My son Frank is *such* a clever boy!” “My daughter Hilda is *such* a clever girl!”

I suppose you have often heard fathers and mothers (especially mothers) say things of that sort when they were showing a visitor Frank’s drawings, or Hilda’s art-needlework, or Willie’s model of a tram-car, or Lily’s certificate for music from the Doh-ray-me College. Perhaps mother has risen even higher, and exclaimed, “Frank is a genius!”—which means a very, very, very clever person, like the engineer Stephenson, or the musician Handel.

Well, let us talk about clever people. But, first of all, I think we will have a word or two about clever animals.

An English officer, who lived in Paris, was one day crossing a bridge over the river Seine. A poodle dog rubbed against his nicely-polished boots, and dirtied them. A shoe-black was near, and to him the officer went to have his boots cleaned. Next day the same thing happened again, and the officer was curious to know if it were more than a mere accident. So he watched; and behold! the dog rolled in the mud by the river, and then rolled over another gentleman’s boots, and that brought more custom to the shoeblack! As you may guess, the shoeblack had taught the dog to perform this clever trick, and the dog had the sense always to pick out the people with well-polished boots. So in this way the dog’s master earned extra money. Yes, the dog was clever, though it was *not a kind of cleverness that did credit* to the man who instructed him.

Now, let me go a long way back—right back to those ancient Greeks whom I love to talk about. You know, the

Greeks were a very clever nation, and they invented very pretty fables or myths (*miths*) about gods, goddesses, and heroes. One was the myth of Dædalus (*Dee'-dal-us*). This clever fellow was the first to think of the axe to chop with, and the awl to bore holes with. He had a nephew yet cleverer than himself. The nephew was the first to make a saw, the first to make a potter's wheel (for shaping clay into bowls and pots), and the first to make a turning lathe for fashioning table-legs, etc. But Dædalus was very *jealous* of his clever nephew, and one day, when they were standing together on a cliff at Athens, he flung his nephew over, and the poor lad was killed. The wicked uncle was discovered burying the body, and he fled away with his son Icarus (*Ik'-a-rus*) to the island of Crete. In Crete dwelt a terrible monster—a man with a bull's head. To this monster the King of Crete gave every year seven young men and seven maidens, who came from Athens in a ship, and the monster devoured them. Well, clever Dædalus and his son having come to the island, they entered the service of the King, who asked them to make a wonderful maze or labyrinth for the monster to dwell in. If you walked into this maze, you were sure to lose your way in its winding paths. Dædalus and his son must have known they were *helping a bad purpose* when they constructed the maze; yet, for the sake of gaining royal rewards, they did this evil thing. However, later on they offended the King, and he shut them up in their own maze. Thereupon the clever workmen made themselves wings fastened on with wax, and flew upwards and escaped. But Icarus flew too near the sun, whose mighty rays melted the wax, so the wings dropped off, and unhappy Icarus fell into the Mediterranean Sea, and was drowned. He was not clever enough, after all, else he would have been careful not to let his wings get melted.

Icarus was as stupid as the thief who stole the Emperor Charles the Fifth's watch. The Emperor had one of the first watches ever made; it was large, and it struck the hours. The thief managed to remove the timepiece from the Emperor's pocket to his own, and, no doubt, thought himself an extremely clever fellow to have done it so neatly; and he coolly remained among the crowd close to the Emperor while the courtiers were vainly searching for the lost watch. It was now approaching twelve o'clock, and

presently, from underneath the clever man's coat, there sounded clearly—ting ! ting ! ting ! ting ! and so on. "Ha ! open this man's coat ! We heard the watch strike ! Yes, here it is, and this is the thief !" And thus the rogue was caught.

As far as we have gone, then, the cleverness does not come out very well. Here was a clever dog who simply played smart tricks. Dædalus cherished the miserable feeling of jealousy ; and he and his son devoted their cleverness to the service of a cruel king. And the thief used his skill for a wrong object, and only got himself into trouble.

Well, it is time to speak of a pleasanter sort of cleverness. In the year 1642 a little Lincolnshire boy was born, and, even after a year or two, he was so small his mother used to say she could put him into a quart pot ! Small as he was, he was a genius. Having watched some men build a new windmill, he resolved to make a little one himself ; and he did it, and placed it on the top of a house, where its revolving sails caught the breeze, and as they went round they ground the grains of corn. The miller was a wee mouse, which Isaac (that was the boy's name) placed in charge ; only the miller kept eating the corn ! Another smart thing Isaac did was to construct kites with long tails, and to the tails he fastened paper lanterns, in which were fixed lighted candles. And oh ! didn't the village lads stare when Isaac's kites mounted the sky, and flamed out like new stars over the church and the cottages ! When Isaac grew up, and had studied in college, all England knew him to be one of her greatest sons, and he was then known as Sir Isaac Newton. It was this Newton who placed himself in a dark room, and let the sunlight fall through a prism of glass in a hole in the shutter ; and the light fell on a screen, not as a white spot, but in seven colours—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. Thus Newton found that sunlight, sparkling through the drops of rain, broke up into the seven colours, and formed them into the lovely rainbow across the sky. This great man of science was buried in Westminster Abbey, in London. If ever you visit that famous church, be sure and look at Newton's tomb. He was a man who *gave his genius to the service of mankind*. The knowledge he imparted was useful and noble. His cleverness enlightened the minds of other men.

Last of all, I must take you a long way from England—to far-off Japan, where once lived a brave old man. His name was Hamaguchi (you must please excuse him for having such a comical name). On a stretch of flat land stood his farmhouse, and all round three sides were the farmer's rice-fields. He had cut and gathered the rice—all dry and ripe—into sheaves; and as he sat in the balcony of his house he thought with joy of the plenteous store of rice which he possessed. In front of the farm the land sloped down to the sea-shore. On the sea-shore were dotted ninety cottages, with thatched roofs. The people were holding a holiday, and their voices sounded in laugh and song. And the purple sea lay in a wide, wide expanse beyond.

Suddenly the ground shook. The old farmer felt the earth quake. He had felt such movements often before, and he glanced quickly at the sea, in order to notice if the water showed any change. He knew how the sea often did vast damage when flung up by an earthquake. Yes, it *did* show a change. It seemed rolling steadily away from the sandy beach towards the far-off horizon. But suppose it came back in a huge wave; and suppose it swept away the village—and the people? And how could he warn the folk, and fetch them up the hill, out of danger, in time? Ah, now was the moment for cleverness. Work, brain; work!

Yes, the bright thought flashed into the old man's mind. Calling to his young grandson, he cried, "Bring me a torch, quick!" The lad brought the flaming torch as Hamaguchi came down. The farmer set light to the dry rice-sheaves—one, another, another, another. "Why do you do it?" shrieked the boy. But his grandfather kept on. The flames leaped upwards; sparks curled in clouds. The young men on the beach saw the fire; they ran, they ran harder.

"Let it burn!" shouted the old Japanese.

The older men came up; and the women climbed the hill, and the girls, and all.

The sea had rolled back, and, with a roar, it dragged away the houses, and flung them away on the tossing waves; and then it fled back again towards the horizon.

The people had forgotten the fire; they were gazing at the tumbling of the ocean. Back came the high wave;

and, after a while, again ; and again, and a fifth time. All the cottages were gone, but the folk—four hundred of them—were safe on the hill.

“That is why I set fire to the rice,” said the farmer.

The grand old man had lost all his rice. But his was the finest and most glorious of all genius, for his clever thought had invented a plan *to save* human life, and make the people glad.

LESSON XXV.

THE DEAF AND DUMB

Numbers of the deaf and dumb in various countries. Inventors of methods of teaching the deaf and dumb. A visit to a "Deaf and Dumb School" described.

ONE hundred and fifty people sat in a room at Glasgow, and they were all what are called Deaf Mutes. That means, they were deaf persons ; and, as they were deaf, they had never heard anyone speak, not even their fathers and mothers, or their dearest friends ; and so they had never learned to speak : they were mute, or dumb. But, of course, there are differences among such people. Some can hear just a little ; some not at all. A gentleman named Dr. Barr was lecturing to those deaf mutes about various sorts of gas—such as the gas oxygen and the gas hydrogen ; for he knew how to speak to them by signs which they could understand. You know, if you mix oxygen and hydrogen together in a jar, and put a light to it, the gases explode with a loud bang. Before bringing the light to the jar, Dr. Barr asked all to stand up if they heard a noise. Then the explosion took place, and about a hundred stood up, with faces full of joy : they were so pleased at being able to hear something ! The rest looked unhappy. Those who had not heard were then asked to come closer, and the gases were again exploded. About half of these stood up, glad and smiling. The others (about twenty-five) were, as we sometimes say, stone-deaf.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are about 20,000 deaf mutes ; in the United States, more than 40,000 ; in India, about 200,000. How glad we should all be if we could give these men, women, and children the power of speech, such as you and I possess !

But, though they can never hear or speak as you and I

do, a good deal may be done for them. In olden times, people thought nothing could be done for the deaf mutes; the poor, silent creatures had to live among their neighbours like a tribe that was pitied and despised. At last an Italian, named Cardan (born in 1501), wrote a book in which he said the dumb might be taught to read and write. Then some Spanish writers said the same; then Englishmen; then Germans and Frenchmen. A noble Frenchman named De L'Épée (*Del-ay-pay*) was filled with pity when he saw two young girls, sisters, who had been deaf from birth. He taught them to speak by signs, and at length he had quite a large school for the deaf and dumb. I dare say you have seen deaf people talking on their fingers, and you know how they make the shapes of letters with their fingers; and it was the clever Frenchman who invented this way of talking. The French use one hand; the English both hands. And now many deaf mutes are trained so well that they can work for themselves as tailors, cabinet makers, shoe makers, printers, dress makers, weavers, laundresses, and so on.

Once I went into a school¹ where the deaf mutes were taught by young ladies to speak with the voice as you and I do. Two girls were talking to the mistress, and I wrote down some of the questions and answers.

"Where is your brother John this morning?" asked the mistress.

The girls watched the mistress's lips and teeth and face. Then one of the dumb girls said, "*At home with mother.*"

"What is the matter with him?" "*Nothing.*" "Why has he stopped at home?" "*I don't know.*" "Where do you play?" "*In the churchyard, ma'am.*" "What do you do when you play?" "*Run about.*"

It happened there was to be a festival in the town a few days later, and the teacher had written something on the blackboard about everybody having a holiday, and about medals, bonfires, music, etc. The lady asked more questions:—

"What will be given you on Wednesday?"

"*Medals.*"

The girl said this at first like *Muttles*, but pronounced it right after being corrected. You would smile to see how

¹ In Leicester.

the mistress corrects her scholar. She takes the scholar's hand and places it next her own throat, so that the scholar may feel the movements made when the words are sounded. If you put your own hand to your throat while you say *music*, *glitter*, *funny*, etc., you will notice how it feels. So the mistress went on:—

"Who will give you the medals?" "*The Mayor.*" "Who is everybody?" "*Many people.*" "When will everybody have a holiday?" "*On Thursday and Friday.*" "What will the shops do?" "*The shops will be closed.*" "What does CLOSED mean?" "*Locked up; shut up.*" "What is a bonfire made of?" "*Paper, wood, coals.*" "What park will you go into?" "*Abbey Park.*" "What will you see?" "*Water, flowers, swans.*" "Will you hear the band play?"

One of the girls pointed to her shoulders. The mistress said that meant the girl could feel the thrill or vibration in her shoulders when the men played their brass instruments.

Then the mistress pointed to me, and asked: "Can Mr. G. hear?" "*Yes.*" "Why can he hear?"

Well, that was a very hard question. The girl Kate looked at me and said: "*Because he's a man!*"—and her reply made me laugh heartily; and when I laughed the girl laughed, and the mistress laughed. I like to laugh in a school. Don't you?

A man called at the school while I was there, and told the mistress how his little boy (one of the deaf mutes) had caused an explosion of gas at home. A gas meter was being mended; a hole in the pipe was plugged with paper; the boy set light to the paper with a match, and then followed a CRASH and a BANG! The meter was burst; and the damage cost the father thirty shillings. The father had come to beg the mistress to explain to his son what he had done, and why he must be careful. The ladies could explain better than the father could. So one of the teachers took several boys and girls to a gas meter in a corner of the school, and warned them against playing with gas, matches, and fire. She related to them how a little girl named Nellie, three years old, had been injured. Nellie's brother played with fire, and his sister's hand was burned so badly that she lost one of her fingers.

"How many fingers have you?" asked the teacher of the boy who played with the gas meter.

“Four, and a thumb.”

“But when Nellie’s hand was burned, how many fingers had she then?” “*Three.*”

Ah, only three ! The deaf children looked at the teacher, and at one another. They were sad as they thought of little Nellie. The boy who had spoiled the gas meter was the most serious of all.

After that I went to hear another teacher talking with the older scholars. She told a simple story. The girls and boys looked at her with such attentive eyes. It is wonderful how steady and piercing is the gaze of deaf mutes. All their heart seems to come into their eyes. The lady told the story in slow sentences—about the boy who wanted a garden, and his mother gave him a little plot of ground. What grows in a garden ? The deaf mutes said, “*Geraniums, roses, daisies, potatoes, peas.*” Where do we put flowers in winter ? “*In greenhouses.*” After that the boy got tired of the garden, and wanted a dog ; and his mother gave him one. Next, he longed for a rabbit ; and his mother gave him one. “Have you seen rabbits?”

The deaf mute Clara said, “*Yes, in Bradgate Park.*” “Were the rabbits tame?” “*No, they ran away*”—and Clara waved her hands to show how swiftly the bunnies ran into their burrows.

When the lady had finished the story, I asked if Kate might say to me a piece of poetry, and she repeated—

*Little Boy Blue, come, blow up your horn,
The sheep’s in the meadow, the cow’s in the corn ;
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep ?
Under the hay-cock, fast asleep.*

Kate said it slowly, and I could understand every word she said. Then one of the boys was requested to draw Boy Blue’s horn on the blackboard, and he made a fine curly-looking bugle. And when I had seen the coloured drawings, and the writing books, and arithmetic books—all the work of these children who live in the land of SILENCE—it was time to leave. But I shall often think of those girls and boys and the wonderful look in their eyes.

As I came away, I thought of a story I once read in the newspaper about a boy, a deaf mute, who lived in an asylum at Sunderland. He was about six years old, but so wild and

passionate that he would often bite and kick the persons who came near him. A poor woman whose mind was crazed lived in the same asylum. She got the strange fancy into her head that he was her son, and she approached him with kindness. He bit her and kicked her, but she loved him all the same, until at last the little lad's heart softened, and he was good to her in return, and would run to her with a smile as if to his very own mother. Love had changed his wildness into obedience and respect. Now, the children who go to the deaf-and-dumb schools are not wild like this idiot boy ; yet they are far behind you and me in quickness and sense. But the kindness of teachers can work a change in their minds and characters, so as to train their thoughts, and hands, and tongues, and make them friends with you and me, and useful labourers in the world. Yes, surely you girls and boys that can hear well and speak well will be friends and helpers of the deaf and dumb? I have heard of children who meet deaf mutes in the street, and tease them, push them, knock them down, jeer at them, and mock them. What do you think of that? I know by the look in your faces you are ashamed even to hear of such deeds.

Be glad, children, that you can hear the voices of your mothers and fathers, for the Children of Silence cannot hear. And I am glad, and you are glad, that the kindness and patience of teachers can teach the dumb to speak.

LESSON XXVI.

THE BLIND

A visit to an institution for the blind described. Occupations : reading, writing. Duty towards the blind.

“THIS is where the blind men weave baskets,” said Mr. D., as we entered a large room, in which I saw fourteen or fifteen men at work.

There was a constant sound of “Clack, clack, clack !” This sound was made by the long osiers (twigs of the willow-tree) rattling in the basket-makers’ hands. Some of the weavers stood ; some sat with legs straddled out, holding their half-made baskets between their knees. They were making hampers to carry potatoes ; baskets to hold boots and shoes ; round wicker-cases to hold cheeses ; clothes baskets ; and wicker boxes, each divided into twenty-four little boxes to contain wine bottles.

There was a grey-haired weaver in the corner. It seemed to me a little dark there, but what did that matter to a man who could not see ?

“He has worked for us for thirty-nine years,” said Mr. D. “He lost his sight through falling off a wall when he was seventeen years of age. Over there you may see his son. It is a curious thing. The son also lost his sight when he was but a lad of eight or nine.”

We presently passed through a room where a blind woman sat writing a letter. She had placed a sheet of paper in a frame something like the frame of a school-slate. Over this she held a flat piece of brass with holes in it, all in a row. Through these holes she pushed the sharp point of a tool, called a style, and with this she made what are known as Braille letters—that is, letters which stand up on the paper. Blind people can feel these letters with the tips of their fingers, and in this way they may be taught to read and write.

I dare say you have seen blind people reading with their fingers. You might like to know that these letters were invented by a man named Braille (died 1852). But the first person to think of this kind of type or reading was the Frenchman, Valentin Haüy (died 1822), and, if you do not mind, I will relate to you how the idea came to him. One day he met a blind beggar, into whose hand he meant to drop a *sou*, but by mistake he gave him a silver coin, the same size and weight as the *sou* (French halfpenny). The blind beggar was honest.

"Sir," he cried after Valentin, "you have made a mistake ; you have given me silver instead of copper."

Valentin was astonished.

"How," he asked, "did you know the difference?"

"By feeling the figures stamped on the coins," answered the blind man.

Valentin walked on, reflecting. He thought to himself, "This is a clever way blind people have. Could we not make use of it? Could we not make letters which they could understand by means of their fingers?"

Valentin tried the plan in a school which he established.

Well, now let us come back to the workshops where Mr. D. and I were watching the basket-makers and their comrades.

In another room we saw a dozen or more women all busy. Some made brushes for cleaning boots, or polishing grates with blacklead. First they would take the wooden backs, which were pierced with holes, and through these holes they would thrust little tufts of hair or fibre, and fasten them with wire. Then the hair and fibres were trimmed by a large knife working in a machine. Other women were caning chairs, and very nimbly did their fingers thread the thin slips of cane in the cross pattern which you see in cane-bottomed chairs. I noticed that four different widths of cane had to be used in the pattern of one chair-bottom ; but the blind woman by her delicate touch knew which was which. One woman made curious circular brushes of soft fibres, which are whirled round and round in the shoe factories in order to brush newly-made boots, and make them glossy. An old lady who made brushes was very deaf as well as blind.

"Do you know who is looking at you?" asked Mr. D.

"I think it's Tom," she replied.

"No, it's Mr. D.," he said.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," cried the old lady.

"Do not call me Tom again," said Mr. D., laughing.

"No, I won't if I can help it," she answered, also laughing.

Some of the workers wore purple glasses, and I asked why. Mr. D. told me one reason was that their poor blind eyes looked strange and unpleasant, and so they were hidden from view. It made me sad to see the purple glasses.

Before we left the room I asked a brush-maker how long she had been blind.

"About forty-five years."

"And how old were you when you lost your sight?"

"About twenty-five."

"Then, of course, you can remember the look of red, blue, green, and other colours?"

"Yes," she said; "and I can think now of the sun and moon, and the bright stars in the firmament."

Mr. D. showed me the library. The books were printed in the raised Braille letters. There were all sorts of volumes—History of England, History of Scotland, History of the World, Prose and Poetry for Recitation. That last book pleased me. I thought that, though the readers could not see, they could learn the stories and verses in the book, and speak them with as clear a voice as you and I can. Other books were Shakespeare's plays, the life of Benjamin Franklin, and so on.

A room was set apart to store the articles made by blind workers, and in two glass cases I saw some very remarkable things. They had been collected by a gentleman on his travels, and were all made by blind folk—wool-work, lace, bead-work, dolls and other toys, and many other objects. To each article there was tied a ticket, showing where it was made. I read the names of such places as New York, Amsterdam, Paris, Milan, Lausanne. Ah, me! Do you see what the names show? There are blind people in America, Holland, France, Italy, Switzerland—yes, all over the world. But all over the world people are more and more ready to help the blind by protecting them, and by teaching them to gain their own living. It is wonderful how many things the blind can do. They can play organs,

pianos, violins, and other musical instruments ; they can tune pianos ; they can recite, lecture, and write books ; they can do type-writing ; they can make mats, brushes, brooms ropes, sacks, baskets, etc. ; they can exercise themselves in the gymnasium ; they can skate ; they can swim ; they can row ; and they can cycle—some going as much as fifty or sixty miles in one day. And yet they dwell in the Land of Darkness all the year round.

Let us make our salute to the industrious blind folk who make mats and brushes. Let us also salute the blind poet, John Milton. In his old age he dwelt in a little cottage in an English village. There were roses about the porch. More beautiful were the thoughts in the poet's mind. Still he could not help, now and then, grieving over the loss of his sight. In his poem of *Paradise Lost* he sighs to think that he cannot see the bloom of spring-time, the roses of summer ; instead of that, he is surrounded by clouds of darkness :—

“Not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.”

The “one entrance” means his eyes ; for he could not take in any knowledge or wisdom by the eyes. Yet, like the old lady in the workshop, Milton could bear in mind what he had seen of the earth and the stars, and he could tell, in noble verses, what he remembered.

I have heard of a Welshman who had been blind, but received his sight by the removal of a cataract (*kat'-ar-akt* : a kind of skin growing over the eye). For a time after its removal he had to wear a bandage. When it was taken away, he was startled at the sight of the earth. When a flock of sparrows flew by, he thought they were tea-cups ! When a lamp was lit, he wished to pick up the flame as if it were a bright stone. When evening came and night drew on, he became sorrowful, for he feared that his sight was going away again.

Children—you who can see—you have no such fear when the stars twinkle out in the wide heavens ; for you know you

will see the rosy dawn, and you will see the green trees in the morning light, and the faces of your dear mother and father. You are glad that you can see. When you are glad, do you not wish others to share your pleasure with you? Do you not share your sweets and your toys? And can you share your sight with the blind? In one way, no; in another way, yes. For, if you help them whenever you see them in a difficulty, you are really sharing your eyesight with them. And this is what the good man Job meant when (as you may read in the Bible) he told how he tried to help those who were in trouble, and said :—

I became eyes to the blind,
And feet to the lame.

NOTE.—The workshops referred to in the earlier half of this lesson are those connected with the Blind Institution, Granby Street, Leicester. The manager (Mr. Draycott) kindly showed me round.

LESSON XXVII.

HOSPITALS

Treatment of the sick by Greeks, Romans, Hindoos, Arabs, and others. Various kinds of hospitals. Hospital collections. Work of doctors and nurses. Better conditions of living.

IN the year 1874, a British officer, named Commander Cameron, was walking across the broad continent of Africa, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean. One day his road lay over hills. The sky was cloudless; the sun very hot. Cameron's feet were scorched, though he had thick boots and stockings on. He entered a village, and the natives clustered about him, to stare at the white man. He was almost dying with thirst. An old African saw his distress, and brought him a large calabash (the shell of a melon-like fruit) full of water, and Mr. Cameron drank it greedily at one draught. The old native gave him more; and then the Commander, in his joy and thankfulness, offered him a small present of beads. But the African declined to take anything whatever. He was black, and he was a gentleman. He was black, and he helped a white neighbour who was in need.

It is this spirit of kindness which made men think of building hospitals, where the sick folk might be cared for without fee or reward.

In ancient Greece the people gave honour to a god, *Æsculapius* (*Ees'-ku-lay'-pi-us*), and sick persons were brought to his temples for healing; and they were attended to by priests, who were really doctors. When a man got well, the story of his cure would sometimes be written on a tablet of stone and placed on the temple wall, so that, as you walked through the temple, you could read on the walls how the god (so they said) had made the invalids strong again. A famous priest of this time was

Hippocrates (*Hip-pok'-ra-tees*), who was kind-hearted as well as good ; and it is related that he travelled in many countries, and even as far as India ; and wherever he went he ministered to sick men and women without payment. At the famous city of Athens, also, there were houses to which poor persons might go for the doctor's advice and medicine. In India, two or three hundred years before Christ, lived a noble king named Asoka ; and he made a law (and the law was written on rocks in various parts of the kingdom) that hospitals should be built for the comfort of both men and beasts, and all the help was to be given for nothing. One of these hospitals lasted for two thousand years. About the year 1800 a traveller in India saw it, and he reported that it had shelters for sick animals covering a space of twenty-five acres : and he says that, when two animals were so feeble that they could not crop grass, the doctors fed them with bread and milk. The Bible tells us that "a merciful man is kind to his beast."

Then, again, in olden Rome, certain physicians (doctors) were paid out of the public money, in order to assist the infirm people who came to them. You know, the Romans were very fond of baths, and they had many fine buildings where men, women, and children could bathe in hot or cold water ; and some of these baths were free to all. In the year 380 a Christian lady founded a hospital (that is, caused it to be built) in Rome. For a long time all the hospitals in Christian countries were looked after by priests. About the year 500 somebody built an asylum (a place of shelter) for mad folk at Jerusalem. But I am sorry to say that, for long ages, mad folk were badly treated in Europe. Sometimes mad women were burned to death as witches. Mad folk were looked upon as wild beasts, and chained up and flogged. Dogs teased them ; children mocked them. Even in London, so late as the year 1820, idle persons were allowed, on paying a penny, to go into the hospital for the insane, and gaze with amusement at their strange manners. On the other hand, I am pleased to tell you about the merciful spirit of the Arabs and Moors. In the eighth and ninth centuries many Arabs lived in Spain, and they set up good hospitals in aid of persons troubled by all kinds of disease ; and in these hospitals the sick were minded by the cleverest doctors that could be got. Besides these they made asylums

for the boys and girls (orphans) who had lost the love and care of mother and father. In 1254 a French king founded a hospital for three hundred blind persons ; and about 1350 another French king set up an asylum for orphans.

Within the last hundred years much has been done to make hospitals brighter and more useful. As you pass along the streets, you cannot go far before you come to a hospital. Sometimes it has a pleasant garden and trees surrounding it. A carriage drives up, and a sick man, or woman, or child, is gently carried in and placed in a bed in one of the wards (rooms). Or policemen walk up with an ambulance stretcher, and under the covering of the stretcher lies, pethaps, a man who has been hurt on the railway, or on a scaffold, or in a mine. And you know that, when the patient lies in the ward, he will be nursed by women who move softly, and watch to see what he wants, and are quick to come to his help. Perhaps you have been ill in a hospital yourself, and you can recollect how kindly you were treated. I once met a child who came from a poor and miserable home, and who had been in a hospital for six weeks, and she said she would like to go back again.

Let us think of the different kinds of hospitals :—

(1) General hospitals which take in sick people of all kinds, and attend to those who suffer from accidents.

(2) Special hospitals, such as for fever, small-pox, diseases of the throat, ear, skin, etc.

(3) Cottage hospitals for country places. The first of these in England was opened in 1859.

(4) Convalescent (*Con-val-es'-ent*) hospitals. These are buildings in which people stay a-while, after having got over the worst part of their illness, until they are able to go back to their daily life and work. There is a fine one near Paris, with more than 500 beds, for workmen who are recovering from sickness. It has large courts and gardens, and round about is the beautiful Forest of Vincennes.

(5) Hospitals built as part of workhouses, where the poor men and women dwell who cannot earn their own living, and are supported by the citizens (that is, the people of the city or town) who pay "rates."

People take more interest in hospitals than they used to, and much more money is collected for them. In the year 1858 the folk at Birmingham started the plan of giving

money for hospitals on a certain day, which came to be called Hospital Sunday. And Hospital Saturday began at Liverpool in 1871. On this Saturday men in workshops hand in their pence; ladies hold boxes at the corners of streets; and processions march with bands and banners. The sick folk lie silent in their beds; they cannot ask for themselves, and so their neighbours, with generous hearts, speak in their name and ask for help in paying for the buildings, furniture, gas, electric light, water, food, doctors and nurses.

I want you to think about these hospitals. I want you to bear in mind that, to keep hospitals going, we not only need good hearts: we need clever brains. The founders of hospitals have to use their wits in choosing the spot to build on, so as to have a dry soil, and plenty of sunlight, and shelter from sharp winds. Also, they must contrive to let in plenty of sweet air, and to warm the air of the wards, and even the floors; to supply pure water, and make sound drains to carry off all hurtful waste; to make rooms pretty with flowers and pictures; to protect the walls and floors from fire. And, most important of all, you should think of the hard work of the doctors and nurses, and the way in which they have to train themselves for years, in order to be good servants of the sick folk. You know that a doctor sometimes risks his own life that he may save the life of a patient. Dr. Macdonald, who worked in the Gray's Inn Road Hospital, London, sucked through a tube the bad matter from a patient's throat; but in thus aiding his neighbour he injured himself, for the poison gave him the sickness of which he died. When, therefore, you pass a hospital, think of the courage of the doctors and nurses in doing their hard, unpleasant, and perhaps dangerous tasks. I wonder if you have ever heard of the noble Italian, Saint Francis of Assisi (*As-ee'-si*)? He had a pitiful heart, and helped men and women who were in distress. But he felt a fear of coming near the unhappy people who were called lepers, because their skins were so frightfully diseased. But one day he was riding along a valley and he saw a leper, and he alighted from his horse, and kissed the hand of the leper and filled it with money. In a way, the nurses and doctors of our hospitals do deeds like Francis did. They come near to the wounded and

diseased, and comfort them by cleansing them, feeding them, and binding up their maimed limbs, and soothing their pain.

Yet, girls and boys, do you know what I think? I think many people fall sick and need to go to hospitals because they live in unhealthy houses, are obliged to work too many hours each day, or have to toil in dusty and unwholesome places. It is the duty of all men and women who notice these things (and it will be your duty when you grow up) to strive to make our towns more wholesome, and to make work and workplaces more wholesome. When we can help all the poor and lowly people to obtain better chances of living in sunshine and fresh air, and better food and dwellings, there will be less need for hospitals.

LESSON XXVIII.

LIGHTHOUSES

Dangers of the coasts at night. Lighthouses in olden times. Methods of lighting. Light-ships. The story of Eddystone. Courage of lighthouse keepers.

You do not like it if the candle, lamp, or gaslight goes out suddenly, leaving you to tumble over furniture, or bruise yourself against the wall. Nor would you like it if you were out in the street at night, after the shops were shut, and all the lamps were to be extinguished. What work you would have to reach home in the blackness and the confusion! Think, then, of the ships which pass in the night along the coast, and encounter danger from sandbanks, from reefs (ridges of rock nearly level with the top of the water), or the cliffs which rise up, gloomy and still, above restless waves. How thankful the sailors and passengers are when the rays flash out from a lighthouse to warn them of the nearness of a perilous place. And how dismal must a journey by sea have been in olden days, when there were few of these kindly lights to be beheld on the beach or headland.

The first large lighthouse that is known of in the ancient world was one called the Pharos (*Far'-os*), which stood on an island at the mouth of the River Nile. It was built in the year 270 B.C.; it was made of white marble, and was about 130 feet high. When the Roman sailors, or Greeks, and others, rowed by in their galleys, and saw the blaze of the fire which burned on the top of the Pharos, they knew they were near the great port of Alexandria. The tower was so strongly set up that a good part of it remained standing for 1,500 years.

Of course, people did not travel about on the ocean highway then so much as they do now, and so they did not take so much trouble as we do to-day to put up warnings. Still,

kind-hearted men did think of their brethren in danger on the waters. In some places candles or oil lamps were lit at the windows in the towers of churches. By the harbour of Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, there rises a small height known as Lantern Hill. Here a chapel once stood ; and the priests of the chapel used to keep a light burning to send its friendly beam across the western sea. At other places a grate or iron cage filled with coal or wood would be fastened on the summit of a castle turret on a cliff, and, if rain and snow permitted, the glow of the fire would pierce through the night and cheer the mariner's eye. A lighthouse on the Norfolk coast was illumined with candles, which were in charge of a somewhat lazy man ; and he left the work of lighting the candles to a poor old woman who lived some miles distant. In bad weather she could not always reach the house, and then there was no twinkle on the dark shore, and vessels were beaten into fatal wreck. People showed more wit in the making of lights as time went on. They thought of placing bright plates behind the oil-lamps to reflect the blaze. In the year 1778, at Lowestoft, a thousand little polished mirrors were used in the lantern of a lighthouse, and the lamps threw out a gleam which was perceived about twelve miles away across the North Sea. Later on gas was sometimes used ; and, in 1853, the clever man of science, Professor Faraday, made the first trial of electric light. If you have paid a visit to the seaside, you may have noticed that the lights of some of the towers of warning keep going out (or so it seems), and then appearing again. This is done by machinery which revolves the lights or turns them round. The light may be hidden for a few seconds only, or even for a whole minute ; and, as the times are different in different cases, sailors can readily tell one lighthouse from another, even at night. This kind of changing light was first tried in Sweden and France before it was used in England. I like you to observe what was done in other countries, so that you may see how men in various lands have helped each other to think out these useful plans for the saving of life.

If I had time, I might tell you about the light-ships, of which there are forty or fifty stationed at points of the English coast. They are fixed to a spot by means of strong chains and anchors, though, in big storms, the cables (chains)

have now and then been snapped. The first English light-ship was fixed at the Nore Sands, in the River Thames, in the year 1732. The old-fashioned lights were composed of candles in lanterns, and these were often blown out, or perhaps the whole lantern would be torn away from the mast by the wind. Robert Stephenson made a better lantern, with strong reflectors, and so arranged that, no matter how the ship rolls, the light always keeps upright.

I should like to relate to you the story of the Eddystone Lighthouse, which lifts its beautiful pillar some fourteen miles out at sea from Plymouth. The first tower was erected on the rock in 1698 by Henry Winstanley, an Essex man. He was very clever at inventions. If you walked along a passage in his house, and trod on a certain board, it moved a spring which opened a door, and out came a bony skeleton. Or if you seated yourself on a stool in his summer-house, the stool swung round to the middle of a pond, so that you would be sitting on a sort of island. These were very fanciful ideas, and not at all useful; and he did a far better thing when he built the first Eddystone Lighthouse. It was a handsome-looking tower, with painted walls, and a weather-vane on top; indeed, it was almost pretty enough for a summer-house in a garden. And, alas! it was not so strong as the mighty sea which tossed about its foundations. On a winter afternoon, in 1703, Mr. Winstanley took a boat from Plymouth, and crossed over to the rock. The next morning the painted tower was gone; and its keepers were gone; and its builders also; for the deadly sea had swept all away.

Then another builder came. His name was Rudyerd; and he made a pile of granite on the rock, and round that he set up a tower of wood, which was finished in 1708. It wore very well, too, until it was burned down, having lasted forty-eight years.

The third builder came, and this was John Smeaton; and he built his house of rock in 1759. In rather more than two years he had pieced his stones together in the manner known as "dove-tail," the corners of one rock fitting into the holes or grooves of another rock, so that the stones clasped and gripped hold of each other. The four-and-twenty candles were set in chandeliers, and hard work it was to snuff the wicks, for the snuffing had to be done every half-hour.

In 1881 the fourth Eddystone Lighthouse was made on a reef near the old one. Not that the old one was worn out ; but the rock underneath it was being fretted away by the endless splashing of the sea, and people saw that before long the tower would be undermined. So the old tower was taken down, and then reared up again on the beach of Plymouth, where, if you like, you may go and visit Smeaton's work. But if you are not able to go to Plymouth, you may see Smeaton's tower by looking at a halfpenny or a penny, for there it stands behind Britannia and her shield and three-pointed spear.

It makes me glad (and does it not make you glad?) to think of the lighthouses that rise, one after the other, all along the coasts of England and Europe, and America, and Australia, and elsewhere, and sparkle out when the dusk comes on, like stars of salvation for the traveller on the seas.

Last of all, let us send a thankful thought to the men who live in these lonely houses. In the Longships Lighthouse, near Land's End, the keepers have been imprisoned by the furious Atlantic for weeks, so that no fresh food could be taken to them, and their stores were nearly ended before help came.

Off the coast of Wales, on some rocks called the Smalls, near St. David's Head, was built a lighthouse in 1776. About the year 1800 a long, long storm raged. For four months no assistance could be taken to the two keepers of the tower ; yet all the while the lights were lit each evening, and people knew that the food was lasting out. Sometimes friends got near enough in a boat to see a man on the gallery, which ran round the great lantern. Yet they did not see him move ; and they wondered. At the close of the long storm it was all explained. The man on the gallery was dead. His comrade feared to cast his body into the sea, lest he should be suspected of murdering him. And thus, day by day, and night after night, the living man did his duty with the dead near him. He was sad, but loyal ; and people honoured him when they heard the story of his courage.

Courage ; yes, that is the beautiful power in men's hearts which builds the towers, and guards them, not simply on soft summer evenings, but when the winds howl around, and all the waves seem to roar in a resolve to crush the

lighthouse into ruin. The keepers in the lighthouses behold the ships that pass, not knowing the people, not seeing their faces. Yet they stay at their posts; and perhaps the stars and moon shine, and perhaps they do not; but always the lamps of salvation hold out their glittering signs when the twilight creeps over the earth and the water; and the men, women, and children in the ships see the lights and rejoice.

Girls and boys, be still a moment before we close our lesson; and think with respect of the keepers of the lighthouses.

[The facts detailed in this chapter are drawn from W. J. Hardy's interesting work on *Lighthouses: Their History and Romance*. Another useful work, with better illustrations, is E. Price Edwards's *Our Seamarks: A Plain Account of Lighthouses, Beacons, Fog-Signals, etc.*]

LESSON XXIX.

FIRE BRIGADES

Rescue from fire. A visit to a fire-brigade station described. The work of men and horses. Fighting the flames in olden and modern times.

A CARTER, named Elijah Reeves, who lived at Ilkeston, in Derbyshire, saw thick smoke issuing from a cottage chimney, and heard screams. He ran up, and saw a woman pointing to the house, and calling, "My child, my child!" A pail of boiling tar had spilt over and caught fire, and the place was filled with flame and smoke. And alas! a baby had been left lying on the sofa. Reeves, the carter, rushed in; the fire forced him back. He tried a second time, and failed. He tried a third time, seized the baby, and brought it out alive. About a week afterwards it died of its burns in the hospital. This happened in October, 1902. You will agree with me that Reeves did a noble deed; and the spirit that he showed is the spirit which makes a country great. But he was a carter; he had his horse and cart to attend to; and we could not expect him and other workmen to run to every fire they heard of. We need special men, with special tools and machines, and special training for the business of fighting the fire. And so we have fire brigades.

One morning I went to the Leicester Central Fire Station to see Mr. William Ely, the Captain, or Superintendent, and he showed me the strong engines, the brave men, and the brave horses that go out, by night or day, to make war on the Fire-dragon, and to slay it.

Mr. Ely was in his office, where he began by showing me a sort of little museum of things that had been snatched from the fire-dragon. There was a pair of boots which were twisted by the heat until the toes turned up as you see them in the slippers worn by people in the East. The head of a child's doll looked all black like a negro. There was a half-burned clock and a scorched book. On the wall hung a

black leather helmet, cracked and blistered by the flames. This helmet had been worn by a fireman who stood on a ladder, and he fought the dragon of smoke and sparks until the ladder itself had begun to burn.

“Now let us go into the Call Room,” said the Superintendent.

On the walls of the Call Room are cases of wood and glass, which contain signals of all kinds. Bells ring *ting! ting!* or voices speak through the telephone, and give the cry of danger. When a bell rings, the hand on an *indicator* (a kind of clock-face) moves and shows which part of the town the alarm comes from. Leicester has more than twenty fire-alarm posts placed in the streets. In each post is a square of glass. The person who wishes to call the fireman breaks the glass, and presses a button which rings the bell at the station.

“Ask the boys,” said Mr. Ely, “not to play tricks with the alarms. A false alarm fetches out the men and horses, and causes them much trouble for nothing; and, besides that, at the very time they are coming to the wrong place they may be wanted at a real fire somewhere else, and the life of a man, or woman, or child, may be put in peril.”

Suppose the firemen at the station are in bed when the tidings come that a fire has broken out. The men live in cottages close by, and over each man's bedroom door is fixed an electric bell. One moment the man sleeps; *ting! ting!* he is awake, all life and movement; he hurries his uniform on; he rushes to his engine; the town has called him, and he obeys. In various parts of the town bells are placed so that, when they ring the alarm, the policemen who stand near clear the road ready for the engine which presently dashes along. Men, women, carts, carriages, waggons, must move aside and leave the track clear, for the warriors are coming to defy the dragon of fire.

Perhaps a fire breaks out in a factory at a time when no one is by to see and raise a cry. Well, even then, the alarm may be given if the master of the factory has placed in the building a certain electric signal. This signal acts as soon as the heat rises to 160 degrees;¹ the message speaks through the bell, and the brigade answers to the call.

¹ These degrees are reckoned on the thermometer: 98 degrees is the heat of the blood, and 212 is the heat of boiling water.

We went to look at the engines, which were painted a gay red colour, and bore the Latin motto of Leicester, *Semper eadem*, "Always the same." The fuel is kept ready under the boilers. When the engine starts to go to a fire, the fuel is lighted, and, in seven minutes, the cold water has been boiled, and the steam machine is pumping water on to the fire through the hose at the rate of 350 gallons per minute, or (in the case of a larger steamer) 600 gallons. In winter the water is always kept warm, and so the water is ready, the men are ready, and the horses are ready. The water to be thrown on to the burning building is obtained from the water pipes below ground, and these pipes are reached through openings called *hydrants*. There are two or three thousand such hydrants in Leicester. When the engine has left the station, men follow with ladders (one of which is sixty feet high), to be placed against walls, so that the firemen may climb to windows and roofs. Down some of these ladders, called fire escapes, people may be carried from windows in canvas sacks or "shoots." A dozen people may be saved by the shoot in one minute. Also, there is a jumping net. This is held by a number of men, and a person in danger leaps from a window into the net. When you boys grow strong enough, I am sure you would be only too pleased to help hold the net in order to save a precious life. If a fireman enters a room full of smoke, he may put on a "smoke-helmet," a curious head-piece in which is carried a supply of compressed air (that is, air packed close) for him to breathe.

You would have liked to visit the stables. I saw five horses, two of which are always standing ready to dart off to the engine in the next room. The names of the horses were Tom, Peter, Prince, Taffy, and Darkie. Mr. Ely told me that when the alarm is heard, and the men run, and the gates of the stable swing open, the horses are ready to spring—all life and eagerness. I would have made a salute to these horses if they could have understood it, for I felt they were servants of the people, servants of society, servants of humanity.

Next, I saw the store-house for keeping ropes, axes, pails, etc. Then I saw the smith's shop, where iron could be heated in the forge and beaten on the anvil, and repairs could be done to hose, or ladders, or engines. The

Superintendent showed me the ambulance waggon. If a sick person has to be carried to a hospital (he may have been taken ill in the street, or suffered an accident in a factory), somebody runs to the Fire Station, and the ambulance waggon sets out on its work of mercy. In the year 1901 the Leicester waggon was wanted 162 times.

A tall, square tower is called the drying tower. It is seventy feet high. When you look upwards you see iron ladders by which the men ascend. From the top of the tower a man can look across the town, after an alarm has been received, and an engine has been sent out, and if he sees a big glare he knows the building is well alight, and sends a second engine. The hose is dried here by means of hot air ; and, as the hose hangs down in long lines from the top, a mile of the canvas piping can be dried at a time. It takes four hours to dry.

The married firemen live in six pleasant cottages close to the station. Flowers are in the windows. A good bath is provided. A nice laundry is used for the washing of uniforms and other clothes. Besides this, I saw a recreation room, where the men could play billiards, or read books from the library. All this pleased me, because the servants of the town deserve to be made comfortable in their houses.

Last of all, Mr. Ely let me see the engine got ready. I stood in the engine room. All was quiet : you could have heard a pin drop. A bell sounded—

Ting, ting, ting !

Rush, rattle, hurry ! Seven men dashed in from the yard, from the workshops ; they ran to the pegs where their helmets were, their jackets, their axes ; they flew to the engine. The stable gates had swung open, a brown horse leaped out, a black horse leaped out ; the two comrades stood side by side, harnessed to the engine-pole. The driver was in his place. This drill had just taken 43½ seconds, less than three-quarters of a minute. The men dismounted and stood about the room, and the horses were put back in the stable.

Again. A whistle blew shrill—

Hr-r-r-r-r-r !

Rumble, rattle, thump ! The stable doors opened ; the horses sprang forth ; the harness was adjusted ; the men were on the engine ; the front gates were flung wide ; the engine rolled into the street.....

All this was done in seventeen seconds.

I could not help feeling sorry at the thought that, before many years have passed, the engines will be driven in the form of motor cars, and horses like Prince and Peter and Taffy will no longer assist the firemen in the battle with the flames.

Mr. Ely related to me how he had been to the United States of America, in order to examine the fire stations there, and see how the brave Americans did the work. That is a grand idea, I think, for the servants of the people to go from one land to another so as to learn better ways of saving life and protecting houses and goods. The first pump for throwing water on a burning house was made by an engineer in Alexandria, in the second century before Christ. The first steam fire engine was constructed in England in 1829, and the first in America in 1840. So you see it was a long time before the powerful aid of steam was thought of. But now, every year, wise brains invent new helps in fighting the fire-dragon. Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen—they are all setting their wits to work, and planning better methods of attacking the dreadful enemy whose breath is fire and whose garments are rolling smoke.

“ Then give them honour, give them fame !
A Health to hands that fight the flame ! ”

LESSON XXX.

ABOUT ANIMALS

Association among butterflies, beetles, and ants. Association among birds.

MR. BATES stood beside the mighty River Amazon, in South America, watching the butterflies. You would have been delighted if you could have seen what he saw. The butterflies were of a yellow and orange colour, and they flashed like little golden stars across the water. Neither Mr. Bates nor any other man could ever count them. They flew close together—in hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions. They flew in the morning, they flew in the afternoon, and they flew across the broad stream, till the sun set behind the forest. They may have been travelling to find a warmer air, or sweeter food, or for any other reason. But whatever they were in search of, they liked to keep each other company.

“Brothers and sisters,” the golden butterflies seemed to say to one another, “let us fly together. Let none go alone.”

They liked each other’s *society*; they liked to *associate* with each other.

Next, I must tell you about the Burying Beetles—that is, beetles that can bury something in the ground. What do they bury? Dead birds, dead mice, dead toads. Why do they bury the toads, mice, or birds? When a dead animal lies in the earth, you know it decays and dissolves. Also, you know that beetles lay eggs, and from these eggs come the worm-like “larvæ,” or grubs, which become young beetles; and the grubs feed on dead toads, mice, and birds. When the eggs are laid in the corpse of the bird, or toad, or mouse, the young creatures will readily find food on going forth from the eggs. But the toad, or whatever it is, must

be buried. Do you think one beetle could bury a toad? Certainly not. What is to be done? The beetles aid one another. The beetle who has found the dead thing calls in four, or six, or ten of its friends, and they all toil together at the task of burying. Each beetle, with its six legs, and its little brain, and its little heart, labours away to scoop the grave, and cover the mouse, etc., with soft earth.

So you see, some beetles know how to *act together*, to *co-operate* (that is, work together), and *associate* together.

No doubt you have often heard how the ants live and work together in their nests; how they make smooth roads through their towns; how they pile up grain in their store-places; how they take care of the precious eggs and grubs which change into new ants and new citizens of the ant-city; and other remarkable things which these tiny six-legged creatures are able to perform. And have you heard also of the way in which they oblige each other by giving food? The ant has a "crop," or inner-pocket, in its small body, and in this crop it can store a sweet juice, which is made by the digestion of its food. Suppose an ant with a full crop is trotting along the street of the city, or through the grass, or elsewhere, and it meets a neighbour who is hungry. The hungry ant, by means of a trembling movement of its feelers (antennæ) shows that it wants something to eat. The companion then gives its crop a sort of squeeze, and throws out a drop of clear fluid. You and I would not think it much of a dinner, but a small ant only needs a small supply; and the hungry neighbour licks it up with pleasure. If an ant which has a full crop is greedy, and refuses to feed its comrade, the other ants rush upon it in anger, and let it understand that they despise its selfishness. And nobody likes to be despised by his neighbours!

Now let us talk about birds. We will begin with a little one—the wren. In the year 1827 a German gentleman saw two wee wrens whose feathers were not yet fully grown. They fled from him, and he could not find them; they seemed to have no mother, and he wondered what would become of them. The next day he happened to peep into the nest of two robin-red breasts; and lo! and behold! he saw the two wrens among the children of the robins. All were being fed together; all were being nursed together; all were happy together; and yet the wrens were orphans,

who did not belong to the nest at all. The gentleman told the story to his friend—an old man, whose name was Goethe. Now, this old man was one of the greatest of all poets, and when you grow older you will be pleased to read his poems, such as the play called “Faust” (*Fowst*). Goethe was much interested to hear about the robins and the wrens, and talked eagerly to his friend concerning the wondrous feeling which led the robins to take care of the two poor strangers.

Very likely you believe that robins could be kind, because they look so pretty; though I am not so sure that the nice-looking birds (and people) are all kind. What do *you* think? Well, but would you believe that the terrible eagles—the kings of the mountains—would ever help one another? A Russian traveller, who was fond of observing the ways of animals, was on the Steppes (the great plain) of his native land, and he saw a white-tailed eagle rising high into the air. Up aloft the big bird flew in wide circles, as if watching, watching, watching, with its piercing eyes. Not a sound did it utter for quite half an hour. Then it made a shrill cry. A shrill cry was heard in answer, and another white-tailed eagle approached; then another, and another, till nine or ten were gathered together, flapping their powerful wings. They then soared away, all in one direction. The observer crept carefully towards the spot where they halted, and he looked from behind a mound of earth, so that he should not disturb them. What did he see? He saw a dead horse lying on the ground, and the younger eagles were feeding upon its flesh. The older birds had already had their meal, and were perched upon some haystacks, looking on at their companions; for white-tailed eagles understand good manners, and the young ones wait till the old ones have partaken, and then they go forward for their own share. On other occasions, also, the Russian traveller noticed the like thing happen: one eagle would search for food, and when he had found it he would give a cry as a signal, and thus summon the rest to the feast. They seemed to think that a good eagle would never glut himself with food while his neighbours were wandering about without a bit to eat.

If you have ever been to the gardens where various kinds of wild animals are kept, you have, perhaps, smiled at the

birds called pelicans, with their sprawling, webbed feet, their clumsy walk, and the enormous pouches below their great mouths. Big as their mouths are, the pelicans know how to procure their food in an orderly and friendly manner. One way would be for each pelican to rush into the water and grab at his own fish. The way they prefer is to hunt for food together, in company, in *association*. This is the manner of their hunting. They go down to the river, and find a place where the bank curves in a bay. Plunging into the water, they advance some distance from the shore, and then turn back towards the land so as to form a half-circle. They paddle steadily, nearer and nearer to the bank, and thus drive the fish into a smaller and smaller space. The pelican-comrades paddle together ; they go forward together ; they eat together ; there is enough for all ; and the food has been far more easily obtained by thus helping each other than if each pelican had fished on his own account. When night comes, they fly to their resting-place, each finding a handy spot, without pushing or quarrelling with his neighbour. Perhaps forty or fifty thousand of these birds dwell together ; and, while some sleep, others stand on guard, ready to awaken the others if danger threatens ; and so the whole multitude of pelicans live in peace and goodwill. You can laugh at their big mouths and big pouches if you like. Yes ; but do not forget that they are wise birds, and are too wise to make war on each other. I wish all birds were as wise as the pelicans.

Cranes are very sensible, too. Of course, you know what a crane is like, with its sharp eyes, long bill, long neck, and long legs. With such eyes it could, if it cared, spy about for somebody to fight ; and with such long legs it could stride very quickly after its enemies. The crane has no enemy in the world, except (so I am told) the crocodile ; and the crocodile will eat a crane if he can. I am sure the crocodile would not eat the crane if he only knew what a charming bird it was ; but, you see, crocodiles have very thick skins, and very thick heads, and are very stupid. The cranes live in flocks or societies. It is very hard for hunters to catch a crane. The clever birds go to the river in the morning for their food, which chiefly consists of water-plants ; and, while most of the flock are feeding, some are keeping watch, their keen eyes prepared for the slightest

sign of man's approach ; and all fly at the news of danger. During the rest of the day the cranes enjoy each other's fellowship in sport and dance. Oh, you and I would like to be there when these long-legged birds have their games. How we should gaze in pleasure and astonishment when the cranes picked up scraps of wood, threw them up into the air, and tried to catch them ; and when they bent their long necks, and opened their wings, and jumped and danced and ran—all in happy company, some playing while others looked on ! Perhaps we should wish we were cranes ourselves.

But the parrots—the wild parrots, I mean—have a good time as well. They live in *associations*. In the morning they proceed to a field, or garden, or to a tree, to feed upon fruits ; and, while the flock are breakfasting, the sentries are on the look-out. If a sentry screeches, they all fly—not some here and some there, but together. They do not say, “Every parrot for himself !” And at night, in India, when the parrots go to sleep in the thickets of bamboo-canes, hosts of other birds—jays and crows—come to spend the time of quiet and slumber along with the jolly parrots. The parrots like it. There is room enough among the bamboos for jays and crows and parrots, and all. If you were to tell the parrots (supposing they could understand your talk) that they had better put a board up thus :—

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

I expect the parrots would reply, “We don't mind who comes to our bamboos as long as they behave themselves !”¹

¹ The facts which are translated into child-language in this lesson are all taken from Prince Kropotkin's admirable book, *Mutual Aid: A Factor in Evolution*.

LESSON XXXI.

ABOUT ANIMALS—(*continued*)

Co-operation among birds. Birds who sing together and travel together. Association among deer, "prairie-dogs," viscachas, monkeys, etc.

SHALL I tell you about a fight? Men and boys like to talk of battles, do they not? Very well, let us go to the field of battle. It is on the shore of a lake in the far-off land of Siberia, in the North of Asia. A multitude of gulls and terns (both kinds of water-birds) fly about the edges of the lake, thick as snowflakes on a winter day. Thousands of plovers and sand-courers (more birds!) run along the beach, whistling, searching for food, all happy and contented. On the heaving waters you see swarms of ducks, which rock up and down with the waves. Suddenly a dark object appears in the sky. It is a kite, with curved beak and very long wings, and long tail. It swoops down. All the birds are now in the water, where they can best defend themselves. They crowd close together, and dash the water until the spray rises in a cloud and gets into the kite's eyes, and bewilders him, and he is beaten off. The birds in the lake have helped each other, and, by *co-operation*, they have defeated the foe. The battle is ended.

Let us next go to Colorado, in North America. Here there are deep river-valleys, called cañons (*can'-yons*), on either side of which rise tall cliffs. In the holes of the cliffs many little swallows construct their nests. Above one of these colonies of swallows was a mound of clay, in which a large falcon (*faw'-kon*) dwelt. The falcon had hooked claws, and its eyes were wonderfully keen. It saw and hungered after the swallows, and would now and then rush upon the small birds in the hope of seizing one. But the swallows flew close, and attacked the big bird with such fury that, in spite of his size and strength, he had to retreat. So safe did the little cliff-swallows feel in each other's protection that they did not take the trouble to move their nests away.

Of course, you know the black crow. Some farmers dislike him because he loves to dig up and eat the newly-

sown seed ; but he also digs up and eats the wriggling little grubs which devour the farmer's plants ; so he does good as well as evil. Well, there was once a crow which was wounded—I do not know how, perhaps by a sportsman's gun. The wounded bird took shelter in a hollow tree. Poor soul ! it looked out across the fields, envying its brethren who were able to fly, and wishing it could follow the sower, and steal some of his seed. And behold ! two other crows came and brought him food, and his two friends did this for several weeks. They kept their comrade alive by their kindness. This was observed by a German gentleman. Also, an Englishman, named Mr. Blyth, saw, in India, some crows who fed several blind companions. I wish crows understood human speech. I should have liked to pay a visit to these noble black fellows, and to say to them : “ Gentlemen (or gentle crows), I respect you for the goodness which you have shown towards your friends in distress.”

In South America lives a bird which has a crest—a circle of feathers—at the back of its head ; and it can scream enough to deafen you ! So it is called the Crested Screamer ; but the natives call it the chakar. In the country of Brazil the people teach the chakar to take care of their poultry. At sunrise the chakar marches out with the chicks behind ; and at dusk he leads them back to the roosting-place. If a bird of prey comes near, the faithful chakar flaps his wings and shows the spurs on his feet. The wild chakars are very sociable ; that is, they like to be in each other's company. Once, a traveller, named Mr. Hudson, came to a lake on the shores of which were groups of chakars, each group containing about five hundred birds. Presently one of these flocks began to sing or scream, and kept on for three or four minutes ; then the next flock took up the song ; then the next, and so on, all round the lake. Also, one evening, Mr. Hudson saw countless numbers of chakars on a big marsh : they continued for miles. They all sang together ; all the crested screamers screamed and screamed and screamed ; all in joy and companionship they screamed, screamed, screamed. Mr. Hudson says it was a concert worth riding a hundred miles to hear. Bonny birds ! Would you not like to go to America and hear their tremendous song ?

Before I leave off talking about our feathered friends, I may remind you of the wonderful journeys, or migrations, which some birds perform, as in the case of swallows, cuckoos, wild ducks, etc. For instance, in September the swallows leave England, France, and other countries in Europe, in order to fly across the sea to Africa, and there they stay until the spring. But how do they go? They might go in twos, or twenties. But no, they love to travel in immense societies. Some time before they set out they assemble at certain places, fluttering here and there, and twittering all day long, as if consulting with one another as to which is the best way and which the best time. At last they advance to the south, all eyes directed towards Africa; all the wings plying with one purpose; all the little hearts beating with one hope—the hope of reaching the charming summerland where food is plentiful and the air soft. In this way, in co-operation and friendship, the vast armies of the swallows pass over land and sea.

We often find the same friendship among the four-footed creatures. The wild mice like to live in *association*; also, ground squirrels, marmots, elephants, rhinoceroses, monkeys, reindeer, musk-oxen, the foxes of the frozen North, and wild horses, camels, and sheep. On the other hand, the flesh-eating animals, such as hyenas, prefer to live in couples; though even lions will sometimes hunt in company, and you have heard how wolves hunt in packs. In Siberia dwell vast herds of fallow-deer; and when the snow-storms approach they gather in thousands and march in a splendid host towards the river Amur; and, having crossed it at the easiest spot, they journey on together to a warmer region. Years ago, when only a few settlers were to be seen on the broad grass prairies of North America, the bison would walk or run in enormous herds, so long that they took two or three days to pass a place where the travellers were encamped. On these prairies used to be seen multitudes of animals, commonly called prairie-dogs. These prairie-dogs turned up the earth in order to scoop out burrows to shelter in. If danger appeared, all the dogs would rush into the burrows. When the danger was over, the prairie-dogs would come out of their holes and stand on the earth-heaps, and bark at one another in a pleasant way, like neighbours gossiping. The tiny animals would frolic about,

standing on their hind legs, and scratching one another without hurting. From one heap to another were footpaths, showing where the dogs had walked as they went to and fro to their evening parties. What merry parties! To be sure, their songs were but barkings, but all the four-legged folk were friends, and that was everything! Similar habits (that is, habits of a like kind) are noticed among the viscachas of South America. (The *vis-cach'-a* is a rat-like animal, about twenty inches long.) The viscacha lives in burrows, many burrows together forming what may be called a village; and sometimes all the people (I mean all the viscachas) of one village go on a grand visit to their neighbours in the next village. The American farmer does not love the viscacha, for it destroys his plants; and so he digs up a burrow if he finds one, and piles earth over the place to smother his enemies. And then, what do you think? When the news of the disaster reaches the other viscachas, they are much concerned. They seem to say to one another, "Our friends are in peril! To the rescue!" Off they go, and set to work with their paws to tear down the pile of earth and deliver the comrades who were buried alive. As for rabbits, you must have seen them in their warrens; and you know what happy families they form. The young rabbits are very obedient to their fathers; yes, and to their grandfathers! Hares do not care to associate in the manner the rabbits do; but they delight in having games with each other; and I have heard of a hare who became so excited by sporting with his companions that he wanted to play with a fox that passed by. I wonder what the fox thought. Perhaps Mr. Reynard went and complained to the naughty little hare's schoolmaster! The wild horses of Mongolia, too, are known to unite in large droves, perhaps as many as ten thousand. When a bear or wolf attacks, the horses run together and drive it back, and may even chase it for some distance.

The monkeys—the chimpanzees, the mandrills, the baboons, and the rest—associate together, and if one is left alone it becomes sad. If one raises a cry of fear, the others hurry to its aid, and help to repel a beast or bird of prey. Even eagles will not attack a band of monkeys. If they are on the march, and one is hurt, some of its mates will stay by it as long as they are of any use. When one lights upon

an ant's nest which may be partly covered by a heavy stone, its comrades assist in raising the weight, so that all may join in searching for ants' eggs. And the monkeys known as tee-tees will cuddle each other when it rains, and roll their tails over each other's necks to keep off the wet.

Men and women, and girls and boys, are very wise and clever—especially boys!—and they can do many things which the tee-tees and viscachas and chakars (please do your best to say these funny names) know nothing about. Human beings can build churches and ships; they can make organs and violins; they can stretch telegraphs under the sea, and span broad lands with railways; and besides all this, they know wonderful ways of killing each other with guns. But I do think (and don't you?) that they would be happier if they always *co-operated* like the prairie-dogs, kept together in friendly *association* like the fallow-deer, and *protected* each other like the jolly little tee-tees.

LESSON XXXII.

ABOUT ANIMALS—(*continued*)

Meanness of injuring weaker creatures.	Kind lads and cruel lads.
The effect of kind treatment on animals and their owners.	Affection between animals

It was very hot in the summer of the year 1363, but a very cold winter followed; and the streets of the Swiss town of Zürich swarmed with wild ducks and other birds that came for food and shelter. They were so little afraid of man that they came close to the townsfolk, and could easily be captured. But the rulers of Zürich issued an order that no man should shoot, or throw stones at, or in any way hurt, these hungry creatures who had placed themselves under the protection of human beings. It was thought *mean* to injure the birds who so trustfully approached the dwellings of men and women; just as you would consider it mean if a big, strong boy acted the bully to a weaker boy.

A gentleman in Leicester saw some boys stoning a frog, and he stopped to speak to them.

"Would you," he asked, "throw stones at a lion?"

"No."

"No? Not stone a lion? What would you do?"

"We should run away."

"You would run away, would you? And would you think it *mean* to run away from a lion?"

"No; the lion would be so strong."

"But the frog is not strong?"

"No."

"And so you don't run away from the frog?"

They laughed at the idea; and the gentleman asked again:

"Then you don't think it *mean* to stone a frog?"

They looked at one another.

"Yes," replied one of the boys, "it is; and I shan't throw any more."

So saying, he went away, and his companions followed him, and left the frog in peace.

Yes, boys; leave the frogs in peace. Do not take them from the pond, where they are happy, and put them in a tin can or a handkerchief, where they are unhappy. In the pond they are not only happy, they are beautiful in their movements.

The toad, I agree, is not beautiful, either in its shape or its movement. It is, however, harmless; it lives in ditches and caves out of our way, and does not push itself into our notice; and its food is insects, worms, and other soft-bodied creatures. It is almost more mean to hurt a toad, because it has not power to move quickly from us as the frog has. I should like to tell you the story of a toad, which I read in a French poem. One evening the toad was slowly making its way along a rut or grove worn by cart-wheels in a country lane. Four schoolboys came running along; they had red cheeks, and were blithe and racketty. They saw the toad.

"Ha! let's kill it."

They struck it with sticks. One fetched a heavy stone, and was about to crush it. Just then they heard the sound of cart-wheels.

"Stop!" said one to the boy who held the stone; "let the cart-wheel go over it!"

They agreed, and they watched in silence, as the cart rumbled along. The driver was swearing at the ass who drew the cart. Presently the ass saw the toad—stopped—pressed backward (while the man beat him), then pulled forward again, but so as to draw the wheel on one side, and the toad was unharmed. The boys appeared to be ashamed. If the ass did not hurt the toad, why should they? A voice seemed to say in the ear of one of them, *Be kind*. He never forgot the thought of kindness that entered his mind at that moment. The lad afterwards became a poet, and wrote the story in verses of his own. His name was Victor Hugo.

Better still were the Lincoln boys who were mentioned in the newspapers in August, 1902. They were playing in some fields near the city of Lincoln, and found a collie dog which had been run over. Touched by the animal's helplessness, they got together old bricks, bits of brushwood, and some old rugs, and made the collie a comfortable nest under the shelter of a hedge. Then they took it food and water, and continued for several days to give it their attention, until they had the pleasure of seeing it able to run about again. A few days afterwards a gentleman saw another dog run over in the town of Huddersfield. The driver of the cart was a man in livery, and that showed he was used to driving. Some passers-by called to him to stop, but he drove on as if he cared nothing for the pain suffered by the dog. No wonder the people thought him mean and cold-hearted, and very different from the boys of Lincoln. At least he could have stopped a moment or two to say a word of regret.

No doubt you have heard of the celebrated author, Sir Walter Scott. When he was a boy he threw a stone at a dog which was coming towards him, and broke its leg. The poor thing crawled to him and licked his feet, as if beseeching that they might be friends; and the boy's heart felt pity, and he remembered the dog's action all his life. It was indeed wrong of him to injure the dog; but the right feeling followed: he was sorry for his cruelty. He knew he had been mean.

Why, even the Indians (whom some foolish people sneer at because of their dark colour) understand the right way to treat animals. Let me tell you a Hindoo fable.

A Brahman in India had a strong bull, which he used for drawing his carts. He fed the bull on rice ; he loved it ; and he gave it the pet name of Nandi-Visala. According to the myth (*mith*, a legend), the bull had the power of speech ; and one day he said to his master :

"Tell your neighbour, the rich farmer, how strong I am. Make him a bet that I can move a hundred ox-carts at once. You'll win."

[I am afraid the Hindoos who invented the story thought betting a proper thing.]

The Brahman did as the bull advised.

"Tush !" cried the farmer.

"All right," answered the Brahman ; "I'll bet you a thousand silver pieces that he can."

Then he filled a hundred carts with gravel and sand, and fastened them in a long line together. After placing a garland of flowers round Nandi-Visala's neck, he mounted the front cart, lifted his goad (a sharp-pointed stick), and shouted :

"Gee up, you brute ! Drag 'em along, you wretch !"

The bull never moved. He stood as firm as a rock. The bet was lost ; and the Brahman went home, and lay down on the ground in despair. The bull came up and asked :

"Are you asleep?"

"How can I go to sleep after losing so much money?"

"Master," said Nandi-Visala, "I have lived a long while in your house. Have I ever broken your pots, or rubbed up against the walls, or made the place untidy?"

"Never, my dear."

"Then why did you call me a brute and a wretch ? It was your fault, not mine. Go now ; bet the farmer two thousand pieces, and never call me such names again."

The Brahman did so. Again the bull was harnessed in front of the hundred carts ; and many people looked on. His master said :

"Gee up, my beauty ! Drag 'em along, my beauty !"

And Nandi-Visala gave a big pull, and the long chain of carts began to move. Kind words had more power than the goad or the harsh command.

You see, animals like to be treated with respect. They do not care for rudeness, any more than you or I do.

They understand when the voice is friendly, or the touch gentle. It is a beautiful thing to see man and beast living in sympathy. I am sure you will think so when I tell you the following story, taken from the writings of Laurence Sterne.

At the door of a Spanish inn a poor German peasant sat on a stone bench. He had at his side an ass's saddle and a bridle. With a look of sadness, he was putting into a bag a piece of bread.

"This," he said, "should have been thy portion, hadst thou been alive to share it with me."

He was speaking to a dead ass.

Some people gathered round the peasant, and asked him his history.

He had had three sons, he replied ; three of the finest lads in Germany. The two elder ones had died, and the youngest fell seriously ill. The father made a vow that, if this son recovered, he would make a journey all the way to the cathedral of St. Iago (*Ee-ah'-go*) in Spain, and offer thanks for the healing of his boy. The son did get well ; and the peasant set out on his faithful ass. All the way the ass shared his master's food ; they were affectionate comrades. The ass loved its master ; and once, when the peasant lost his way among the mountains of the Pyrenees, he became parted from the ass ; and for three days the ass had sought him as much as he sought the ass. Each had scarcely eaten or drunk till they met.

"Thou hast one comfort, friend," said Laurence Sterne, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast : I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him."

"Alas !" replied the peasant, "I thought so when he was alive ; but now that he is dead I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him ; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear it is my fault that he died."

Mr. Sterne said to himself :

"Shame on the world ! If we loved each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

LESSON XXXIII.

ABOUT ANIMALS—(*concluded*)

Disgust caused by cruel treatment of animals. Does sport make sportsmen generous? A man who is kind to animals attracts our respect. Our humble kinsfolk.

ATHENS has been the chief city of the land of Greece for ages. In olden times the city was kept in order by a council of elder men, called the Areopagus (*Ar-e-op'-a-gus*). They sat on a hill-side in the open air, and discussed the affairs of Athens, and tried prisoners who were accused of misdeeds. One day, as these magistrates were in council, a poor sparrow, fiercely pursued by a hawk, flew into their midst, and took refuge under the robe of one of the elders. He dragged it forth from his bosom, and threw it to the ground with such force that it died.

His fellow-magistrates saw his action, and raised a cry of horror. Who would care to sit near a man who could be guilty of such cruelty towards a harmless sparrow? Was he likely to judge with a fair and honest mind the persons who were brought to trial before the Areopagus? They all agreed that he was unfit to hold office as a magistrate, and they expelled him.

Do you think they were right? He might have replied: "What have sparrows to do with our business here? We are here to judge people, not birds." Yes; but we ought to have good feelings towards birds as well as men; and he who harbours unkind feelings towards dumb animals will very likely be harsh in his conduct towards human beings.

There was once a notable French painter named Gros (*Gro*); and he had under his care a number of pupils who worked in his studio. They drew with chalk or pencil; they used water-colours and oil-colours; they all hoped to become artists.

One day, while the young fellows were busy at their easels, another pupil entered the studio with his hat on. Something alive was fluttering in his hat, and could not escape. It was a butterfly, which he had transfixed with a pin. The lovely insect was slowly dying.

No doubt you have seen the cases of butterflies in a museum; and you have admired their glorious colours—green, blue, red, orange, purple, yellow, pink, brown. Surely you will feel, as the painter Gros felt, angry at the young man's behaviour.

"What, unhappy man!" he cried. "Is this the feeling that beautiful things inspire in you? You find a beautiful creature, and all you can do is to make it suffer? Do not come here again."

That was right. However clever the young man might be, the master was convinced he was not worth teaching if he could treat a butterfly in so heartless a manner. Would he paint really beautiful pictures when he could seize a beautiful living thing and spoil its loveliness and torture its helpless body?

Sometimes people who are cruel to animals are punished by the law. But, whether they are so punished or not, we can show our opinion of their conduct by avoiding them and showing that we do not care for their society. We should let them see we consider it very *mean* to ill-use a dumb creature.

Some years ago several gentlemen sat smoking and drinking in a Scottish bothy (or hut). They were young fellows from Oxford University. As they smoked and drank their whiskey, they talked of sport; they told each other tales of the remarkable feats (or actions) which they had performed while shooting grouse, or stalking (following after) deer on the Highland mountains. These sportsmen were proud of their work in slaying so many animals. They thought their sport was a very manly business.

"Yes," they said, "sport takes a man out among the fields, woods, and hills. It braces him up. It makes him strong in muscles and strong in character. It makes him brave and sound-hearted. Men who hunt are better than the milk-sops who do not love sport. Sportsmen are never mean."

Is that so? Robert Browning, a well-known English poet, did not think so. He told the young Oxford gentlemen a story which you and I can read in his poem of "Donald"; and you will see that Donald, though a sportsman, had by no means a generous spirit. When Mr. Browning met Donald, he was begging for money from

gentlemen who travelled on the moors and mountains in Scotland. Donald carried about with him the skull of a stag; and, when anyone asked him why he carried so strange an object, he would tell them the story of the stag's death, and of the misfortune which had ruined his own health and strength.

One day Donald was stalking deer in the Highlands. He was following the timid creatures from place to place, keeping out of the sight of their sharp eyes, making no sound that would attract their sharp ears, and moving in a direction which left the deer between him and the wind, so that he should not be detected by their sharp scent. This creeping and crawling is called deer-stalking.

Donald was making his way along a narrow path. On his right the cliffs fell deep to the valley. On his left the cliffs rose high towards the sky. In the midst of the pathway he met a big gold-red stag, whose beautiful antlers branched over his head. Neither man nor animal had room to turn round without danger of falling over the precipice. The stag looked at Donald, and Donald looked at the stag. Then Donald lay down. The stag seemed to understand. He moved forwards, and began to step lightly over the huntsman. If Donald had let the creature pass, all would have been well. Each would have gone away in safety. But a mean, paltry thought entered the sportsman's mind. How easy it would be to kill the stag as it crossed over Donald's body! The man drew his knife quickly, and plunged it into the noble animal's flesh. The stag stopped, quivered in pain, toppled to one side, and fell headlong down the cliff, and the swift motion carried Donald over as well!

Thud!

Donald had fallen on the body of the dead deer. He was so badly bruised that he could not rise; he must needs lie there, hour after hour, until the sun set. The stars came out; still Donald lay there among the rocks. The morning arrived, and some people found him and bore him away to a hospital. He was never well and strong again. His health was wrecked. Nor could he follow his old occupation. He became a beggar, and with him he carried the skull of the stag he had slain. Perhaps some of the gentlemen who heard his story considered he had done a

very clever thing by killing the stag. Perhaps others thought it was a very mean action. You may think of Mr. Browning's story whenever you hear folks say that the hunting of animals always makes the sportsmen manly and noble-spirited.

A gentleman who was often travelling by train in the United States noticed a poorly-clothed man, who would pass along the corridors (the passages) of the trains which arrived at a certain station and pick up bread, scraps of pastry, etc., thrown to the floor by the passengers. The broken pieces which he thus collected he placed in a satchel. He was a quiet, simple-looking person, whom few of the passengers would be likely to take any special notice of. But the gentleman I have mentioned—Mr. M.—thought he would like to know something of the man's history.

One morning Mr. M. was walking through the town when he caught sight of the gatherer of scraps. The man was watching some large crates, or cases, containing live poultry, which had just been brought in by train. Presently he opened his satchel, and began to fling the food to the fowls. Some of the birds were smaller and weaker than the others. He took care that these had their proper share of the feast. Now and then he wetted pieces of bread from a bottle of water, so as to make the morsels softer for the little ones to eat.

Mr. M. went up, and said :

"You are very kind to those fowls."

The man smiled sadly.

"Well," he said, "some of these poultry travel hundreds of miles without food, and reach this station nearly starving. They need someone to take thought for them."

Mr. M. talked in a friendly manner to the good fellow, and heard from him of the many troubles he had passed through in his home and at his work. But, amid all his troubles, he retained a warm affection for dumb creatures, and he rendered aid to them whenever he found an opportunity. He fed poultry and stray dogs. In cold weather he replaced the coverings on the horses' backs in case they had been neglected; and he adjusted the horses' feeding-bags, and gave them water to slake their thirst.

"These creatures cannot thank you?"

"No, but a look from their beautiful eyes is thanks enough for me."

Sad and lonely as he was, this man had a heart that felt pity for speechless animals, and a hand willing to assist them. And you may also see from this story how the man who is kind to animals is regarded by others as a man who deserves respect. I suppose a man might be kind to animals and cruel to human beings; but it is not very likely; and if you saw one who was merciful and considerate towards dumb creatures, I expect you would be more ready to trust him as your friend than one who was harsh and thoughtless towards what we call the lower animals.

If you had a brother who was crippled, or weak in his body, or perhaps feeble in his mind, you would consider it very unmanly and inhuman to ill-treat him. In a way, the animals are like our brethren in the vast family of living things. We must needs keep them under our rule and order, but they are still our kinsfolk, and should receive from us, as far as possible, tender and humane treatment.

THE PRISONER'S LECTURE¹

A YOUNG Spaniard was sent to prison.

"A bad fellow," said people.

"What has he done?"

"Done? He has spoken against the teaching of the priests; he has written in newspapers, and upset the minds of young men: he is a rebel."

The prisoner sat alone day after day. He loved mankind, and wished to rouse their thoughts to great subjects, so that they might work to make the poor happier and to make the ignorant wise. He loved beasts and birds and insects, and all their colours, and movements, and wonderful works. He loved plants, and he liked to watch the growth of seeds, and the bursting of buds, and the spreading out of branches. In shadow he dwelt, in shadow he ate and drank, in shadow he slept, in shadow his heart ached. And as he sat in shadow he dreamed of the life in the world of men and animals outside:

"There's life abroad! From each green tree
A busy murmur swells;
The bee is up at early dawn
Stirring the cowslip bells.
There's motion in the lightest leaf
That trembles on the stream;
The insect scarce an instant rests,
Light dancing in the beam."

They had thrust him into gaol because he was what they called a heretic.

The prison in which he was confined was a fortress guarded by Spanish soldiers. The soldiers were coarse and thoughtless men. Sometimes the prisoner heard shouts of laughter among the men as they lounged in the barrack-

¹ The main facts of this little story were related to me by a friend of the Prisoner. The details I have filled in myself.

rooms. He was told what they laughed at. They caught ants and spiders, and spilt boiling water on the poor creatures, and were amused to see them spring and run and turn over and over in their pain.

At first, the prisoner said to himself: "If I could speak to these soldiers, I would say to them, You are brutes!"

Then he reflected, and he thought of something better. He sent this message to the governor of the prison: Might he give a lecture to the soldiers in the barracks?

"On what subject?" asked the governor.

"On ants and spiders," answered the prisoner.

The governor smiled, but he consented. It would be a change, and the idea of a prisoner lecturing to his guards was a novelty. It would be a sort of entertainment.

The meeting was held in a large room in the fortress. Officers came, and many soldiers, also their wives and little children. They joked with each other. How comical it would be to hear an address from the prisoner!

The young Spaniard stood up, and he spoke for a long time. His voice was earnest, but his face lit up with pleasure, for he was talking of things that interested him.

He had drawn large sketches of ants—their feelers (*antennæ*), their six legs, the holes through which they breathe, in the centre part of their body (*thorax*).

"What a curious way to breathe," said the listeners.

The prisoner told also of the underground cities of the ants, with their rooms and passages; and about the eggs which the mother ants laid, and how from the eggs came grubs (*larvæ*), which were carefully nursed and fed by the grown-up ants.

"Pretty creatures!" said the soldiers' wives.

And how the grubs became covered up in cocoons of their own spinning, like silkworms, and how they broke through the cocoons, and came out, no longer grubs, but ants with feelers and legs, and with a will to work for the city.

"Isn't that wonderful?" said the children.

And how the red ants went forth to war, and captured black ants, and made slaves of them, and how the black ants fed the red ants.

"We like the red ants," said the soldiers.

And how, in spite of their strange habits of fighting, the

ants understood what it meant to assist each other in the work of the little town; and how some ants showed kindness; how, for instance, when an ant had lost its feelers and could not find its way about, a companion came up and led it gently to its home.

The soldiers were silent, but they were very attentive.

Also, the prisoner showed pictures of spiders, and he described how they spun their beautiful webs; and how the trapdoor spider made a kind of tiny tunnel in the earth, and closed it by a circular door, which it could shut and open.

"Just think of that, mother," said the children.

And how some spiders were said to love music; and he related the story of the spider who would crawl upon the shoulder of the boy who played sweetly on the violin.

The women looked at one another.

But, alas! a visitor saw the spider, and killed it.

The soldiers said nothing, but they seemed sorry the spider was killed.

The lecture was ended. The young Spaniard went back to the prison, and dwelt in the shadow again. But he heard no more laughter at the death-struggles of the ants. The soldiers understood the wonder and interest of these little creatures' lives, and tormented them no more.

That is the end of the story, except one thing that I must sorrowfully tell you. The young Spaniard died in the prison.

WORK AND DUTY

LESSON XXXIV.

CAN

The little word "can." "Can" and "will." Various things men and women can do. Those who seem weak may be strong. Encouraging others. Good work out of common material.

WHICH of you girls and boys can lend me a pencil? You, Alfred? Thank you for so quickly whipping one out of your pocket, and offering it to me. Which of you can lift your chair? You, Ernest? Thank you; I have scarcely spoken the word before you have jumped up, lifted your chair, and sat down again. Which of you can spell me the word DUTY? You can, Lizzie? Please do so. D-u-t-y, duty; quite right. Which of you can write the word DUTY on the blackboard? You can, Maud? Yes; that is clearly and neatly written. Which of you can draw a tea-pot? Step to the front, Tom, and begin. Your pot will hold a pint and a half; now I behold the little knob on the top of the lid; and there is the noble spout; and the strong handle; I should enjoy tea out of such a pot; I am much obliged to you, Mr. Artist.

Let us go on. Which of you can hurt me, if you wish to? What! twenty of you hold up your hands! I am glad you laugh, because then I feel sure those hands will not hurt me. But which of you *wish* to hurt me? None. Well, now my mind is at ease.

Again; which of you can earn your living? None of you. How is that?

"We can't do it now," says Ernest; "but we shall later on."

To be sure you will; later on. And which of you can touch the moon? Not one of you. And shall you ever be

able to? No, never. And which of you can help father and mother? All of you; very good. Which of you can make father and mother unhappy? All of you can do so, if you have a mind to. This is a remarkable power we have; we can make each other sad.

What word have I used in nearly every question I have just asked you? The little word *CAN*.

But did you notice what happened when I asked, "Which of you *can* lend me a pencil?" I did not ask, "Which of you *will* lend me a pencil"; and yet, at once, Alfred was willing. And the same thing happened with the chair. Thus we see that (1) *can* and *will* often go together very closely. Then, when you were asked if you could hurt me, you said, Yes; but you also said that you did not wish to. So next we see that (2) *can* and *will not* may go together. You told me you could not earn your living, but you added that you could do so (so you hoped) later on. And thus we find that (3) the *cannot* of to-day may be turned into a *can* in the future. You said also that you could not touch the moon, and never would be able to; and so, of course, you will not trouble yourself about it, for (4) there are some *cannots* which will never be turned into *cans*. Could you I asked, help father and mother? You answered, Yes; and you could also make them unhappy. There are (5) right *cans* and wrong *cans*. About the wrong *cans* I do not wish to talk. I wish to talk about the right things that can be done, and the people who can do them.

Let me now ask you four questions about men, and four questions about women. Tell me, please, what good things, these folk can do; what right things, useful things. What can navvies do? Dig; lift heavy weights; lay pipes. What can sailors do? Weigh anchors; scrub decks; furl sails; protect passengers. What can judges do? Listen to witnesses; tell truth from falsehood; pass sentence or acquit (let go) the innocent. What can artists do? Paint; carve; engrave; decorate; and teach people what is fine and beautiful. What can Sisters of Mercy do? Nurse the sick; feed the hungry; comfort sorrowful persons. What can maid-servants do? Sweep; wash; dust; tidy; brighten the house. What can school-mistresses do? Teach; praise; reprove; train. What can mothers do? Feed; clothe; nurse; wipe away tears; yes, and ever so many other good things. I

might go on asking you about many other *cans*. Men and women, boys and girls, have many good *cans*, or capacities, or abilities, or powers. Do you like to feel you *can* do things? Yes. And do you like to see other people who *can*? Yes, I hope so.

But now, if I asked you, "What can sick people do?" you might be somewhat puzzled as to how to reply. Let me tell you a story from Shakespeare's play of *As You Like It*. Young Orlando came to the Court of Duke Frederick, who was holding sports out on the green. The Duke and his friends had watched the wrestling of the strong man, Charles. This athlete (*ath'leet*) had already thrown three fellows to the ground; and now Orlando offered to try his powers. Orlando looked much slimmer and more delicate than Charles. Two young ladies stood by—Celia and Rosalind; and they feared Orlando would be hurt, and begged him not to defy Charles. But Orlando was resolute. The ladies became excited.

"Oh," cried Celia, "if I could, I would catch the strong fellow by the leg and pull him over!"

And, when the two men began to wrestle, she said again, "If I had a thunderbolt in my eye, I would look at Charles and strike him down!"

That would not have been fair, would it? However, Orlando did very well, and he wrestled fair, and Charles was hurled to the earth, and the people shouted.

So we learn (1) that some people who appear to be weak *cannots* are strong *cans*.

Not only in wrestling and such things. Have you ever heard of the leper of Limburg? About the year 1480 a poor fellow who suffered from the wasting disease of leprosy lived in the old Flemish town of Limburg. Children who passed near his door trembled, lest he should look out, and they should catch sight of his disfigured face. If ever he walked in the streets, he had to sound a rattle, so as to warn the townsfolk to avoid him. Poor soul! perhaps you would have said he was a *cannot*; he certainly appeared like one. But in the churches you might sometimes have listened to sweet music composed by the leper. Men, women, and children listened, and loved the full, clear notes of his hymns. And again, you could sometimes hearken to people reciting poems that interested and charmed the

hearer ; and these poems were written by the humble leper. Who would have thought that the gloomy-looking man with the rattle could please a whole town with his poetry and music ? So do not make too sure, when you meet a weak or sickly person, that he is a *cannot*.

I will speak next of the clever Danish lad, Thorwaldsen (*Tor-vald-sen*).¹ The boy used to carry his father's dinner to the docks, and watch his father carve the big figure-heads of ships ; and he longed to become a carver—perhaps a sculptor—himself. He attended a school where he learned to make clay models. One day there was a competition, and a group of boys were all trying to win a prize by their modelling. Thorwaldsen was displeased with his own work ; he felt he would fail, and he flung down the clay, and left the room. But his teacher hurried after him. The boy said, “ I *cannot*.” The teacher said, “ Come, come ; you *can*.” At last he persuaded Thorwaldsen to go back ; and the boy set his wits to work, and his nimble fingers did their best ; and he won a gold medal. He was afterwards a great sculptor ; and, in a museum at Copenhagen, you may see the beautiful marble statues which he made. You will agree with me, then, (2) that people *can* often perform good and useful deeds if they are *encouraged*. When you see your neighbour low-spirited about his work, go to him, and encourage him ; and you may change a *cannot* into a *can*. I daresay you have heard how the boy Horatio Nelson (known, later on, as Lord Nelson) was sent to school with his brother William. The school lay at a distance ; the brothers rode on horseback, and the winter snow was deep on the road. The snowstorm drove them back home, and William was unwilling to try a second time. But Horatio said to William, “ You know father left it to our honour, William.” That means, their father had said he expected and hoped that his sons, like brave fellows, would manage to get to school in spite of the trouble of the journey. Then William put out all his efforts, and followed Horatio through the snow, and they reached the school at last. William the *cannot* had become William the *can*. His brother had taught him that, if they *could* go, they *must* ; and they knew they *could* because they *tried*.

¹ Born 1770 ; died 1844.

One more story before we finish : and this comes from a poem by Longfellow. A certain sculptor received from a friend the gift of a most rare piece of wood from a far-off island in the East ; and he determined to cut out of it a noble image of a Mother and Child ; but he failed. In sadness and disappointment, he fell asleep by his fireside. The fire was composed of logs of oak-wood. As he slept, he dreamed ; and, in his dream, he heard a voice calling softly to him—

“ Rise, O master ; from the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee.”

He awoke, and drew from the fire a partly-burned log of oak-wood. And he seized his carving-tools, and he wrought in hope and patience ; and, before long, the people came to gaze, with wonder, on the fair Mother which he created.

“ O thou sculptor, painter, poet,
Take this lesson to thy heart ;
That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from that thy work of art.”

And so (3), you and I *can* do with *common* wood what we may not be able to do with rare wood. And there is plenty of the common wood. The rare wood—what is that ? Why, such deeds as were done by famous persons like John Howard or Florence Nightingale. The common wood—what is that ? Why, the simple duties of each day—the sweeping ; cleaning ; fetching ; lifting ; running ; waiting ; watching—all the useful things we *can* do now. And what you will be able to do in years to come, who knows ? I look at you, girls and boys, and think, “ Well, each of these children is a big bundle of *cans*. What *can* this boy, this girl, do ? They will know by trying. Whatever good thing they *can* do it is their duty to do—they *must* do.”

Shall I repeat to you two lines by the American writer, Emerson ? Listen :—

“ When Duty whispers low, ‘ Thou must,’
The youth replies ‘ I can.’ ”

A noble word is the word *can*. We all love to be strong ; to be useful ; to be *cans*. Suppose, then, I can whisper to you, as if I were DUTY. I will whisper, “ *Thou must.*”

And you reply, “ *I can.*”

LESSON XXXV.

WORK

The magic power of work. Every healthy man or woman ought to work with brain or hand. Work and nobility.

You must be very strange boys and girls if you have never heard of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. No doubt you recollect how Aladdin, the Chinese boy, met a magician (*ma-jish'-an*) who pretended to be great friends with him, and persuaded him to go down into a cave underground; and he gave him a magic ring to keep off evil of all kinds. In the cave Aladdin found the little dirty-looking lamp which the magician very much wanted to obtain. When he was coming back, and when he refused to give the lamp to his companion, the magician angrily threw some powder into a fire, uttered two *magic* words, and the mouth of the cave closed up, and the poor young Chinaman was a prisoner. You know how he escaped through rubbing the magic ring on his finger. A genie (*jee'-ne*; also spelt *djin*), or spirit, appeared, and said: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger—I, and the other slaves of that ring." Aladdin immediately wished to be set free, and the genie immediately lifted him out into the open air. After that, when Aladdin's mother rubbed the magic lamp, another enormous genie sprang to view, and cried, in a voice of thunder: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all who have that lamp in their hands—I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Said Aladdin, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The genie vanished, and in an instant returned with a large silver tray. On this tray were twelve silver dishes containing cooked meats of various sorts; six large white

loaves on two plates, two pitchers of wine, and two silver cups. Having placed the tray on a carpet, the genie disappeared. Well, you know all about the ring and the lamp and their magic powers. I only wanted to remind you of the meaning of the word *magic*. And as you understand it, I can pass on to tell you about Cresin the farmer.

This man Cresin lived in Italy a long while ago. The land which he owned was covered with beautiful crops of corn, and one day the people of the village stood in a crowd looking at his wheat and barley, and talking to one another.

"Yes," they said, "he could not get these fine crops to grow unless he did something very different from his neighbours. This fellow Cresin must be a magician; he uses the secrets of magic to make his fields so fruitful. It is not right. We don't use magic, and why should he? He is an enchanter, and some day he will do us some harm."

So they seized Cresin, and caused him to appear before the judges, and accused him of being an enchanter.

"What have you to say?" asked the judge.

Cresin beckoned his daughter—a rosy-cheeked lass—to step forward; and he laid before the judge a plough which he had brought with him; also, he showed the oxen which drew the plough; also spades, and hoes, and other farming tools.

"This girl," he replied, "pulls up the weeds which grow on my farm. I put manure on the soil to make it richer. I keep my plough and tools in good order, and I feed my cattle well to keep them strong. And I toil hard every day, whether the sun browns my face or the hail beats upon my head. This is all the magic I employ; and any one of my neighbours may have as good crops as I have if they will work with the same willingness."

The judges said Cresin had well spoken, and they praised his industry, and let him go away in peace.

There is the magical power; it is *work*; or you can call it *labour*; or *industry*. Cresin had neither the magic ring nor lamp; and yet his golden wheat waved fair and sweet in the valley, and the sun kissed it in love, and the clouds sprinkled it with pure water. It is this same work which fills the world about us with the real magic. It dresses you

and me, it feeds us, it builds our houses and prepares our beds ; it makes the roads and the carriages that roll along them ; it flings bridges over the streams, and stretches telegraph wires across the land and below the waters ; it mows the grass, reaps the corn, and arranges the flowers in the garden ; it tames the horse and puts the elephant in harness ; it lights our rooms, prints our books, paints our pictures, takes our photographs, carves our statues, draws our maps, constructs our telescopes, creates our ships and balloons ; it finds for us the iron and copper in the mines ; it twists the silver into chains, and turns the ugly clay into handsome china ; it fastens the wires in the pianos, and shapes the brass of the cornet ; it lifts up the high pillars of the temple ; it teaches the singers to chant in chorus ; and it guides the feet of the young men and girls when they dance on the green grass. And when the workman, or workwoman, passes by you ; when you see the carpenter, the teacher, the nurse, the engine-driver, the weaver, the glazier, the laundress, the clerk, the singer, the sailor, the dressmaker, or any of the others, you can say, "There goes the magician !" And if we see a man who never does any work that helps the world—well, what shall we say ? He has neither the ring nor the lamp such as Aladdin had ; nor the ring nor the lamp such as the carpenter has. If he says, "I am hungry ; bring me something to eat," I daresay it will be brought to him, but it will have to be brought by some man or woman who understands the magic and has done work with his or her own hands.

Hands—well, when we speak of hands we often mean things that are not actually hands. A policeman has to work with his feet in much pacing of the streets, and much gazing with his eyes, both by sunlight and starlight. An actor works with throat and lips, and eyes, and indeed he has to be busy with his whole body when he pleases us by pretending to be a prince, or a jockey, or a tinker, or an innkeeper. And perhaps Shakespeare in England, or old Homer in his Grecian island, would often sit looking fixedly at the ground, or the trees, or the clouds, and seem to be doing nothing ; and yet all the time their brains would be at work, inventing pleasant stories of gods and men and women. But, in one way or another, do you not think every healthy man and woman ought to work—with hand or

brain? If the names of all the people in the world were written in one of two books—the book of the workers and the book of those who do not work—you would rather be in the books of the workers, of course. I think it is a very fine thing to be a magician of this kind. We shall not expect sick folk to work—unless, indeed, they like to do so of their own accord, so as to help them forget their sickness; or old folk—unless, indeed, they like to do so of their own accord, so as to show their fellowship with the younger workers. And if there are any people who will not work, and dislike work—well, what shall I say? It is not pleasant to talk about them; it is like talking about fogs, and earthquakes, and famines, and poison-plants, and accidents, and pain.

Have you ever heard of Charlemagne (*Shar'-le-main*), or Charles the Great?¹ He was a famous warrior, law-maker, and builder of schools. You see him in pictures, with a large crown, and flowing beard and moustaches. One day he visited a school, and heard the scholars examined in their work. Now, some were children of poor parents, and some were children of rich parents; and the poor scholars had done their tasks ever so much better than the richer scholars. The King had the boys divided into two classes, and he placed the industrious ones on his right hand and the lazy ones on his left. Then Charlemagne spoke sternly to the scholars on his left hand:

“Ah! you are proud at being the sons of nobles, are you? Well, I care very little for your nobility, though other people may admire you. Be sure that, unless you make up for your idleness, you will never have my favour.”

Charlemagne thought the poor boys were truly *noble*, because they worked.

You hear of persons who are called *noblemen*. I will tell you about one. He was a young German, and the time of which I speak is about the year 1615. This young man went to a rich landowner, a man of rank like himself, and asked if he might marry this other nobleman's daughter. Now, this old nobleman had sensible ideas, and he said to the young man who came courting:

“Could you keep your wife?”

¹ King of the Franks; born 742, died 814.

“Oh, yes, I have large estates, fields, forests, vineyards.”

“Have you nothing more sure and more safe than these? We live in troubled times. There are wars and tumults, and sometimes, in a day, rich men are robbed of all they have, and become poor. I have resolved that no man shall wed my daughter unless he can support her by the craft of his own hands.”

“Very well,” answered the young man, “give me a year, and I will come again.”

He was really noble, as you will see. Going at once to a clever basket-maker, he asked the honest workman to teach him; and day after day he sat with the workman in the shop, and plied his fingers and learned to plait the osiers. At the end of the year he carried to the old nobleman a most beautiful basket, made of white twigs. The father was greatly pleased; so also was the maiden; and the marriage took place.

Some years afterwards the young husband and his father-in-law lost all their lands and property in the wars, and they fled for safety to Holland and settled in a Dutch town. The young nobleman had no need to sit down and wish for a ring or a lamp and a wonderful genie to bring him food on a magic tray. He procured osiers and made baskets of work so fine and elegant that the Dutch ladies were eager to buy. When one had bought a basket, she showed it to her friends, and then they also trooped to the basket-shop, and the workman had a great trade; and the mother smiled at the happiness of her children; and the old father was at peace.

LESSON XXXVI.

WORK—(*continued*)

Work promotes health and cheerfulness, and wins for us the respect and honour of our neighbours. Work leads up to the enjoyment of rest.

THE pond lay very still, and its surface was covered with a cloak of tiny green plants. Not far off a river was running—splash, gurgle, swirl, and ripple.

"You stupid creature," cried the pond, "you are always on the move. You will wear yourself out. You carry heavy ships; you push barges; you pull rafts of timber. Why don't you take things easy, as I do? If a leaf falls on me, I never move it."

The river replied: "I want to keep fresh and wholesome, and only by movement and work can water preserve its freshness. I obey the law of work, and my waters remain pure; and the people love me and respect me, and I shall flow, and flow, and flow, while you will be forgotten."

The words of the river came true. The pond grew smaller and smaller; it was choked up with plants which flourished in its mud; and at last it dried away in the dry clay—and all men honoured the useful waters of the river.¹

Girls and boys, see if it is not so in your own bodies. Do you think you will remain fresh and healthy without movement, without exercise? Would you learn to observe the world if your eye was still? Does not the baby learn to hear by turning its ears this way and that? Has not the busy tongue, by constant exercise, taught you the taste of foods and sweets? Do not your teeth gain power by grinding? If you did not pull, and push, and grasp, and throw, would not the muscles of your hand, and arm, and wrist, and shoulder, become limp and flabby? Does not the leg become strong by walking, running, jumping, sliding, and dancing? Would your brain be rich in thoughts and ideas, and reason, if you did not use it day by day? Is it not even adding to its power while you talk with me and reflect on what I say? And is it not just the same with animals? Do not the feathers of the birds become lovely by flight through air and sunlight? Has not the snake, by coiling many and many a time, acquired its skill in gliding and clasping? Do you not love to see the lissome fish swim? You laugh at the slug, and call a lazy boy "sluggard," but you can tell its progress by the slimy track. How did the lion get its force but by much leaping and tearing? And if you look at the horse which draws the plough or the waggon, you will see, in its noble limbs and shapely head, what beauty work gives

¹ Adapted from Krilof, a Russian fable writer. The analogy must not be pressed too close. We must recognise that the humble pond has its uses.

to a living creature. Why, even when we play, do we not work? We fling balls and wield bats; we push, drive, beat, bang, tug, twist, stamp, kick, wrestle, leap, dive, wriggle, dash, chase, retreat (I am almost out of breath with this long string of words!)—and our friends are pleased to see the brightness of our eyes, the glow of our cheeks, and the suppleness of our limbs. We ourselves are pleased too. We all like to be healthy; and so you will agree that we will work, like the busy river, because Work promotes *Health*.

About the year 1725 a man was passing through the village of Edgware, near London, when it came on to rain sharply. He took shelter in the shop of Mr. Powell, the blacksmith. Powell was lifting his great hammer, and bringing it down again upon the sparkling red iron. As the hammer rang on the anvil, Powell sang snatches of songs. Now, the man who took shelter was Handel, the great composer, and he had wonderful ears to hear. He listened with deep attention, and the notes of the workman's voice seemed to blend together in a new music. When he reached home that night, Handel wrote out the melody which he called "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Perhaps you can play it; if not, ask a friend to play it to you, and it will make you feel how glad a thing it is when work and music go together.

You may have heard of the Miller of the Dee. The Dee is a fine stream, which runs from the Welsh hills into the Irish sea, and, as it goes, it turns many a water-wheel at the corn mills. And a good while ago—

"There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee:
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he:
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
'I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me.'"

But when King Hal (Henry VIII.) came by and heard the cheerful miller sing, he *did* envy the miller, and he wished he could be in his place; or, at least, he wished he could be as blithe. So he asked him what made him so gay, and here is the miller's answer:

"The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
'I earn my bread,' quoth he,

I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three :
I labour hard from morn till night,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me.' ”

Of course, you and I know that all workers are not so happy as the Miller of the Dee. You know that some poor children are made to work till late at night, selling matches or newspapers in the streets. You know that many men and women have to labour for more than twelve hours a day at tasks which are dull and unpleasant, and which do not yield them a proper wage. Such people cannot sing at their work. Indeed, it is not true work in which they are employed. It is slavery ; and all who are able should try to help them out of it, and make their lives easier and sweeter. When you grow up into men and women, we want you to help. It will be your business and duty to help, so that, in days to come, all the work of the world may be done with a joyful spirit like the task of the harmonious blacksmith. And, therefore, we will all agree that (2) work promotes *cheerfulness*.

I will tell you about the stone and the rain shower.¹

The stone grumbled : “What a fuss everybody is making! Here have I lain on the ground for hundreds of years, and nobody ever said ‘Thank you.’ This shower came for only two hours, and everybody is delighted.”

“Hold your tongue,” said a worm to the stone. “This shower, short as it was, has watered the fields and made them fruitful, and lifted up the heart of the farmer ; while you are only a useless weight.”

No one respects the stone.

Bishop Patteson was an Englishman who dwelt in New Zealand and taught the people to live better lives. He did not pride himself on being a bishop, and he was willing to do anything that was useful. He cleared out his own hut, made his own bed, cooked his own food, and mended his own kettle. Another man—another European—lived in the settlement, but his character was very different. He wanted everything done for him. Now, one of the native Maories (*Mow'-ries*) noticed the conduct of these two men.

¹ Another fable by Krilof.

He called the bishop "a gentleman gentleman," and he called the other man "a pig gentleman," and he made the remark that "the gentleman gentleman was ready to do anything that ought to be done, no matter how mean, but the pig gentleman never worked." You see the New Zealander respected the worker and despised the idler.

No doubt you have heard the story of Saint George and the Dragon—how the horrid reptile was going to eat the fair princess of Egypt, and how George fought and killed the dragon, whose scales were bright like silver, whose wings were of fire, and whose tail was poisonous. Well, in the east of England there runs a river called the Ouse, and near it are marshes. One of these marshes was drained by the engineer, John Rennie, and the people of the district so honoured him for his triumph that they named him "the greatest slayer of dragons" that ever lived, for they used to give the title of "slayer of dragons" to anybody who drained a marsh and got rid of its unwholesome damp, and made the land good for crops or the pasturing of cattle. It is right to give honour to the worker.

You know that Raphael (born 1543) was a splendid artist. He died at the early age of thirty-seven. The Italians thought so highly of him that his body was laid out in state, and crowds came to take their last look. There were many wax tapers burning about him, and they threw a light on a great picture of the "Transfiguration"—a picture which showed Christ in robes of glory, and his companions on the mountain gazing and wondering. The picture had been painted by Raphael, and the people paid respect and honour both to him and to his work. We might also say that his own picture gave honour to the dead artist. We have seen, then, that (3) work wins for us the *respect* and *honour* of our neighbours.

As I have just mentioned Raphael, I may as well speak to you also of Michael Angelo, who lived in Rome at the same time as Raphael. Michael Angelo was a famous sculptor (carver of statues). He had a longer life than Raphael, and reached nearly ninety years. One day the snow whitened the streets of Rome, and a Cardinal met the aged Michael Angelo slowly walking along the road.

"Where are you going on this snowy morning?"

"I am going to the school to study," said Michael Angelo.

He was still willing to learn, and still willing to work. Yes, if he chose to work, and it was his pleasure to do so, well and good. But when the old hand and the old head have done much work, they should always be allowed to rest if they wish. They have earned the rest. So also with younger persons. After work comes leisure (or it *ought* to come). And who, do you think, enjoys leisure best—the man who has worked or the man who has idled? If, at the beginning of the day, you sit lazily in a garden chair; or if, at the close of the day, you sit in the chair after doing long lessons, or driving the cattle, or pulling weeds, or mowing hay, you know which leisure you enjoy the best. Only those who labour know the real sweetness of the rest. And so (4) work leads up to *enjoyment of rest*.

“Be something in this throbbing day
 Of busy hands and feet,
 A spring beside some dusty way,
 A shadow from the heat.
 Be found upon the Workers’ roll;
 Go sow, go reap or plough;
 Bend to some task with heart and soul;
 Be something, somewhere, now!”

LESSON XXXVII.

WORK—(*concluded*)

Wasted labour. Examples of labour that brings little or no benefit to the world. Work which blesses.

CREAK, creak! sounded the wheels of the waggon, while the waggoner whistled. A robber lay hiding behind the wayside bushes.

“Ah,” chuckled the robber to himself, “this waggon is laden with good things, all of which will belong to me when I have knocked the waggoner on the head. Perhaps those heavy bundles which I see contain cloth, perhaps embroidered silk, white damask.—Hah-r-r-r-r-r!”

With this tremendous shout he darted from the bushes

and attacked the waggoner. It was not an easy conquest. With a cudgel the waggoner broke a dozen of the robber's teeth, injured one eye, and badly bruised an arm; but in the end the waggoner was killed. Then the robber rushed to the waggon, and (as well as he could with one eye) he examined the packages. They contained nothing but empty bladders, which were being taken to the lard-maker's!

Now, think for a moment of the amount of labour which the robber performed—he used his brain to plot with; he waited a long while among the bushes; he fought savagely and received many hurts; and all for a result which was worth nothing to him. What was the use of his carrying away a parcel of bladders? You and I will agree in calling him *stupid*, because he *wasted* his labour.¹

It was the same with the squirrel in the revolving cage. This cage was placed in a Russian nobleman's window, and it went round and round as the squirrel's paws patted the wires, and a crowd of people watched. A thrush looked in as he was passing, and stopped to say:—

“Dear old friend, what are you doing here?”

“Oh,” answered the squirrel, “I work hard all day. You see I am courier (running messenger) to a distinguished nobleman. I have scarcely time to eat, or drink, or take breath!”

“Yes,” said the thrush, as he flew away, “but you are always there at the window!”

The squirrel spent a deal of energy in performing movements that were quite useless.

And it was the same with the spider. A certain merchant had a shop filled with fine linen, and many customers came. A spider up in the corner was jealous of the merchant, because people flocked to do business with him and none with her. She resolved to set up a shop for herself, and sell cobwebs. All night long she span until she had made a large piece of gossamer. In the morning a servant brought a broom and swept it all away. The spider was vexed.

“What,” said she, “is the good of expecting a just reward? Whose work is the finer and more delicate, my web or the merchant's linen?”

¹ He was certainly too stupid to be regarded as a typical robber. Nevertheless, in another sense the cleverest robber is stupid.

"Yours, of course," replied a bee; "but your web would furnish people's backs with neither covering nor warmth."¹

Sometimes you hear a girl or boy say, "I wish I could go to work." Or a man may complain, "I am willing to work, but can get none to do." And we are apt to think that any kind of labour by which we gain money is useful. But is that really so? The robber's labour was in vain; so was the squirrel's; so was the spider's. Yes, though they made ever so much fuss, it was all in vain. It brought no benefit to anyone; it made no one happier. Look round the world, and you will often see men and women toiling away at things that are of no value, or only of small value. A great deal too much beer is drunk, and so much of the labour spent in its manufacture is wasted. Men smoke too much tobacco and take too much snuff, and the labour given to the preparation of these articles is wasted. Many of the books which are printed—even some of those which are illustrated with pictures—are of very little use: they do not make the readers wiser or more good tempered; and the persons who write them and print them are throwing their energies away. A man goes to "work," as he calls it, in the morning; and the mother says to the children, "Father's gone to work." But suppose his work is to bet on race-courses; suppose he is what is termed a "book-maker." He just wins money from other people, to whom he gives nothing in return. Do you consider that is real work? Look, again, at the men in the iron foundries who cast cannon, or make swords and bayonets, rifles and bullets. What is the purpose of all these weapons? Only to kill; only to take men away from their wives and children and friends for ever. Thousands of men are engaged in making these things. They are, of course, quite honest workmen; but, so far as the world is concerned, does their work bring any blessing? And so, too, with many of the servants who wait on rich people, even brushing their hair for them, fastening their buttons, and tying their cravats and bows. Unless we are feeble and sick, or crippled, it is better for us all to help ourselves in such matters, and the labour of the maids and valets who attend to such trifles is largely wasted.

¹ These three fables are from a collection by Krilof, translated by Ralston.

And so, girls and boys, I beg you not to take up any occupation simply because it will bring you money. Be sure first that your work will be useful to the world around you.

It will amuse you to hear the story (told by Oliver Goldsmith), of Whang, the miller.¹ The miller ground flour for the country-folk, and, though his earnings were small, they were certain, and he even saved money; and you will, no doubt, agree with me that his work was of a very valuable kind. But he desired more, more, more. He felt very envious when he heard that his neighbour, Hunks, had dreamed, three nights running, of a pan of money underground, and had actually found it as he had dreamed! Whang was wretched because he could not manage to dream in that way himself. He became idle and listless at his business, and his customers began to forsake him. At last, however, he had the wished-for vision; he dreamed of a great pan full of gold and diamonds below a flat stone underneath his windmill; and he dreamed of it three nights running. So, on the third morning, he rose early, and sallied forth to the mill, spade in hand, and set to work digging. I said *work*, but I should like your opinion as to that presently. After a long while he turned up a broken mug; then a tile; then a large flat stone. It was too heavy for him to lift.

"Here," he cried with joy, "here it is! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

He went home and told her. His wife put her arms round his neck in her delight, and they proceeded to the mill. Alas! Whang had dug so big a hole that he had disturbed the foundations of the buildings, and the mill had fallen into a heap of ruins. Whang had foolishly given up useful labour for a useless search after diamonds, and now he had lost the means of earning his livelihood. He was even more stupid than the robber, because he had been engaged for years in an employment which he knew would yield him support, and make him respected by his neighbours.

Perhaps, if Whang had read the old fable of the Buried

¹ *Citizen of the World*, Letter 69.

Treasure, he would have been wiser. You remember how a countryman, who felt himself near his end, gathered his sons about him, and said to them, "My dear children, before I leave you I wish to tell you that there is a considerable treasure buried in my vineyard, near the surface of the soil. So, when I am dead, be sure to dig and search narrowly for it."

The father died, and the sons at once toiled in the vineyard. They dug the soil over and over again, but not a single piece of gold or silver, not one precious stone, could they find. But the ground was so well dug up, and took in the sunlight and air and water so amply that, next autumn, the vines bore a wondrous load of purple grapes. That was the treasure! Honest labour is a treasure, and it creates treasures, and covers the earth with plenty. The workman who works usefully is the finest sight in the world. And that leads me to my last story for to-day.

According to an old legend of Alsace (in Germany), a giant lived in a castle on a hill. With him lived his fair daughter. One day she climbed down the steep path to the valley. She had never been so far down before. She had never beheld in the valleys the forms of men and women. She had only seen giants. But now, in the green valley, she beheld a peasant following the plough; and, as he ploughed, the sun's rays fell on the iron share and were reflected in a gleam of light.

"Oh, pretty toy," exclaimed the giant maiden; "I will take you home."

She picked up the oxen and the plough and the man in her enormous fingers, and placed them in her enormous pinafore, and carried them up to her enormous father. Her father sat at table, drinking wine, and he smiled at her.

"What do you bring in your pinafore?"

She carefully opened it, and set the live toy on the table, and clapped her hands with pleasure.

The giant looked very serious, and shook his head.

"My child," he said, "what have you done? This is no toy. Take him back at once. If we had no peasants like this man, we should have no corn, no bread, and not a single giant, or king, or citizen could live!"

Well, of course, there are no such creatures as giants. But you see the meaning of the story. The life of the

great world rests upon work—real work ; not robber's work, or squirrel's work, or spider's work, or work such as that of greedy Whang. And so, brave girls and brave boys, let us go to our work ; for we know the sort of work which is true and blessed.

LESSON XXXVIII.

DUTY

A story of soldiers and sailors who did their duty to women and children. Story of a captain who did his duty to his vessel. Duty to one's city. Duty done without thought of reward. Duty performed by children.

DARKNESS covered the sea. Darkness covered the African coast. The watchers on the ship knew not that they were rapidly nearing a dangerous rock. The vessel carried 638 persons, about 465 of whom were sailors, or men belonging to various regiments of the British Army ; and some of the soldiers were recruits, going to service for the first time. Nearly all were asleep. At two a.m. the ship, which was named the *Birkenhead*, struck on a rock. A leak was sprung. The water was pouring in at the breach. Most of the men on the lower deck were drowned as they lay in their berths. The rest of the men, with the women and children, hastened to the upper deck. All the sailors and soldiers were orderly and quiet, ready to do whatever their officers bade. Sixty men were set to work at the pumps, and sixty to get out the boats. The rest of the people were collected on the poop (the upper deck in the hinder part of the ship). Blue lights were burned and rockets fired to attract attention. The order was given to save the women and children.

Yes, boys ; when you become men you will remember that the women and children must always be helped first from the place of peril. That is why, even in quiet times, when no danger threatens, you are always asked to let the girls and infants pass before you. Sneaks and cowards would push their way first, and leave the girls and infants to care for themselves. But boys that have the spirit of men will always wait.

Well, three boats were lowered. The women and little ones, only half dressed, were hurriedly placed in the boats.

Then a voice called, "All those that can swim jump overboard and make for the boats!"

I suppose the idea was that the men could cling to the boats and so be towed through the water.

"No," said Captain Wright (he was a captain in a Highland regiment), "don't do that; for if you do that the boats with the women will be swamped."

He was very sensible. Men who feared drowning would seize the edges of the boats wildly and desperately, and over-balance them. Therefore, the order was given that the soldiers should remain where they stood until the boats were at a safe distance; only three men jumped off; the rest stood fast. They would not endanger the women and children. The vessel was sinking; the sky was dark; the ocean was deep; but the souls of these Englishmen and Scotchmen were brave. Five-and-twenty minutes after striking the sunken rock the *Birkenhead* went down. Out of 638 persons on board the *Birkenhead* only 193 were saved. This wreck happened on February 27th, 1852.¹

Let me speak next of Captain Riou, who was in command of the war-vessel *Guardian* in the days of King George III. In the southern seas the vessel met a dense fog. A huge iceberg, white and chilly, floated out from the darkness, and struck the *Guardian*, and made holes in its side. For forty-eight hours the men worked at the pumps, seeking to clear enough water from the ship to keep it from sinking. The sailors gave up all hope of mastering the inrush of water. They hastened to the boats. "Which boat," they asked, "would the captain go in?"

"I will stay with the ship," replied Riou. "If I can, I will save her; if I cannot, I will go down with her."

Half the crew left in the boats, and most of these soon lost their lives. The rest remained with the captain. For eight weeks he kept his shattered vessel afloat. Weary as he was, he was proud and glad to stand on the deck of the ship which his country had given into his charge. Some Dutch whaling ships passed by, the unhappy condition of

¹ A full and accurate account of the wreck is given in A. C. Addison's *Story of the Birkenhead*, published in 1902.

the *Guardian* was seen, and the whalers took the British ship in tow to Table Bay. Later on the captain was killed in the Battle of Copenhagen, when Nelson fought with the Danish fleet; and when the poet Campbell wrote the story of the battle he did not forget to mention "the gallant good Riou."

The men on the *Birkenhead* did their duty to the women and children. The captain of the *Guardian* did his duty in preserving the ship of which his country made him the keeper. If you could have asked them why they stayed where danger was, they would have answered :

"It was our duty to stay."

About the year 1780, before the American colonies were quite separated from the rule of England, a meeting of the Parliament of Connecticut (an American Colony or State) was held, and the members were engaged in discussing important business. Presently the heaven became overcast. It was not a storm. No rain fell. No clouds were passing over the sun. A strange blackness was creeping across the sun's face. It was an eclipse. Many of the members of the Parliament were in great alarm. "This," they said, "is the end of the world." Others exclaimed, "No, but it is something very serious; let us adjourn (that is, put off the meeting)."

But old Mr. Davenport rose and said :

"Let us have some candles brought in, and let us go on with our business. Even if this is the last day of the world, I should like to be found in my place doing my duty."

Ah, yes; you can read in the *Arabian Nights* of wondrous places where gold and pearls and silks are to be gathered by all who come there; but the finest place in the world is the place where you have a duty to perform and do it.

You have often heard of the Romans; and you know with what true hearts the Romans served their city (Rome), and their country (Italy). A general named Paulus Emilius was leader of the Roman army in Spain. He gained two battles, and he captured 250 Spanish cities. You may be sure these cities contained much wealth, of which he could easily have taken his share, and no man would have spoken a word against his doing so. But he returned to Rome no richer than when he set out for Spain. Twice he was

elected chief magistrate, or consul ; and thus again he had opportunities to use his power and obtain money ; but he did not seek to enrich himself. At his death Paulus Emilius left only just enough property to keep his wife. His pride was to do his duty to Rome, not to gain for himself rewards of land or money.

Of course, it was right he should be paid for his work as a general. It is right that the bricklayer should be well paid for laying bricks, the plasterer for whitening our ceilings, the postman for carrying our letters, the factory-hand for making our shoes, stockings, coats, and blouses ; and so on of all workers. You also know that, either because we are not able, or not willing, or not wise enough, the workpeople of the world are not all well paid, and their food and dwellings are often poor ; and when you grow older, you must try and alter that. But suppose we were all well paid for our labour. Even then we ought not to labour simply to gain the money or the reward. The money should be given to us in order that we may be strong and able to work ; but our work should be done because we wish to be useful to our neighbours, to our city, and to the world.

Let me tell you a legend. A man at Damascus (an Eastern City) met an old woman carrying in her right hand an iron pan containing fire, and in her left a vessel containing water. He asked her what she was going to do. She answered :

“With the fire I want to burn paradise ; and with the water I want to put out the flames of hell.”

“Why do you want to do this?”

“Because I do not wish anybody to do right in the hope of going to paradise or for fear of going to hell ; but they should do right out of love of the Good.”

I am afraid you will not quite understand this. You may think that men and women, girls and boys, should do the right thing or carry out the right work so that they may receive wages, or rewards, or medals, or gifts. And, as I have already told you, I think many working folk are not paid enough for their labour. But, while people should be paid and rewarded for their work, they ought not to do the work merely for the pay. Think about this, and perhaps, as you grow older, you will more clearly understand.

A little fellow named Tom, not yet five years old, was

sent on a message to a pig-driver who had gone to the market-town of Coggeshall in Essex. The weather was wet ; the lanes were muddy. Tom could see which way the man had gone by the marks of the pig's feet in the mud. On and on he trudged till he lost one of his shoes in the mire. This did not daunt him. For nearly three miles he trotted and walked till he found the pig-driver in the market-place, and delivered the message. This brave child was afterwards known as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. He helped to put a stop to the slavery of negroes in British colonies.

Once again. A little French girl was told by her mother to take a halfpenny (*sou*) to a shop and make a small purchase. A heavy dray was passing ; the child slipped and was run over. She did not drop the halfpenny. She was carried by kind friends home to her mother. On the way she had fainted. When she recovered and saw her mother, she handed to her the halfpenny, saying, with a smile, "I have not lost it."

And soon afterwards she died. She had been faithful to her little trust, and her heart was as true to duty as the heart of the great Paulus Emilius on the battlefields of Spain.

Why have I related to you these last two stories ? One was about a child who carried a message along a muddy lane. The other was about a child who took care of the halfpenny which her mother had placed in her hand. Sometimes you may think that to do one's *duty* must mean doing brave things such as the men on the *Birkenhead* did ; or such as Captain Riou did. I want you to see that, in its way, a little child who does its best to perform its task or serve its mother or father is doing its duty as well and as truly as the strong man in his strength.

LESSON XXXIX.

HONOUR

“Honourable” and “Honour.” A boy’s idea of honour. An honourable name ; but name alone will not confer honour. Honour in word and work. Duelling. “Act well thy part.”

IF you were writing a letter to your special friend, you might begin—“Dear Harry,” or, “Dear Flossie.” In writing to a gentleman whom you do not know very well, you will say—“Dear Sir.” But if you have to write to the Lord Mayor of London, you will begin—“My Lord”; and on the envelope you will put the address—“The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London.” I suppose you know that “Hon.” stands for “Honourable,” and an “Honourable” man is a man of “Honour.” And what is honour?

Of course, you have heard of the great Admiral Lord Horatio Nelson, who was killed in 1805, at the Battle of Trafalgar. I find no pleasure in talking about his battles ; but I will tell of something very fine which he did when a boy. He and his elder brother used to go to school at North Walsham, in the county of Norfolk, and they enjoyed coming home for the Christmas holidays. Once, after the Christmas holidays were over, they set out for school on horseback. As they were riding towards the school a snow-storm came on, and they went home again.

“Well, boys,” said their father, “I should like you to try again. If you find the snow becoming dangerous, return here ; but keep on if you can. I leave it to you. I leave it to your honour.”

They made a second attempt. The elder brother began to grumble at the increasing depth of the snow.

“Let us go back,” he exclaimed.

“No,” cried Horatio, “we must go on. You know it was left to our honour.”

They pressed on, and safely reached the school.

Young Nelson would not have been scolded or punished if he had gone back again. His father had not said that he must, in any case, push on to the school. But he had a sense of pride, of self-respect, of honour. If he had returned, he would have felt a little ashamed of his want of courage. He would have found fault with himself. And so, in this way, a man (or girl, or boy) of honour will do an action because it seems worthy and right, not in fear of what other people say or think.

There was once a King of Poland who had a character for bravery and honesty. People could trust him. Even his enemies knew that he would keep his promises. In his campaigns as a soldier he acted without meanness. When he sat at the council with his lords, he spoke his mind frankly and truthfully. And it is said that he wore in his bosom a locket, and in the locket was a miniature, or small picture, of his father's face. Often would he draw the locket from his bosom, and look at his father's face, and say, "I will do nothing that can dishonour my father's name." His father had been a good man, and the father's name was uttered by the people with respect. The son bore the same name; he wished the people still to speak that name in love, and hold it in honour. Yes, that was very good; but, after all, the people would have thought well of him if he had borne any other name. All the Mayors of London are called Right Honourable; but not every Mayor has been a man of honour; and every "Nobleman" is not noble.

In olden times there was a war which lasted, on and off, for sixty years, between the people of Rome and the people of Carthage. In one of the battles the Romans were led by a general named Marcellus (*Mar-sel-lus*). Struck by sudden fear, or panic, the Romans had fallen back in confusion, and the general was obliged to follow their retreat into the camp. Then he ordered all the soldiers to be assembled, and he looked at them sternly, and said:—

"I see many Roman swords, Roman spears, Roman slings, Roman bows and arrows; also I see many Roman bodies; but I cannot see one Roman."

What did he mean? He meant that it was a grand thing to bear the name of Roman—a citizen of Rome; but

it was of no use to bear the name alone ; a man must do deeds worthy of a Roman's name and honour, otherwise the name was but a vain and worthless sound.

The soldiers stood silent when Marcellus thus rebuked them. Food was distributed to the men, but those who had run away only received barley instead of wheat ; and barley is not such good food as wheat. The soldiers did not mind having the barley, but they did mind the disdain which the general showed when he ordered the barley to be served out to them.

The next day those companies of the army who had retreated asked if they might be placed in the front, in order that they might have a chance to show their bravery and to win back their good name. They fought well, and a victory was won ; and Marcellus said all his men were now true Romans.

"Is it true that you won the prize in the egg-and-spoon race?" asks one boy of another.

"Yes, honour bright," says the other.

It is a curious expression which boys sometimes use—"honour bright"; but it is rather a good one. It seems to mean that, when a man or boy's word can be trusted, his honour is bright and unstained.

Bright was the honour of the famous Roman, Regulus, who was taken captive by the men of Carthage in the great war of which I have already spoken. He was allowed to cross the sea, and go back to Rome, on these conditions : He must take a message from the City of Carthage to the City of Rome, summoning Rome to yield in the fight ; and if he could so persuade the Romans, he might have his liberty ; but if not, then he must go back to Carthage and die. What did Regulus do? He bade the Romans continue the war, and then he returned to his prison. His wife and children and friends implored him to stay ; but he had given his word, and he kept it, though he knew he should be put to death.

Should not honour be bright also in *work* as well as in *word*? The celebrated potter, Josiah Wedgwood, thought so. Many were the beautiful cups, dishes, and vases made at his workplace in Staffordshire. He hated to see a piece of china badly made. If he saw a fault in a plate or vessel, he would take a stick and break the earthenware, saying,

“That won’t do for Josiah Wedgwood.” It appeared to him a shabby and disgraceful act to turn out bad work.

Of the same mind was Thomas Brassey, the contractor. A contractor is a man who carries out the making of houses, or railways, or canals, etc., for a certain price ; even if he has to spend more than the price bargained for, he agrees to bear the loss ; and if he spends less, of course he is pleased to make a profit. Mr. Brassey made a viaduct of twenty-seven arches across a valley in France. He had been supplied with material (clay and stone) which he did not consider good ; and he had complained about it, but was not listened to. After the viaduct was built, wet weather followed ; the masonry was soaked by the rain, and the arches fell into a ruin. Mr. Brassey did not like the idea of his viaduct breaking up. It seemed as if he scamped or neglected his work. True, it was not his fault ; and he was not obliged to bear the loss. But, sooner than appear slipshod in his work, he had the viaduct rebuilt at his own expense. In this way he lost £30,000. But people respected him for his love of good, honest work. His honour was bright.

I might remind you that a very wrong idea of honour is sometimes held. Men who quarrel may fight a “duel.” The person who thinks himself insulted sends a challenge to his insulter. Each is encouraged by a friend or “second.” The duellists fire pistol-shots at each other ; or they try to wound or kill each other with swords ; and many deaths have been caused by this bad custom. In England the duel is no longer practised. But in France and Germany men still seek to defend their honour (as they say) by duelling. Young men at German colleges often fight duels for very little reason, thinking to show their spirit and hardihood. In 1897 a fine old officer, Baron von Ehrhardt (*Air'-hart*), was challenged by a young man to fight ; and he refused. For this refusal his name was struck off the list of officers by the authorities (that is, those who governed the army). They said, however, that he might keep the Iron Cross, which he had won by heroism on the field of battle. The old baron was too proud to keep the Iron Cross on such terms. He returned the cross to the military authorities, and said he would not wear a decoration he had earned if he might only retain it as a favour. In this way the baron

made a stand against the foolish custom of duelling. Many persons sneered at him, and called him stupid and singular. But he did not mind being sneered at. He would not do a thing which he thought wrong. That was "honour bright" indeed. And no doubt, some day, the Germans (who are a great and brave nation) will give up this unwise custom of duels.

Which are the honourable people, the rich or the poor? You cannot answer that question. Some rich persons are men of honour, and some poor persons are men of honour. It does not depend on how much money we have, or what dress we wear, or what sort of house we live in. In ancient Italy there lived a Roman leader named Manius Curius; he was a strong captain in time of war, and, when he led the Romans, he led them to victory. And the enemies of Rome—the Samnites (*Sam-nv'-tees*)—sent messengers to him to offer him a bribe of much gold, and to persuade him to stay away from the Roman army. The Samnite ambassadors found Manius Curius in his cottage. He was boiling turnips for his supper. Not very rich food, was it? He smiled when he saw the gold, and said that a man who could be content with a supper of turnips would not be tempted by the offer of gold. His home was poor; his food and clothing were simple; his honour was bright. We can be men and women of honour no matter whether we are rich or poor, masters or servants, manufacturers or trade unionists.

“Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honour lies.”

LESSON XL.

ABILITY

Various kinds of ability. Using ability to help a neighbour. Examples of such help.

NOT many girls wear diamond necklaces ; nor do I think they would be any the better for it if they did. About fifty years ago a little Russian princess was staying with some ladies at the seaside town at Torquay (*Tor'-kee*), and she wore a necklace of diamonds. But something pleased her more. At that date there lived in Torquay a learned gentleman named Mr. Pengelly. He spent much of his time in travelling through the charming country districts of Devonshire, and searching among the rocks for fossils. You know that fossils are the remains of plants and animals (teeth, bones, shells, etc.) found embedded in stone. Mr. Pengelly carried a hammer with him in order to break open the rocks in his quest for fossils. Now and then the little princess went with him, taking with her a hammer of her own ; and the learned man explained the rocks to her, and showed her the wonders of the fossils ; and one day she said, " I would rather have Mr. Pengelly's fossils than all my diamonds." You see, the pleasure she felt in learning facts that interested her mind was greater than the pleasure she took in her sparkling ornaments.

One day Mr. Pengelly had wandered for hours among the hills, and had laden his basket with the specimens that he loved. He halted at a roadside inn on his way homewards, and sat down in the kitchen while the landlady was preparing his tea. Several working-men were smoking after the labours of the day. They eyed him curiously. They scanned the hammer which he had stuck in his belt.

" I ask your pardon, sir, for making so bold," said one of them, " but what trade are you ?"

Mr. Pengelly smiled, and said he was a stone-breaker.

"We won't believe that," they cried.

"Well, if you will open my basket, you will see the stones I have broken."

One of them opened the basket, and took out a stone which contained a shell half sunk in its solid substance. He and his mates stared in surprise.

"Well," they asked, "how did that shell get there?"

Mr. Pengelly explained. The stone, he said, was once dull-looking mud at the bottom of the sea. It had been brought there by the flowing river, or by the waves which tore and chafed and ate the seaside cliffs all the year round. In this mud many a shell, large and small, sank and lay still after the creature that lived in it had ended its dumb life. Little by little the bed of the sea was lifted, lifted, lifted, lifted (for the crust of the earth we dwell on is often moved by forces of fire and water underneath), and at last the mud that was once sea-bottom had become dry land, hard land, stone, rock. The shells stayed where they were. The shells were embedded in the stone. They were fossils, waiting for some sharp-witted man to come with his hammer and find them.

"Tea's ready," cried the landlady of the inn.

While Mr. Pengelly was taking his tea, the Devonshire working-men were talking with great eagerness of the strange and charming story of the shell. Presently the landlord came into the parlour, where the geologist (the man who studied the rocks and fossils) was sitting.

"If, sir," he said, "you'll come to this inn of evenings, and talk to the men about your stones, I would give you meat and drink free; for I'm sure lots of men would come to hear you talk, and I should sell an uncommon deal of beer!"

Well, you may be sure Mr. Pengelly did not want to earn his meat and drink in such a way as that.

What I want you to notice is that this man of science was a very clever man, an *able* man; a man who had great *ability* for discovering the secrets of the rocks. No doubt, you have heard your father or your teacher use the word—"Lucy is a girl of great ability"; "Edwin is a boy of remarkable ability," and so on. And you know there are all sorts of ability—the ability to get runs at cricket, to swim, to knit, to crochet, to recite, to govern a people, and

to do many other things. Of course, you girls and boys would all like to possess ability.

Yes, but what shall we do with our ability when we have it?

Let me tell you what I have read in a book by John Ruskin, a great English writer. In the old city of Milan, in Italy, there is a stately church—a cathedral. For three hundred years the body of a saint (holy man) has lain in Milan Cathedral. The body has been embalmed, or carefully preserved. In its hands it holds a golden crosier (a staff with a cross at the top); and on its breast it has a cross of green and shining emeralds. Gold and emeralds are thought to be rich and precious things, are they not? Well, and of what use are these precious jewels to the dead man? Of no use at all. He can do nothing with them. Nobody is comforted or blessed by them. Nothing is precious until it does good to some man, woman, child, or animal. And our *abilities* are not precious things until they do good to ourselves and to *other people*. Look at Mr. Pengelly again. He had an ability for examining and understanding the rock and soil of the earth; he knew very much about quarries and cliffs, and the strata (layers of earth) and the fossils. Was his ability like the dead man's golden crosier and emerald cross? No; because he blessed other people with his knowledge—the little princess, the Russian ladies, the Devonshire workmen, and the people who listened to his interesting lectures. He was *able* to please his neighbours, to teach them, to instruct them, to amuse them, to make them wiser. Besides helping himself, he used his ability to help his neighbours.

Suppose you have *ability* for arithmetic, how could you help your neighbour? Perhaps he has not had a proper schooling, or his head may be weak at figures; and he may have made out a bill like this:—

	s.	d.
5 lbs. butter at 1s. 3½d. per lb.....	4	9
9 dozen eggs at 10d. per dozen	9	0
7 lbs. cheese at 11d. per lb.....	7	7
	£1	9 6

But you see him rubbing his head in great despair, for he is sure the account is wrong; and he knows his customer will be vexed if he makes a mistake. Of course, as you are quick

at figures, and are also good-natured, you will soon put his bill right for him.

Suppose you have ability for reading, how could you help your neighbour? You can read the letter which the old lady in the cottage has had from her son in America. You can read to mother or father in the evening by the fireside ; and they will be proud of you. Or you can sit beside the play-mate who has a broken limb ; or visit a friend who is blind, and read a pleasant story of *Crusoe* on his island, or *Andersen's Fairy Tales*, or *Alice in Wonderland*, or a book of natural history.

Suppose you have ability for writing, how could you help your neighbour? You could write a letter for a blind companion ; you could copy out the verses which your sister or brother wishes to learn for recitation ; you could address a hundred envelopes which your father needs in his business.

Suppose you have ability for picking up a knowledge of geography, how could you help your neighbour? You could show him on the map the town in Australia where his cousin Jack has settled ; you could show the sailor's wife the port at which her husband's ship was last signalled ; you could direct a friend by which railway to travel to London, or Edinburgh, or the Lake District, and so on.

Suppose you had ability for ambulance work, how could you help your neighbour? You could aid him when he was drawn out of the water, and seemed to be drowned ; you could bind up a broken leg, or bandage a wound ; you could assist in carrying the injured person without jolting or too much fuss. When Astley Cooper was twelve years old he saw his foster-brother being brought home by some villagers. The foster-brother had been run over by a heavy cart, and his thigh was bleeding badly. Young Astley had the sense to tie a handkerchief very tightly above the wound to check the flow of blood ; and when the doctor came, he was pleased at the lad's quickness of thought and act. This boy was afterwards the famous medical man, Sir Astley Cooper.

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A lady sang one evening at a concert. The audience (that is, the people listening) was small, though she was a famous singer, and usually the people came in crowds. The concert had been arranged by an Italian gentleman ; and

he was much grieved when so few persons attended, because the money received was so much less, and he had to pay the lady twenty guineas. After the concert he came to pay her.

"Can you take less?" he asked anxiously

"No," said Madame Malibran (for that was her name).

The Italian sighed, and spoke of his wife and children, whom he found it hard to maintain. He paid the twenty guineas, and then the lady handed all the gold back to him, saying :—

"I insisted on having my full payment so that I might have the pleasure of giving it all to you."

She left the room with tears in her eyes ; for the good lady's heart was touched by the Italian gentleman's sadness. Yet she was also glad, for she was making a whole family glad. Thus the clever singer, having earned money by her musical ability, gave the fruit of her labour to a brother and sister in distress.

Last of all, I have a yet more charming story to tell you.¹

A lady from Sweden, known as Jenny Lind, was so sweet a singer, and gave so much delight to the crowds of English people who flocked to hear her, that she was called by the pretty title of the Swedish Nightingale. She paid a visit to the seaside town of Brighton, and took part in a fashionable concert. The next day she went out for a walk. The day was hot, the road was dusty, and Jenny Lind felt tired and thirsty. Seeing a row of little cottages, she went up to one of the doors and begged an old lady for a drink of water.

"Yes," said the old lady ; "pray walk in."

Jenny Lind walked in, and took a seat which the good woman had carefully dusted with her apron.

"Well, miss," the old lady went on to say, "I will not give you water. Suppose I make you a cup of tea."

To this the Swedish visitor at once assented. While the tea was being brewed a pleasant chat proceeded. After Miss Lind had taken tea, the old lady remarked :—

"I have heard that a great singer has come into the town. It is the Swedish Nightingale. How much I should like to hear her !"

"Would you ?" answered Jenny Lind. "Then you shall !"

¹ For this story I am indebted to Mr. H. Major.

She sang to the old lady in the cottage parlour, her voice rising and falling like the leaping and sinking of fair fountains of water, trilling like the melodies of birds in the green woods, and blessing the listener's heart with joy and peace. The singer had a noble gift, and she gave of her ability to the service of her neighbour. Each in her way had served the other, just as all men and all nations should serve one another in respect and friendship.

LESSON XLI.

SOCIAL SERVICE

Serving society by working out ideas ; by building scaffolds ; by advice ;
by restoring that which is injured ; by honestly performing simple tasks.

MANY years ago a big block of white marble, eighteen feet long, lay on the ground, near the cathedral, in the city of Florence. Perhaps you know a girl named Florence ; and it is a very nice name, for it means flowery, or rich in blossoms. The city of Florence, with its many handsome old buildings, and its vineyards and gardens, stands on the river Arno, across which four bridges stretch their arches ; and overhead is the fair blue of the Italian sky. Now, about the block of marble. It had lain in its place for more than a hundred years. Once, a sculptor (a carver in stone) had looked at it, felt it, measured it, scratched some rough lines on its surface, and chipped it a little, as if he meant to cut out of it a grand figure ; but he tired of the task, the idea that stirred in his mind died away, and he made nothing, and the huge block remained, dusty, and almost forgotten, in the midst of the busy city by the river Arno.

Often there passed by a man who had keen eyes to see the value of stone, and skilled hands to cut it. His name was Michael Angelo (born 1475 ; died 1564). He would gaze at the block, and then walk on, reflecting. An idea was growing more and more clear in his brain. He seemed to see the block of marble changed into a young man of eighteen or twenty years, holding a sling in one hand, and in the other a stone ; and his limbs were strong, his feet stoutly planted on the earth, and on his face a look of courage, and the eyes seemed to pierce the air until they met something that the young man regarded as an enemy to be slain.

"Yes," said Michael Angelo to himself, "that is how my David shall stand, and that is how he shall gaze at the giant whom he means to kill with sling and stone."

Michael Angelo told the rulers of Florence of this *idea*, this *design*, this *imagination*, which he had formed in his mind. They were pleased, and said they would pay him to make the statue of David, so that it might be put up in some public place in the city and give pleasure to all that beheld it. For they thought, as Michael himself thought, that if a man has a noble *idea*, or *design*, or *imagination*, the best thing he can do is to turn it into something real for the service of the city, or the country, or the society in which he lives. If our work pleases and helps society (that is, the neighbours among whom we dwell and labour), we are doing *social service*.

They agreed to pay Angelo £2 16s. a month (in Florentine money), and he was to finish the statue in two years. He must have a shelter from the sun or rain, and from disturbances caused by people passing; and so it was ordered that a shed should be erected over the block of marble. This would be his workshop. Now, suppose you had gone to the men who had built the shed, and suppose you had asked :

"For whom are you working?"

"For Michael Angelo, the sculptor."

"Ah, you work for the sculptor, but he works for Florence."

"Yes," the workmen might reply, "but we work for Florence also; for, though we cannot carve David, we can help and shelter the man who does, and so we do our share."

That would be right, would it not? In their way they would be working for Florence, doing service for Florence, and doing social service. And so, when you see a man sweeping the road, or lighting the lamps, or laying bricks, or cleaning windows or chimneys, or driving a milk-cart, I want you to recollect that such labour, done honestly day by day, is as real a service to the town as if it were the making of poems, or pictures, or the making of laws for the ordering of the nation. When the block of marble was set up on end, the sculptor needed ladders to reach its top; and so a wooden scaffold was set up, and this enabled Angelo to get to any part of the block that he wished. You will agree

with me that the men who built the scaffold were also serving the city of Florence.

Before Michael Angelo began carving the stone he made two little figures of David out of wax. Having altered these figures many times, they at last satisfied him ; they would be models for him to work by. I do not know why he had two, but it showed that he was taking great pains to get the right kind of figure.

I told you he was to receive £2 16s. per month. It was not a large salary for so clever an artist. I wonder if he would have carved his David any better if he had been paid £100 per month. What do you think ? You think he would have toiled harder ? Well, let me tell you that he used to chip the stone with such swiftness and power, and the bits of white marble flew about so rapidly, that people said he worked as hard as three men. Three ! Surely, if he had had £100 per month, he could not have put more strength into the blows of his mallet (hammer) or more skill into the touch of his chisel. The truth is, he loved to make statues, and he loved to please the people of Florence ; and when we love to do our work, we think more of the social service than of the money. I wish (and you wish, don't you ?) that every man could do work that would make him happy. And in the days to come I think people who work for their city or country will not think very much of the pay they receive, but they will deem it an honour to serve society.

When Angelo had finished his statue of David, the question arose, "Where shall we put it ?" A meeting was held to talk the matter over. One said this place, another that ; and at last it was left to Michael Angelo himself to decide, and he chose a spot in the open air where all the citizens might see the hero with the sling and stone. Now, I wonder whether these people who talked were doing any *social service* ? I think we may say they were. We need men who will talk about public affairs (that is, the things that concern the town or village or country), and so we elect Councils and Boards and Parliaments. And the men and women who talk thoughtfully and wisely are helping society as much as the persons who carve statues or build houses.

Well, how was the statue to be moved to the chosen spot ? It was fixed in a wooden cage with a network of ropes all

round; and then it was pushed forward, very slowly, on fourteen wooden rollers. It took four days to transport the statue. There was much pushing, much tugging of ropes, much calling of "Go on!" "Stop!" "Yo-heave-ho!" And every man that helped in the moving of the statue was, in his way, serving the city of Florence, serving the commonwealth, serving society.

When the marble figure of David was at length placed in position and uncovered, all the citizens crowded to gaze at it. Most of the people admired it, but some shook their heads and found fault. Were the fault-finders doing any social service? It all depends. Very often things are done wrong, and it is a good thing when a man of sense and courage steps forward and tells the town that all is not as it should be. It is not always a pleasant task to have to point out faults, but an honest man is sometimes obliged to do it. But, on the other hand, there are some men who find fault without good cause, and because they like to grumble, or because they want their friends to think them clever. Such a man was old Soderini (*So-day-ree-nee*). He looked at the David, and said, with a grunt, "The nose is too large!"

"Is it?" answered Michael Angelo, with a smile, "we will see what can be done."

He took a file and mounted a ladder, so as to reach the statue's head. Then he pretended to scrape, scrape, scrape at David's nose; and, at the same time, he dropped some dust which he had brought with him, and the fault-finder supposed that Angelo was really taking off a piece of the nose.

"Very good!" he cried; "very good! You have put more life into it!"

And yet Angelo had altered nothing.

Some years afterwards a riot took place in Florence, and a stone was thrown, and the arm of the statue was broken. Several of the by-standers ran in haste to pick up the broken pieces, and Michael Angelo carefully put the bits together again, and made the arm appear as if uninjured. This also was social service, to feel sorrow that a beautiful thing was spoiled, and to do their best to restore it to its right shape and value.

In 1873 the statue was moved into the Museum of Florence, and there it is to this day; and if ever you are

able to see it, you will recollect the clever sculptor who made it for the city ; but do not forget the honest citizens who, in simple ways, helped in the making of this great work of art.

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Next to Italy is the country of Switzerland, the land of the Alps and the lakes. Close to one of these lakes is the town of Zürich ; and I will tell you what happened there some centuries ago.

A poor man, who was weak in his mind, was for a while shut up in an asylum. When it was seen that he was not likely to do harm to anybody, he was allowed to come out, and someone thought of the plan of letting him ring the bells of the parish church. The bell-ringer was delighted to think how the men, women, and children heard his bell, and hastened to church because he rang. He felt he was serving the town. He felt he counted for something good. Thus he went on for years. One day, however, after an unpleasant dispute had occurred, the bell-ringer was dismissed. He wandered along the street in a very unhappy state of mind, saying to himself that he was no longer of any use to the world. At length he went to the house of the executioner—the man whose business it was to hang or behead evil folks for their crimes.

“I come,” said the heart-broken bell-ringer, “to ask a favour.”

“Yes ; what is it ?” the executioner replied in a kind voice.

“I used to ring the bells. It was all I was fit for. They have taken away my work. Please cut off my head. I would do it myself if I could !”

He knelt down, and closed his eyes, expecting that the headsman would bring down his axe and take away a life that was useless.

Of course, the headsman did no such thing. He lifted up the sorrow-stricken man, and gently led him to the magistrate of Zürich, and told the story. The magistrate's feelings were touched. He said :

“This good man has been badly treated. Let him go back to the work which he loves. He has done the town a service for many years, and we want him to continue.”

The poor fellow's soul was filled with joy, and, till the

day when his last sickness took the strength from his hands, he rang the bell of the parish church, and was happy in the thought that he was serving the people.

If a man of genius (that is to say, very great skill) serves society, respect him. If a simple man serves society in some small way or in a humble trade, respect him also.

LESSON XLII.

A DAY IN A QUARRY¹

The workman rises early. Breakfast. Sights and sounds in the quarry.
The old quarryman. What we owe to brave workers.

It was just a quarter past five in the morning when a knock at my bedroom door roused me from sleep. Quickly washing and dressing, I hurried downstairs. My comrade and I had a cup of tea, and then he took a lighted lantern, and we went out into the village street. The beautiful curtain of stars was stretched above us. Houses and schools and roads were all quiet. The air was cold but dry.

"The other morning," said my comrade, "as I came along this lane in the dark, a man was driving a flock of sheep without a dog. One of the sheep lay down, and the man passed on without noticing it, and he might have lost it and got into trouble if I had not called out to him."

I said to myself, "The poor drover must needs rise very early, and he meets toil and care while many people are comfortably asleep."

We heard the tramp of feet behind us.

"I know the step," said my friend; "it is the step of a man who walks from the village three miles away every morning to his work in the quarry. He leaves home at five o'clock."

We passed through the gate of the quarry where busy hands fetch the hard granite, day by day, out of the earth. We went along some rough paths, and down two ladders, and presently we entered a shed where my companion hung up his lantern. On one side of the shed I saw the enormous boiler of the engine which supplied steam to the machines all over the quarry. On the other side was a heap containing several tons of coal which, by the end of the day, would

¹ At Enderby, near Leicester.

be burned by the devouring furnace of the engine. My friend the stoker opened two doors in the boiler, and flung in coal ; the red flames flashed a light upon his face ; then he closed the doors.

The clock of the village church struck six. My friend pulled a chain which caused a steam whistle to sound a loud blast. Some workmen hastened to their places in different parts of the quarry. The stars still shone as the stoker and I walked across to the shops where the blacksmiths and carpenters worked. Seven or eight blacksmiths stood by their fires. They would thrust pieces of iron into the blue and white flames, draw them out with tongs, and place them on anvils. A man would hold the glowing iron, and touch it quickly with a hammer, and then, wherever he touched, a boy would strike with a "striking hammer." By fire-light, by star-light, in the winter morning, these lads were learning to gain their livelihood. In the carpenters' shop hard by things were much quieter. Amid pieces of wood and bundles of shavings a group of men were repairing wheels, etc. Not far off was the fitters' shop, where parts of the machinery are made or mended ; and there I saw a wonderful lathe that could cut brass or steel as easily as your mother cuts cake. A thick, dirty block of steel was fixed in the lathe, and it was being shaped into a smooth roller, bright and polished, the steel being stripped off in curly and glittering ribbons that strewed the floor. In these different shops the broken machinery is repaired, and much of it is made.

It was breakfast-time. The morning had dawned. My mate put out his lantern, and we sat on a ledge of brick by the wall. A boy had brought us from home a basket covered with a neat napkin, and containing a can of hot coffee and a dish of bacon, and slices of bread. As we sat eating heartily in the stoke-hole, the water in the boiler kept rumbling, the sound of puffing steam echoed all about the quarry, and along a black chain (or cable) that stretched across the sky I could see a sort of box flying with its load of granite stones.

The cable is nearly 800 feet long, and hangs from a scaffold on the edge of the quarry to another larger scaffold in the middle ; and in this large scaffold (which is something like a wooden tower) is set a tremendous monster,

with iron teeth and jaws ; and the monster bites and eats stones all day long as readily as the stoker and I ate bread. As the cable moves, it carries below it a wheel, and below this a second wheel, and below the second wheel hangs the flying-box I spoke of ; and this box travels from the pit where the stone is dug to the monster which eats the stones. I went into the engine-house, where a man watched with eyes that never seemed to tire, and hands that were as quick and eager as his eyes ; and, as he pulled this or that lever, the flying-box glided this way or that, or dropped towards the ground, or rose again in mid-air. The work-people call this useful carrier the "Blondin," because it makes them think of the clever Frenchman who used to walk on the tight-rope. And the monster I mentioned is, of course, not a live one. It is a "crusher," or crushing-mill. When the Blondin-box stops, it is made to tilt ; the stones roll down a slide, rattling and banging ; they fall between powerful blocks of chilled cast-iron, which press and strike and batter them into small pieces. These small pieces drop into a big tube (or cylinder) called a riddle, big enough for several men to lie in. The riddle is pierced all round with holes, out of which the stones tumble in streams. At one end of the riddle the holes are larger than at the other ; and so the stones fall into three immense boxes and in three different conditions—larger stones, smaller stones, and dust. From the boxes the stones and dust are dropped through trap-doors into railway trucks below, ready to travel far and near.

The crusher growled and thundered ; the stones rattled ; the riddle revolved ; the dust rose in a cloud ; the boiler rumbled ; the steam puffed ; the Blondin-box flew ; the sharp-eyed man pulled his levers ; the blacksmiths, the carpenters, the fitters plied their tools. All the world seemed at work.

But where did the stone come from ?

To find out where the stone came from in the first place I walked to the edge of the enormous Hole (as the quarry-men call it), and looked down. It was like standing on the high cliffs by the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, only there were no sea-waves breaking at the bottom. The Hole was longer than it was broad, and the rugged sides were composed of granite, mixed with earth, the cliffs or precipices being of different colours, such as green, red, brown, and grey. In one corner of the Hole was a pool of water, which

was being emptied by a steam pump worked by my friend's engine. Tram lines crossed from end to end of the big pit, and along these rails the broken blocks of granite were carried in trucks drawn by horses.

At a certain spot a truck would be halted ; then it would be unfastened from the horse, slung by three chains to the chain that hung from the Blondin, and, in a few seconds, it was rising in mid-air and gliding overhead on its way to the roaring Crusher. Some scores of men were at work in the Hole with pick-axe, spade, or sledge-hammer. The Hole was so vast that, from where I stood, the men appeared like small boys. The stones which they fetched out of the cliffs were of different qualities, some excellent, some poor. The irregular pieces were sent to the Crusher ; the larger blocks were despatched to the set-makers, whom I will tell you about directly. The way down into the Hole was by long staircases, with wooden steps ; down one staircase you would go ; then you would turn to the right or left and down another. When you reached the bottom of the main staircase, you found yet another Hole, within which a group of men were busily hewing out some very fine granite.

How did the horses go down ? Not down the steps, you may be sure. After dinner-time I saw one going back to his task on the tram-line. He waited by the engine-house where the sharp-eyed man pulled the levers. A cage of iron and wood was placed in front of him, this cage being swung on a cable connected with the Blondin rope. The door of the cage was flung open ; the brown horse walked in ; the door was closed ; the cage was lifted up towards the sky. The horse stood as still as the horses in a child's Noah's Ark. I watched the cage as it soared upwards, then ran under the high cable some distance, then dropped, and dropped, until it gently rested on the floor of the Hole. A lad opened the cage, and, in a few moments, the brown horse was dragging his load.

While most of the workmen were at dinner the cliffs were blasted in several places. This was how it was done : Holes were bored by powerful instruments called drills ; they were worked by steam. In the holes was placed gunpowder or (if the water could not be kept out) dynamite. A fuse, or a long slow match, was pushed into each hole, and set alight. Then the men who had lighted the fuses hurried away ; and

all people who might be near were warned by a loud cry : "*Fire !—fire on it ! fire ! fire——on it !*" Then there was silence for some minutes.

Puff of white smoke—BANG !

One of the charges of gunpowder had exploded, and pieces of granite rattled down. Other explosions followed. Silence again.

Bright flash !—big puff of smoke—BANG !

The largest charge had exploded last ; and some thirty or forty tons of rock thumped and tumbled down the steep walls of the quarry, ready to be broken into smaller portions by the workmen.

The large blocks were taken in trucks, which rolled on tram-lines, to the sheds where the "set-makers" were at work. The sheds were side by side, one man in each ; and each man sat on a low stool, and placed a ragged block of granite between his knees, and smote it with his hammer, chipping pieces off ; and then he would quickly turn the block, and hit again, and chip off more ; and so on, until his stone was squared neatly into a block three or four inches long, or longer as the case might be. These granite blocks are used to pave streets with. Yet larger blocks are employed as gate-posts, kerb-stones, window sills, etc.

Tap, tap, tap, tap ! sounded the hammers ; the Crusher growled and thundered ; the stones rattled ; the riddle revolved ; the dust rose in a cloud ; the boiler rumbled ; the steam puffed ; the Blondin-box flew ; the sharp-eyed man pulled his levers ; the blacksmiths, the carpenters, and the fitters plied their tools ; and a locomotive travelled up and down the quarry-side, drawing laden trucks. All the world seemed at work.

As I passed by the sheds I noticed an old man with blue eyes breaking blocks of granite ; and I stopped to speak to him. And he told me how he had worked in the quarries for nearly forty years. He had only been ill for one week, and had had no accident except for the fall of a granite block now and then on his toes ! As he told me this he smiled ; and I bade him good afternoon, and walked away, thinking of the long life of toil spent by this brave old man. Yes, I will tell you his name. It was Foster Spence.

About four o'clock I bade farewell to my friend in the stoke-hole. In a day's work (so he told me) he shovelled

coal into the boiler-furnace about 120 times. He was steady and patient all day long, tending his engine as if he loved it.

As I came away from the village the dusk had crept over the earth, and the stars were faintly sparkling again. And still I seemed to hear the tap of the hammers and the roar of the Crusher. And often, as I pass the streets of a city, the stones under my feet will make me think of my friend the stoker, and of Foster Spence, and of the workers in every corner of the quarry.

The streets of the city, and the houses, and the ships, and countless things that are precious and useful are made, day by day, by the hands of such brave workers !

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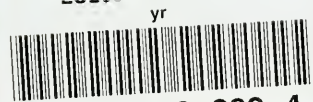
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